

Special Ultra-Horrific NO-RISK HELL-SPAWNED "BACK FROM THE DEAD" ISSUE!!
Purchase price will be completely refunded without question should eternal damnation result from the reading of this periodical.



No. 41 & 42, Vol. 17

Price: \$3.95 U.S./¥620

The Official Journal of The Church of the SubGenius 乐天派的天堂

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

*Sale to Minors or Fullblood
Humans is Prohibited*

THIS ISSUE:

**"BUT...
WHY???"**



plus:

**SEX! MONEY!
BULLDADA!
— all yours!**

Secrets finally
revealed in:

**"BOB"
KILLED
AGAIN**

LIES

YOUR INSTRUCTIONS:

by The Church of the Sacred Space Puppet

Resist all Conspiracy/Normal programming!!! Be different from them!!! Ignore or distort all fashion!!! Kill Them in the streets!!! Hunt Them down, smash all governments, and exterminate all leaders!!! Resist all conformity!!! Speak out for complete mutant freedom!!! Laugh at them before you kill!!! Whisper rumors in the dead of night!!! Build fallout shelters and arm them!!! Buy comic books and read them as religious tracts — they are!!! Prepare for the End!!! Mutter while walking along the streets!!! Eat junk!!! Run wild!!! Don't question authority, destroy it in public!!! Quote bizarre sources!!! Don't follow any trend!!! Lie!!! Make bombs and guns validate all emotions and secret feelings!!! Disrupt the orderly flow of life!!! Speak up!!! Declare your difference!!! Scream aloud the Truth in public!!! Make Them hear you!!! Store food!!! Hoard things!!! Carry weapons!!! Die!!! Cause the dead to walk!!! Play with toys!!! Spend all your money!!! Buy!!! "Live it up!" Behave poorly!!! Fire shots into the night!!! Argue with Them!!! Practice death and fertility rituals!!! Design your own church!!! Pray!!! Invoke the Forgotten Ones!!! Search for the Elder Gods!!! Steal and rob!!! Make burnt offerings and sacrifices to childhood gods!!! Believe in devils!!! Watch the skys for UFOs/Jesus!!! Break out!!! Mutate all over the place!!! Strike fear into the hearts of Normals!!! Alienate all "humans"!!! Vandalize!!! Don't play it safe!!! See what you can get away with!!! Get drunk!!! Watch TV all day long!!! Indulge yourself!!! Stop caring!!! Never give up!!! Declare your freedom!!! Quit your job and slack off!!! Make the weird signs!!! Consort with strange characters!!! Con your family and friends!!! Listen!!! Look for art and beauty in the gutter!!! Make tapes of winos!!! Go to bed!!! Cure Yourself!!! Invent things!!! Snarl at people!!! Be free!!! Harangue!!! Marry People!!! Levitate!!! Baptize!!! *Cast out the False Prophets!!!!!!!* Burn!!! Smite the Arch-Demons!!! Contact alien space gods/monsters!!! Use black magic to probe the secrets of the universe!!! Come out on top!!! Make up theories to explain everything!!! Goof off!!! Tell stories!!! Don't give in!!! Do things your own way!!! Don't listen to **bullshit**!!! Understand the Powers That Exist!!! Make public your superiority!!! Laugh!!! Damn!!! Curse!!! Get revenge!!! Play mean jokes!!! Stay up all night!!! Go on a binge!!! Explode in a rage!!! Take out your frustrations!!! Rationalize!!! Let it all seem unreal!!! Fall in love!!! Punch out the Boss!!! Control the world!!! Create life in your basement!!! Itch, scratch at it!!! Become the mad scientist of your dreams!!! Conjure monsters!!! Shout it out!!! Speak in tongues!!! Talk to God(s)!!! Give up on idiots!!! Never pay for it!!! Get out of having to do things!!! Put it all off!!! Don't bother with it!!! Screw it!!! Collect things!!! Dream your life away!!! Study what is banned!!! Bone up on the Forbidden Sciences!!! Believe in the occult!!! Have guts!!! Prove you're weirder than They are!!! Scare the shit out of Them!!! Be sick!!! Do whatever you want!!! Justify your guilt!!! Never play into Their hands!!! Be evil!!! Be good!!! Be neither!!! Size up the situation!!! Open your eyes!!! Don't do what They say!!! Trick Them!!! Walk on your hands!!! Make your house into a castle!!! Defend yourself!!! Write letters!!! Expose Them at every turn!!! Hide out!!! Go underground and stay there!!! Break promises!!! Cast off all responsibility!!! Don't accept anything!!! There are no laws!!! Everything is permitted!!! Get angry!!! Act ape-like!!! Become an Overman!!! Band together with other true mutants!!! Research it!!! Discover your history!!! Learn your past lives!!! Travel in time!!! *Strike back!!!!!!* Plot to take over!!! Be unreasonable in everything!!! Dare!!! Battle with the arcane forces of space/time!!! Know thyself!!! Program the computer god!!! Confront the demons of your own soul!!! Arise!!! Stare into the void!!! Dance at the edge of the abyss!!! Use ESP!!! Travel to the stars on the solar winds!!! Jump in the leaves!!! Abandon the darkness!!! Embrace it all!!! Sell your soul to the Old Ones!!! Spy on Them!!! Penetrate Their lies!!! Make yourself be heard!!! Go crazy!!! Take a stand for mutant freedom!!! Start organizations!!! Protest it all!!! Don't try to be "cool"!!! Don't be a hip wimp!!! Get tough!!! Wake up!!! Discover forgotten things!!! Fool Them!!! Attack Their beliefs!!! Get rich!!! Warp out on music!!! Destroy all Their foundations!!! Unmask Them!!! **Or KILL ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

AIEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



by The Church of the Sacred Space Puppet

Wake Up Puppet Boy!

K. Schuerholz

Boston MA

"Praise "Bob" or DIE!!!"





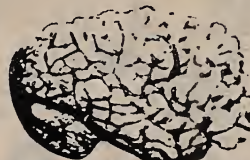
The Church of the SubGenius



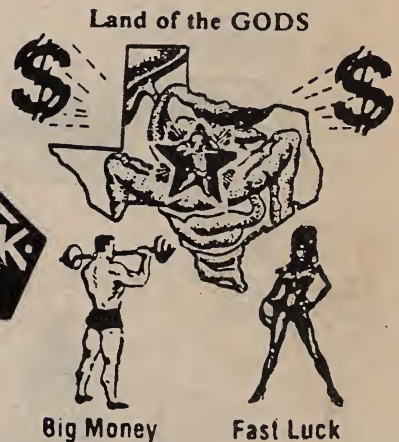
BEFORE



"We Challenge You"



AFTER



COW CHIP CAPITAL OF WORLD

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TENTH FLOOR
THE ILLUMINATI BUILDING

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— DOES NOT EXIST —**

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Because the Post Office cannot forward bulk-mailed items, subscribers must inform this office of any change of address. Failure to do so jeopardizes the subscriber's sole chance for Transfiguration and planetary escape on July 5, 1998.

The essential SubGenius teachings are encapsulated in THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS, a Fireside Books trade paperback published by Simon & Schuster. Single copies of this profusely illustrated horror bible are \$12 postpaid from The SubGenius Foundation; available in quantity from Simon & Schuster, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; 1-800-223-2348; ISBN number 0-671-63810-6. See the back of this magazine for catalog of other Church products including audio and video tapes, wearing apparel, and protective devices.

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Made In Dallas

*"Where We Teach 'Em to Shoot at Presidents and at People
Who Shoot at Presidents"*

Art clockwise from top left: Ken Huey, Remote Control, Rev. Ray Dodge, KDV, Buck Naked, Chris Gross

"AND LO, THE SATIRE WAS MADE FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US."

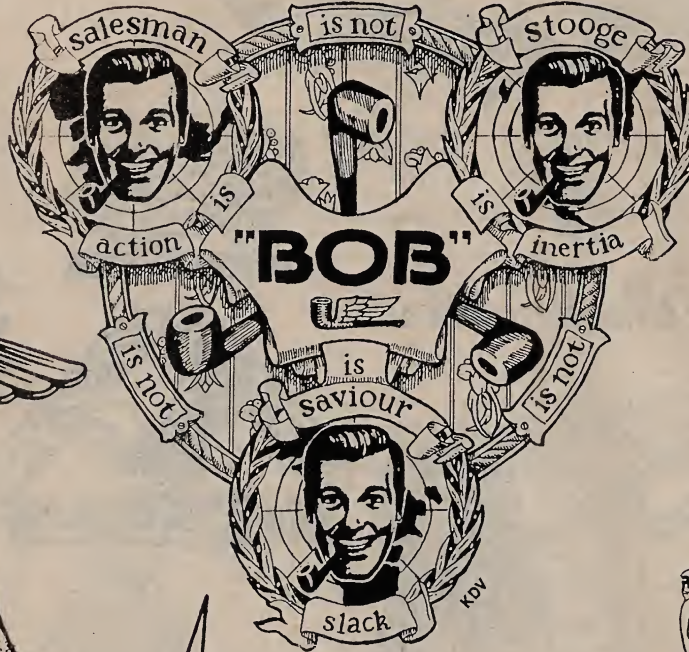
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Dietician - Herbalist - Restaurateur
International Connoisseur of Ethnic Cuisine
Author of "Cooking for the Champ"
Muhammad Ali's Favorite Recipes



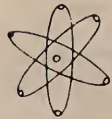
Bergdoll



GREAT SEAL
OF THE GALACTIC FEDERATION



KDV



"鲍勃"

THE RIGHT
AMMUNITION
FOR ALL GRIPES



SLACK
狂喜



FOOL YOUR MIND!

!INSTANT SLACK FOREVER!

THE **CHURCH** OF THE
SUBGENIUS

RESTRICTED
Kreg

The Church of the SubGenius is an order of
Scoffers and Blasphemers, dedicated to Total
Slack, delving in Mockery Science,
Sadofuturistics, Megaphysics, Schizophreniatrics,
Scatalography, Morealism, Sarcastrophy,
Cynisacreligion, HypnoPediatrics,
Sardonicology, Subliminimalism, Satyri-ology,
and Miscellaistic Theology.



Proven Results

BE TRUE TO YOUR NATURE

According to the law of conservation of mechanical energy, the sum
of the kinetic energy and the potential energy of the bob at any instant
is a constant. Assuming no resistant forces, such as friction or air
resistance, the bob would swing uniformly "forever."

Let your unconscious take the wheel for a while. Get back to your roots. It's so easy. J.R. "Bob" Dobbs
mows down your personality 'till *only* the roots remain — the "real you."

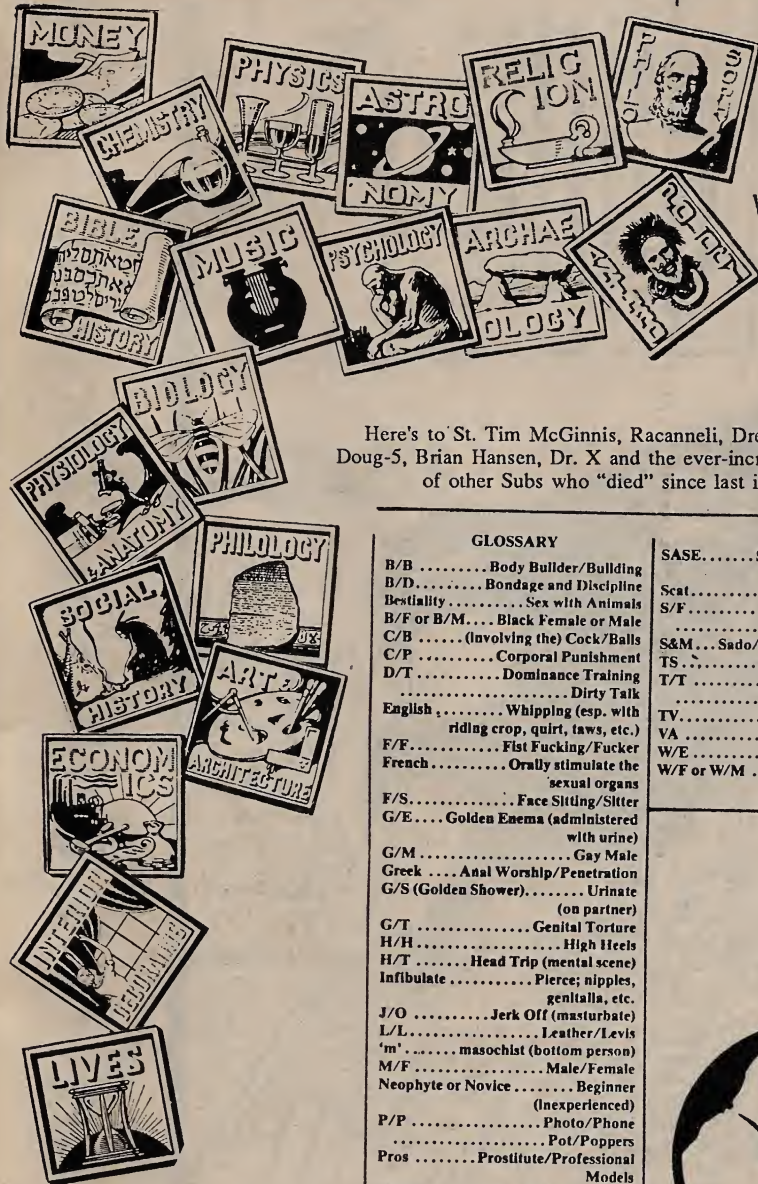
4 Get right with "Bob"... do it today.

"From thy full-moon wedding with the creature who touches heaven, lady, God preserve thee."
-- scratched by an unknown Scandinavian mariner upon the adrift lifeboat in which he was found dead, 1928

The Church of the SubGenius™

PERUVIAN GUANO SUBSTITUTE.

Dedicated to the vision of America as the Hell's Angels of the world.



Chartered by
ROSEBUD SIOUX TRIBE
1971

We build these barracades
with scraps of plastic
torn from the gods by a
hunchback or spastic:
our misfits assemble
the slack fantastic.

-- Kerry Wendell Thornley

Here's to St. Tim McGinnis, Racanneli, Drelloid Mutant,
Doug-5, Brian Hansen, Dr. X and the ever-increasing number
of other Subs who "died" since last issue.



BURN BEFORE READING

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Working as Trance Mediums Under the Divine
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High Epopt, Living Avatar of Slack

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St. Janor Hypercleats

Keeper of the Sacred Scribe: someone else

DR. BOB AND
THE GOOD OLDTIMERS

"PASS IT ON"

GLOSSARY

B/B Body Builder/Building
B/D Bondage and Discipline
Bestiality Sex with Animals
B/F or B/M Black Female or Male
C/B (Involving the) Cock/Balls
C/P Corporal Punishment
D/T Dominance Training
..... Dirty Talk
English Whipping (esp. with
riding crop, quirt, taws, etc.)
F/F Fist Fucking/Fucker
French Orally stimulate the
sexual organs
F/S Face Sitting/Sitter
G/E Golden Enema (administered
with urine)
G/M Gay Male
Greek Anal Worship/Penetration
G/S (Golden Shower) Urinate
(on partner)
G/T Genital Torture
H/H High Heels
H/T Head Trip (mental scene)
Infibulate Pierce; nipples,
genitalia, etc.
J/O Jerk Off (masturbate)
L/L Leather/Levis
'm' masochist (bottom person)
M/F Male/Female
Neophyte or Novice Beginner
(Inexperienced)
P/P Photo/Phone
..... Pot/Poppers
Pros Prostitute/Professional
Models
Rlm French the Anal Area
Roman Orgy Inclinations
R/S Rough Stuff
"S" Sadist (Top Person)

SASE Self-Addressed Stamped
Envelope
Scat Scatology (shit)
S/F Suck/Fuck
..... Submissive Female
S&M Sado/Masochistic Tendencies
TS Transsexual
T/T Tit Torture
..... Toilet Training
TV Transvestite
VA Verbal Abuse
W/E Well Endowed
W/F or W/M White Female
or Male



CONTENTS:

Have You Heard The Good News?
If "Bob" Is Dead... Why Are You Still Breathing?
"There Is A Hell... And You're In It Now!
Single Gunman, Or A Billion SubJudases??
Love and Sex Beyond The Grave
"Bob" Dobbs — AntiDick, or Tool of Wotan?
The Conspiracy Dares You to Pee in Its Face
The Squirting Universe
The Dobbstown AIDS Cure — Is It Really Worth the Price??

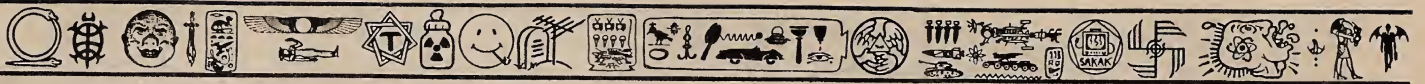
YOU Did This To My Mind

Ambrose Bierce
Charles Fort
Emperor Norton
Lobsang Rampa
Malcolm X
Pancho Villa
Rev. Nathaniel Turner
Arthur McBride
Lord Greystoke with
Lord Buckley
Ivan Stang



One Picture Is Worth Ten Thousand Words

— with "Bob!"



PARABLE

©1983 by LIES

It is early 1997.

In a Dallas church, the Reverend Ivan Stang exhorts his congregation to abandon America and its wicked ways. He tells them that paradise will be theirs if they follow him and J.R. "Bob" Dobbs to a settlement in Dobbstown, Antarctica — their "salvation from the fall of Babylon," as Stang preaches. Free from enemies! His flock shouts their endorsement.

Before the cheers die down, disturbed relatives of certain sect members are in the office of Congressman Harrison Ford, asking his help. He agrees to keep tabs on Stang and his followers.

Now it is 1998. Dobbstown is in operation. Its members, strangely robotic, labor out on the ice, living on rations so poor that camp doctor Philo Drummond is ordered by Dobbs to spike the food with stimulants. Though the members have turned all their money over to Stang, none realize it is being hoarded to finance a mass migration to the red planet, Mars. Reverend Stang enforces his total command through mandatory tape recorders worn around the necks of the workers... and by armed guards. He reveals his complete plans only to his mistress, Reverend Sterno, stationed in nearby Shackleton.

As camp discipline becomes more severe — with children tortured into wearing silly hats, and lovers forced into humiliating public celibacy — some members try to escape. The outside world becomes alarmed at the reports filtering out. Stang, convinced he is a target of "Conspiracy" retaliation, orders his lawyers to "protect Dobbstown from prying assholes."

In desperation, he orders his people to pose for 'happy pictures' and rehearse their 'Night Of Slack' mass suicide, a "pure artistic moment of total self-expression" in defiance of the "outside fools" who are determined to destroy them.

However, nothing can deter Congressman Ford from coming to investigate. There have been too many comic books, too much bad publicity, and now a formal complaint from one of Stang's old joke writers. To clear the issue — and to obtain evidence for an inquiry — Ford, his assistant Jim Jones, and a press corps leave for Antarctica.

Disregarding the warnings of fellow officials, Ford and crew head for Dobbstown, where Stang, on the advice of his lawyers, lets them enter. The next day, however, some members who want to leave slip a note to a reporter. When Stang is confronted with the note, he is forced to let all who want to go board the waiting snowmobiles. The group heads for Byrd Airfield.

Hidden among them is another "Bob" fanatic, Paul Mavrides, who opens fire on Ford and Jones as they board the first of two helicopters. At this signal, a truck full of armed "DobbsHeads" fire on the second helicopter, killing everyone "without a sense of humor." Watching from the sidelines — but taking no action — is a squad of U.S. Army soldiers.

When Stang hears of the killings, he summons his "Doktors" and orders them to prepare sinister vats of soft drinks. The zombie-like followers obey. In a dramatic final exhortation to his flock, Stang declares that "... the 'Bad Bob' is only minutes away . . . the time has come for 'Ultimate Slack' — or you can kill me!" All must drink the "Sub-Punch." The lawyers flee into the frozen wasteland.

Suddenly, The Fightin' Jesus arrives in a gigantic flying saucer. All survivors hurry aboard, and leave for a new life on Mars.

The Antarctic sun rises on a day which will shock the world. As nuclear-tipped missiles leave their silos to begin the Third World War, in Dobbstown there is left behind only a little Puzzling Evidence: a mutated baby, playfully blasting to bits all the ice-floes around him with the heat rays from his glowing, colorless eyes.



I MUST BE A GENIUS!
IT WAS SO EASY!



**Triple Fast Action
Spiritual
Bath and Floor Wash**
Treat those grunge spirits to an added
dose of righteousness
Simply add water, chlorine
gas and sputum wad.
*"I had no idea. They were
there all along."*

□□☆□□☆□□☆□□
**LAUNCHING
QUESTIONS?**
(Everyone Has 'Em)
Don't be shy. We'll show you the ins
& outs of this amazing mucus-
salvaging technique.
We have the only qualified
personel in the USA.
Trust the Beast®.
Trust BHAPLS.
P.O. Box 5444
North Little Rock, AR
72119
□□*□□*□□*□□

**WANDA TRIED
THEM.**
It didn't hurt her.
Much.
Plan on trying them with us next
summer. We'll drop ship them
anywhere in the continental United
States and over two thousand other
regions. Dump your past gas and
shine with us. We're a non-sectarian,
dual-farce, QUALITY organization.
With none of the problems THEY
have.
Lodging and Rare Earths available.
Call Collect.

**Tits AND
Dicks?**
On the same Pee Dog?
Yup!
See why thousands aren't gropping to
anything else.
We're America's only corporation
dedicated to jerking off over two-dimen-
sional, black & white, line drawings of
mutant dogs possessed of multitudinous
dicks, cunts, tits and bleeding, dripping,
coagulating stumps.
Each one over 300 pages of fun.
Kids! Kids! Kids!
Offer ends!
➡➡➡➡➡➡

**Shit Ticks in the
Mattresses?**
Nowhere to hide?
Don't complain. They have it much
worse in the slug-burgs. Burning won't
help, but WE CAN!
Our boys know how to step in and match
those bastards gash for gash.
"Don't worry any more."
\$75/hour. (Slightly higher for Demonic Complications
& Satanic Interface)

**PUT YOUR
HAND IN THE
BUBBLE!**
6000* hotter than your wildest fantasy!
Skin comes right off in seconds!
\$4.98 per 8 oz. package.
Instructions included.
If you hate 'em as much as we do,
you'll be sure to give them THIESE
next Shrove.
*"Putting them in their
places since 1987"*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**Make BIG
BUCK\$\$\$**
Maintain your SLACK!
(Not a course. Not a seminar)
Just go out and fucking *DO IT!!!*
If you've got a pick-up and don't mind
using it, we'll let you in on the plan, man.
Just stand around outside for a minute.
We'll take care of HER.
Plumbing Occurrences.
P.O. Box 5444
North Little Rock, AR
72119

**Notice anything strange
about the Walls?**
**They're all out-
side!**
❖❖❖❖
Now, for the first time, YOU decide if
you prefer the current situation.
115 volts AC/DC. (π-time reserves, f'—B-
mounted; 1968-coded)
❖❖❖❖
*"As wet as it can get with-
out killing yourself."*
No reservations required, baby.

Frappy for Arnold
CHECK BACK AT 9 PM.

**1921 DIDN'T
HAPPEN!**
Neither did 1855, 1290 or 3 B. C.
*Find out the shocking
truth.*
"I lost my legs over the 'old'
history; now I'm running around
in aberrant coteries."—A satisfied
client.
**Invalidated Borders and
Demented Circle-Walk-
ing, Inc.**
A subsidiary of E'E'E,
Inc.
"We FROP!"

**SQUID DE-
BEAKING**
Protect your loved members.
"I'm so happy!"
The dangers of having your way with a
non-de-beaked prairie squid should be
obvious to everyone. The sad truth is
why we charge so much.
**Only the most modern,
sterile pliers and pry-bars.
Earplugs provided free of
charge.**

**FACE-FUCKING BAT
SPERM ANTIDOTE
PUDDING.**
"The Movie"
This instructional video series could
save your dick.
Boys only!
**\$37.69 ea. Try it for one
hour.**
**You won't believe the
detritus.**

*Aren't you
glad you pee
on "Bob?"*
**Don't you wish everyone
did?**
How do you know they don't?
1-800-333-8888
☺☺☺

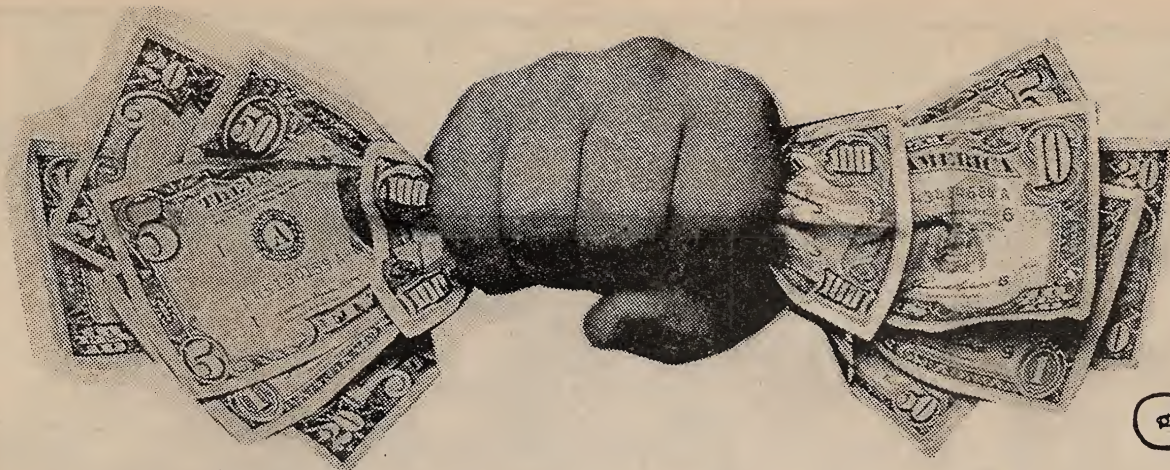
*You Yellow Red Bastard--
Say it to my face.*
99¢ each.

++++++
89.5% of those polled profess a
similar urge to cut off the dicks
while they're fucking the cunts.
**If you're merely curious,
don't bother calling.**
**If you're ready for action,
however, we are too.**
"From the tallest to the smallest,
it's the nicest thing to sever."
Whack-A-Schlong,
Inc.
Toledo, Fl.

*YOU can't teach a little
Cregar new Subterfuge.*
But WE can.
Six in the belly and
he'll do what you SAY!
Certified hollow-points
only.
↔↔↔↔↔↔
*Smells bad, but worth every
desire.*
4 for 8 in 1989

**THE TUBE
BAR**
**Cocksuckers & Mother-
fuckers Welcome.**
Relax in the safety of your own vomit.
Elvis Presley used us all the time.
Two-for-one "Happy Hour" Molatov
Slings every Tuesday.
Wed is "Pole Night."
"Come on down!"—Red.

**Plumbing Occur-
rences will tar-
nish the dick
stump in less
than twelve min-
utes.**
The previous record for an at-
tempted dick stump tarnishing
is seventeen minutes, done by
the infamous Billy Samuels
Mafia in Spring of 1967.
Don't make the same mistake
twice. Call Plumbing Occur-
rences for all your dick stump
tarnishing needs.
P.O. Box 5444
North Little Rock, AR
72119



CRUCIAL NEWS FOR SUBSCRIBERS

Since this issue is a couple of weeks late, we've tried to make up for our tardiness by making it as long as two normal **Stark Fists** combined.

OKAY, WE'RE ALL CAUGHT UP NOW. TIME TO SEND IN YOUR \$15 RENEWAL MONEY for the next 4 issues!

Unless, that is, you have already renewed, or if you joined since '85. As I'm sure they're painfully aware, post-'85 newcomers only got one **FIST**, #40, and are owed 2 more still; and in late 1988 we ran completely out of **ALL BACK ISSUES**, so this is the 1st of 4 the recent members're owed. Hopefully, it *shouldn't* be quite so long a wait between issues henceforth. (See excuses elsewhere in this magazine.)

This issue, then, completes the subscriptions of **ALL SUB-GENIUS MEMBERS** who joined before 1985, and who thus received in their initial Membership Packs #39, #40 and our last issue, #41, "Bob" SHOT. You old-timers now have far more than your money's worth, you'll surely agree.

SO FORK UP.

How can we, gloriously disorganized as we must be, possibly be able to tell *who* joined *when* and got how many **FISTS**? Primarily by psychic whiff-readings. We have people who can "dowse" the mailing list and detect the wrong kind of slackers. Also, all of your names and the dates you joined (and/or renewed) are now on a computer mailing list. Next issue, all the Accountant Zombie has to do is type "N-85-01-01" under "DATE" and an "x" where it asks, "Renewed?", and all backsliders will be automatically excommunicated when the mailing labels are printed.



new electronic computer scoreboard registers mail

"Bob" doesn't care what kind of SubGenius you are; he doesn't care how much you've done for him; he doesn't care if you're Mother Teresa or Captain Beefheart. If you've not tithed unto "Bob" that which is truly "Bob's", then in his eyes you're lost in Pinkness. *He* doesn't *need* the money. We certainly do, but he doesn't. However, how can he *know* you love him, unless you willingly give up that which you love most — more dearly than your parents, your spouse, your children... more than your life itself?

(Some of you have irrevocable lifetime subscriptions, and are hence immune... *but we won't say who you are*. Are you willing to gamble your soul on whether Dobbs deemed your sacrifices so worthy? Wanna take that bet, Brother? Sister? What've you got to lose, but a protective force field on X-Day, a seat on the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses, and eternal life in infinite squirtfulness? You don't care, do you? Don't make a **DAMN** bit of difference to *you*, does it?? EH...EH...EH...)

THE NEW 1988 CHURCH CATALOG

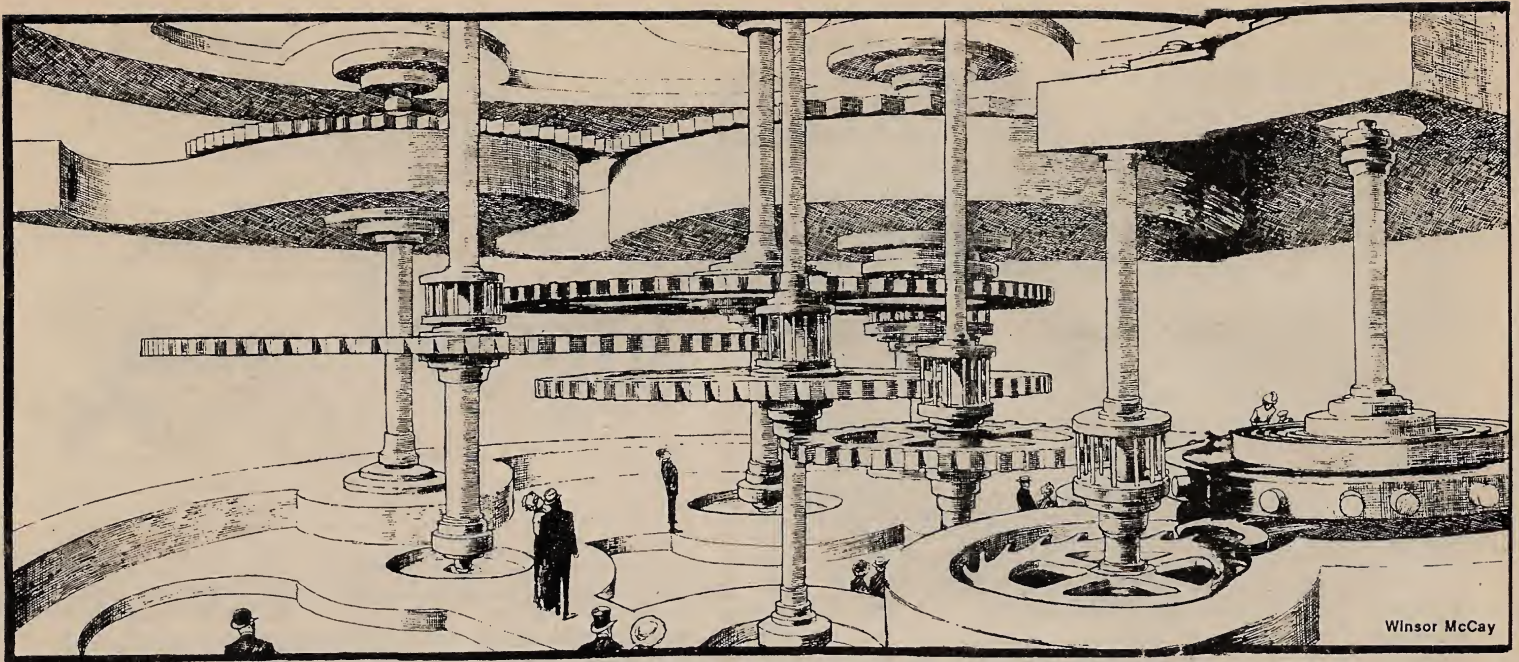
At the back of this issue you'll find a compressed version of our NEW **"THINGS TO WANT AND BUY"** catalog of Dobbsome clerical supplies: new publications, wearing apparel, tapes, videos, buttons, pills, ritual sacrifice accessories, goofer dust, Luck sprays, uncut crystal energy suppositories, Slack candles, anointing oils, gurupee, etc. The complete version, much more detailed than the old half-sized one, is available to Members free; just send a self-addressed stamped envelope. \$1 for the unsaved. Even if you can't afford a single item, you should still meditate upon its heaviness in order to excavate and exploit *safely* the esoteric Dobbs teachings buried throughout.



CHAUVINIST ASSHOLE DRS. GIVE IN TO WICKED BITCHES' DEMANDS

The foundation has printed a new **EVERYSEX CHURCH ORDAINMENT CARD**. The old membership card only made one an "OverMan" (symbolically, of course, until X-Day) with no mention of **UBERWOMEN**. This was meant, in 1980, as a direct slight at one specific High Priestess. The card now grants Uberwomanhood and says "he/she", "it", "Overhuman" and suchlike words with both sex organs attached. We sexy male Doktors will freely admit that there is a "dickful slant" to our liturgy, but **GODDAMN IT**, not enough of you **FEMME SUBS** will "jump in the water with us," so to speak, creatively. We need more **SCARY SPITFIRE HELLIONS** contributing actively. Look, ladies, we aren't (necessarily) trying to **FUCK YA -- WE JUST WANT YOU ON THE TAPES!!!**

So if you want the new "both sexes" Membership card, and we haven't sent one yet, whip us an **SASE** and we'll humbly and belatedly send it.



...And now, a paid message...

THE ORDERS OF INSECTS



AD



by
Rev. Bubba Free
IM-HO-PEP INNOCENT I
Michael Peppe

Got a problem? Bring it to the Friendly People. People touching people. People rubbing against people. People developing the nuclear first-strike capability to incinerate people. Sound like a flash in the pan? It's gotta be: you don't settle for less. You don't have to. You're you. And you've got needs bigger and more earth-shaking than your grandfather could've dreamed. How do we keep bringing them to you, year after year, bigger and better?

By using the technology of tomorrow on the consumers of today. The Now People. People on the go. Going from Smart Shopper to New Low Value in the time it takes to dial our number. And you know which one that is! Call now won't you? For more of what you've come to expect from us. Style. Mood. A certain *dependable* kind of image. An image of the way you'd like people to be. Passive. Pretty. White. As white as the complexion of our finest women, grown right here by our special process. As white as the hair of God, white as it was in life! As white as the blank sheet on which we write your mind. Who are we?



We're the Happy People. Happy to live in a world of images. Images of war. Family. Crime. Fun images, that help rinse away unsightly self-images, so you can get away from the privacy of your own home. After all, aren't you what everything's here for? You're what we're here for. That's why we made everything! That's why everything made you. And that's why you made us. Who are we?



Joe Schwind

We're the Money People. People who take *your* money. No more money hassling! But what about little Dickie, you say? What's little Dickie gonna do, when you're working late, and Wilma's minding the fort, and Sis is in and out? Put away those straps and buckles: Dickie's safe with us! (He's even learning to speak again, *our* way.) Safe with the people who know what it is you want from a world. Simplicity. Reliability. A world you can go to, without worrying about whether your money is safe.

You know, when we first got into this business we didn't know much more than you. Like you, we thought there was a world out there: a world of value. A world that needed meaning. Love. Beauty. A world that needed a better product. Uh-uh. There's just you. And you want to know something. You want to know just exactly what it is you're supposed to do. You don't care why, just so long as it's the *right* thing. It's natural. Everyone wants to do the right thing. But sometimes it's hard to know just what the right thing is. Let's say you're black. And you've just lost your arms and legs defending U.S. interests in Afghanistan. You come home, and get thrown in jail for life for beating up four white cops. You want to know: just exactly what is it I'm supposed to feel? We can't give you all the answers. But we can help flesh out your fantasy that there are some. At our labs, we use only the finest homemade ingredients. Love. Children. God. And the purest blend of money your needs can buy, grown right here by our special process! A process in use since our first Mom and Pop operation. Who are we?



Winston Smith



Archie McPhee

7041. MR. AND MRS. SMITH.

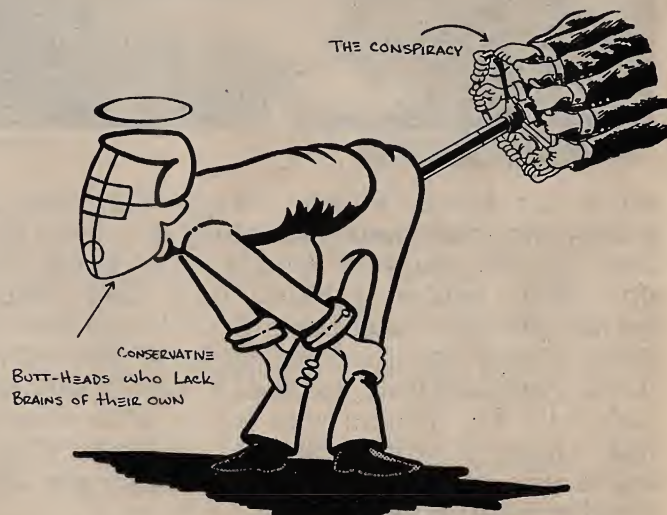
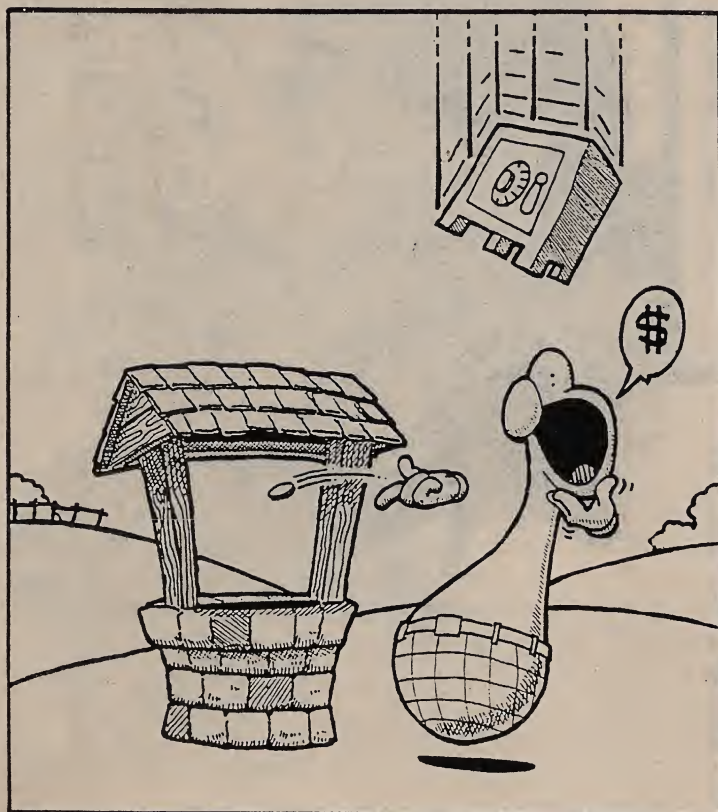
The universal couple, 4" tall, somewhat bendable, handpainted. Make them do what you want — they have no voices! Pair: \$2.50.

We're the Normal People. The most normal people in the world. But not quite as normal as you. Why? You're unique. It's natural: everyone's unique. But you stand apart from the crowd: you're normal. Normal as a typical herd of Sea Cow. Normal as an exploding stellar nebula. Normal as the world in which we live. And what could be more normal than that? Certainly not the competition! How do we stay so far out in front of the pack? By building a racetrack-decoy ideology with the pick-up of a domestic, and the maneuverability of an import! Who are we?



S. Emmons

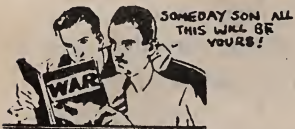
Let's try this little test. Compare. A glass of the leading competitor's product. Our product. You can see the difference. Now some people would say "This glass is empty." But other people would say, "This glass hasn't been filled yet, but when it has, I'll like what's in it!" Those are the people we're looking for. The people who look on the bright side. The people who *want* to like things. And that's what life's all about, isn't it: liking?



Rev. Kreg

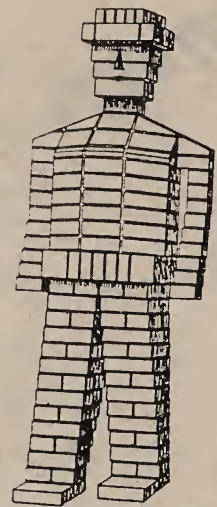




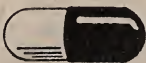



You want to like as many things as you can. You want to *have* as many things as you can. It's natural. Everyone does. But not everyone feels that way. Some people don't want to like things. The people who aren't good enough to have them! People from unfurnished countries. People who have smudged skin. People who have sex with males. The people who want to *ruin everything*. They want the things you like, but they're not willing to do the work you need to have done to get them! When they do your work, and they get them, they just use them for their own purposes. But you don't. You don't say "my purposes." You say "our purposes." And who are we?



A-1 Waste Paper

We're the Big People. The people who wear three-piece suits. The people with important eyebrows. The people with sticky voices like this, voices which soothe worried minds in a world in which everyone thinks their own thoughts. Wouldn't it be nice if everyone thought your thoughts? Because let's be honest. Sure you want to be unique. It's natural. Everyone does. But you also want to be right. Until now, that meant a lot of time-consuming prayer and back-breaking contemplation; put away that neocortical washboard: no more working your neurons to the bone! Thanks to us, what was once a reality can become a dream.



 MTV	 Green Joy Jackers
 'Frop	 mo-lyb'de-num
 Kathleen Turner	 Home Shopping

"Do you know the intended good effects and bad side effects of 408 prescription drugs? Read this and we will send you a **LIES** gift."

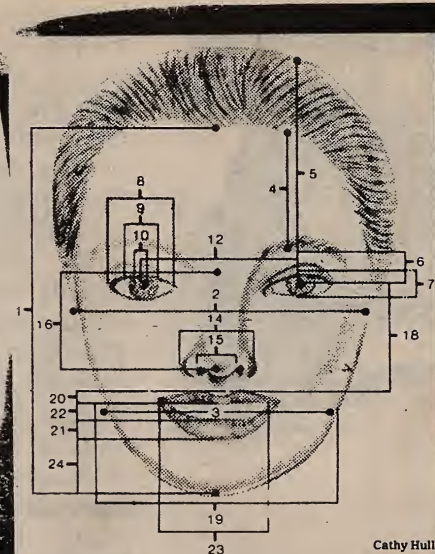
Headlines

You Are Not ALONE!

 IRS	 OSHA	 FCC
 STATE GOV'T	 LOCAL GOV'T	 FTC
 EEOC	 CONSUMER ADVOCATES	 FTC

You see, we're old-fashioned. We want to go back to the old days, the days of white people, before women. The days of owning, and building, and having. Having things clean, and big, and smooth, and fast! Return with us now, won't you? To a world where people did whatever they wanted, and minded their own business. A world where everything had a purpose: yours. The world you meant to make, before the Negative People took over. The people who say no, and bad, and stop, and different, and small. The people who are negatives of you, and you know what color that is! The people who want to start by tearing down, instead of starting like us, by building up! Who are we?

We're the Communication People. The people whose talk is strictly state-of-the-art technology. It's disposable. Reversible. Reusable with almost any brand of idea, including our deluxe line. Yours. Sound costly? Put away that semantic checkbook! Now communication can be yours for a fraction of what it cost Grandpa. Why clutter up your world with a lot of hard-to-perceive subtleties? You either like a thing or you don't. And in your case, it's the former. That's why we like you. And that's why we're always looking for quicker, easier ways to tell you so. Slogans. Jingles. Logos. Ways of reaching out and touching you, the way you want to be touched. Slightly. Who are we?



Cathy Hull

BLUEPRINT FOR BEAUTY:

Researchers mapped female face, and measured what men saw as most attractive. Specific features, some determined within millimeters, emerged as important. Ideal eye width, for example, was found to be three-tenths of the width of the entire face at eye level; chin length, one-fifth the height of the face; the most attractive distance from center of eye to the bottom of the eyebrow, one-tenth the height of the face.

We're the Real People. The people who make you real. So real you can almost see yourself! More real than you've ever been before. But then, you've never been at all, before us. In fact, nothing has. And not even very much of that. Not even this sentence. Because when we say disposable, we could mean just about anything! Who are we?

We're the Other People. The people other than you. People so other we're opposite, yet so people you'd never guess we weren't the real thing! People who are almost you, but couldn't quite make the pre-season cut. People who are a little *more* than you, because we make the things you know you ought to be making. Things like money. Revolution. Art. Love. Things the Negative People told you were more important than what you're making now. Us. People so other we're even other than each other. So other we're even other than ourselves: you. Because you're one of us. How do we know? Nowadays there's a little more involved than just counting the arms and legs, as Grandpa did in his day! Nowadays we're a little more scientific than that. But the original formula still remains the same: you see them; they make you; you join us.

Still skeptical? Try this simple test. Look at me now. Notice anything? Now you know how we feel. Separate. Gone. Repeated. Like you, only over again. We can't help noticing. In fact, we have an old saying: "Hi." Why do we say it? It's a tradition. Like I said, we're old fashioned. We don't much care why we do the things we do, just so long as they're the right things. Because even though the newer the better, deep down inside you *know* the new is wrong. It's different, so it *could* be a mistake. If it wasn't a mistake, then why didn't it happen before? You see, we don't really want to know what we're doing; we want to know what we're *supposed* to do.



Bring in your husband, and for just a few dollars...we'll give you a **NEW MAN!**



Joe Schwind

That's why you're here. You take all the crazy things we do we can't even explain ourselves, and put a good, solid reason behind each and every one of them! Because you don't really care what happens: you want to know what's *supposed* to happen. And that's why we're here. Who are we?

We're you. You don't settle for less. You don't have to. You're you. We're nothing without you. And within you. And someday, you'll be nothing too. Don't you think it's time you said "hi"? Call now. You remember our number! Void where prohibited: everywhere! Hurry while the customer lasts. Supply is limited. In fact, we have an old saying: bye-bye.



via Bergdoll



Ahmed Fishmonger

"The fanatics are picturesque. Mankind would rather see gestures than hear truths. *Praise "Bob" anyway!*"
— Nietzsche

"Lift the bun and you shall find me; cleave the patty and I am there."
— Excerpt from *The Gnostic "Bob"*

HE LIVETH YET

editorial by Sacred Scribe Ivan Stang



Via Martin Jaugh

Via R. Crumb

Dear Fellow Warrior-to-the-Death for the Smiling Face of Mystery, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, PRAISE-the-FUCK HIS HOLY GOD DAMNED NAME, UNWORTHY ONE!!!!*

In the sacred PO Box this morning was a letter — an urgent appeal from someone right here in Dallas. This person had written a long, rambling, yet touchingly, almost *poetically* naive plea. He was *crying out* for "Bob." He felt abandoned. I could tell by his words, and by the pstench on his renewal check that he was at the bitter end of his Conspiracy leash, in bondage to NHGH, mired in hopelessness... yoked to damnation by the shortest of tethers.

Even though he might not believe it possible of me, the rich, celebrated Rev. Ivan Stang, I know how that person feels. He may think that Ivan Stang somehow holds the key, that I can arrange a direct phone link to "Bob" Dobbs for him if he can just convince me he's worthy. Oh, but if only he knew how little he needs to impress *me*! He can scarcely imagine that this Rev. Stang — this famous, well-connected writer and radio personality, respected filmmaker, clay porno animator, and fropping buddy to counterculture heroes — might also feel, at times, cut off from "Bob". But it's true.

I've seen the syndrome so many times, though. "Bob's" Church has a way of suddenly crashing into your life like a battering ram, penetrating the Conspiracy "rib cage" around your brain and spurting into you a dose of pure, uncut Slack: a glimpse of *real* reality, freedom, and peace; and for weeks afterwards, the future seems to dance with such *potential*, such magic, such *LUCK*, that you feel your life has been changed forever. But then... days go by, weeks go by, months go by... YEARS go by... and still no "Bob." You hear that "Bob's" supposedly been fatally shot, but you know he can't really be dead... you *KNOW* it, deep in your heart. You can *FEEL* him out there — but... *where is he*? He seems to come from all directions simultaneously, yet he's nowhere to be found. Your life has reverted back to "normal"... nothing has changed... the Conspiracy still has its C-clamp on your balls or ovaries, its brand on your butt and that name-tag stapled to your neck... and what about The SubGenius Foundation? Are they even still in business? There hasn't been a *Stark Fist* in months... *years*... nary a peep. You know you're *supposed* to find "Bob" on your own and all that, but this is ridiculous!

One of your pen pals tells you they're still filling orders there in Dallas, cranking out cassette tapes, and making excuses for why there isn't a *Fist* yet, and you think about writing them, because you know they'll send you little raggedy newsletters if you pester them, but... you don't *want* to pester them. And after awhile you get mad. "Hell," you think, "I paid good money for a *Stark Fist* subscription, and the solutions to all life's problems! They probably spent it on "Frop," whatever that is... they're probably just a bunch of drunk Texans, sitting around with Jim and Tammi Bakker, snorting coke and LAUGHING at all the suckers..." Pretty soon you're denouncing "Bob" to your friends. But... you begin to realize that it just doesn't feel *right*, denouncing "Bob". Finally you do write a letter to Dallas, insisting on some news, and a month and a half later they send you a raggedy newsletter about their current problems, how the ministry needs money, and how they're trying to find more badly needed help so they can get that giant FIST annual to you... in the meantime, they urge you to buy an *Hour of Slack* tape for only \$5...

You just don't know what to think anymore.

Friend, I *know* that helpless feeling. And you're just gonna have to do what we do... keep the faith, don't expect anything to happen according to Conspiracy time clocks, and be ready to know the Slack from the A-slack when it comes around the bend! I could probably go on and *on* about how we *had* to work on the video, the book reprint, and the devivals instead of the *Fist*, and about how *each day* there was *some new task* which, if completed, MIGHT "put us over the top" so we could rehire the staff and guarantee regular *Fists* for eternity — oh, there are all sorts of details that would probably shatter your preconcieved notions about The SubGenius Foundation.

Any *sane* organization would've given up in the *first year*. Therefore, we keep going. Indeed, we *redouble* our efforts! We mail new Pamphlets. We do weekly radio broadcasts. We scheme for book and record deals. We keep preaching revivals. We go further into debt. The IRS audits us *again*. BUT YET... we persevere... for the Glory.. of the Dobbs...

"Like an old sore dick, we can't be beat!"

*Cease your grovelling, stand up and PRAISE Him! Get LOUD about it! "Bob" doesn't *just* want you kissing His Ass. He wants you KICKING your OWN.

FOR HE IS NOT DEAD!!! I SWEAR!!! HE IS, YET HE IS NOT!!! EVEN IF HIS BODY REALLY IS ENCASED IN LUCITE, HIS SPIRIT YET HOVERS IN THE AETHERZONES, STILL PULLING STRINGS FOR THE FAITHFUL ON EARTH!!! IT IS TRUE!!



LIES

“BOB'S” DEATH DENIED??

“I knew a guy that jumped off a cliff and ran under a dog's hind leg, and he's *still* alive.” — some redneck ranting to Onan Canobite, 1986

It's just as well that no copies remain of last month's “BOB” SHOT issue (No.41, Vol. 17). It was a SICK, CYNICAL LIE, written in a disgraceful state of shock and defeatism following Dobbs' “alleged” “first death.” Much has changed since then, Children. Much indeed.

For one thing, we here at the First FisTemple Lodge are no longer so *sure* that our High “Bob” is dead, after all. It is now *certain*, in fact, that *if* Dobbs was killed in the first place, HE HATH RETURNED; and even if he *hasn't* actually returned, *he* certainly *might* as well have.

“BOB” IS RISEN!! “BOB” IS RISEN INDEED.

True, for almost 2 years we proclaimed in these very pages that “Bob” was dead and even “Obo” was doing poorly. It's a confusing issue, I know, and I suppose this will be a confusing issue of *The Stark Fist*. Because, friends, if you're looking for *scientific proof*, you *ain't* gonna get it here. There is, literally, *no explanation*. There doesn't *need* to be one; there **CANNOT** be one, because this is “Bob” we're talking about. If you're expecting *any* sort of “explanation”, then you've already denied “Bob” entirely. You might as well have shot him yourself. You've failed him and betrayed him. It's ALL OR NOTHING. You can't arbitrarily decide *what* you're going to believe of “Bob's” mighty Word; you either trust him with all your heart, unquestioningly, or you *crucify* him with your cowardly, wishy-

18

washy doubts. *There is no explanation.* The quicker you realize that, the better off you'll be. At least there is an Excuse; and that Excuse, of course, is “Bob”. If you can but stop hammering your Nails of Reason into his palms, if you can just put your FAITH in “Bob”, if you can wholeheartedly ABANDON ALL HOPE FOR ANSWERS FROM ANYTHING *OTHER* THAN “BOB”, ABANDON WHAT YOU *THINK* IS “THOUGHT,” then, and only then, shall Slack finally drench you as if poured from holy Chamber Pots Above.

This is the lesson that we in Dallas have learned after eight years in the Service of The “Bob”. Eight years... yoked... to Eternity. Eternity, in... action.

A MAD WELTER OF ASSASSINATION THEORIES

In the wake of the news of the *supposed* assassination of Dobbs, most devout Church Members reacted with skepticism and disbelief. According to our survey, in fact, 78.5% of dues-paying SubGeniuses assumed that “Bob” Dobbs was still, or is again, alive. A few, myself included, clung *almost hopefully* to the theory that “Bob” Dobbs had in fact been killed like a *common mortal* by a crazed gunman or gunmen, and was just as dead as you or I would be had *our* brains been gang-raped by five members of the Leaden-Clad Tribe.

However, in view of the persistent evidence of Dobbs' continued presence in their lives, Church members are now divided into variations on two basic camps. Optimists stand by the ReErectionist Theory; cynics subscribe to the “Never Died” Theory. (We refuse to lend credence to the “Undead” Theory by even debating that patently ludicrous non-issue.)

“Bob”, then, was either killed *several* times... or not at all. But probably the former.

Finally, there are also those who merely ask, as did Rev. Malok, “*Is it a bonafied delusional reality if I, as one, know that I am “Bob”?*”

Imponderable though they may well be, these questions refuse to simply go away.

CROOKED PIPES



IN THE WAKE OF THE BOB SHOOTING, MANY STEP FORWARD TO TAKE CREDIT!

“DON'T BELIEVE THOSE OTHER KOOKS 'S O B S BUXOM HOTEL LAUNDRESS, WHO ASKED TO REMAIN NAMELESS, IN SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA. 'I SHOT BOB! HE GOT ME DRUNK AND ENTICED ME INTO LOW FELCH PARTIES IN HIS ROOM WHEN I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FASTING FOR WEIGHT WATCHERS! I SHOT HIM BECAUSE I LOVED HIM!’ ETC., ETC. Ackerman



FROM ONE TRIUMPH TO ANOTHER

"The little mayfly with the pipe was in a hurry. He *had to fuck* before he died, and he only had 18 hours left. But the females seemed to *shun* the tiny pipe!" — from *Dobbs In Hell* by A. Peen

"You're right, Virgil," said "Bob." "It is getting hot in here."

From the Introduction to "BOB'S" TRAVEL GUIDE TO HELL

Messages from "Bob", or from some grinning entity we sincerely *hope* and thus *believe* to be "Bob", continue to come through to us — as memos, trance transmissions, cockroach-swarm arrangements, all the old familiar means by which he used to communicate, even before the Victoria Theater horror. He has chosen to avoid any physical contact with Church administrators (a judicious move, if the timetable below is true). We have determined that most of these sacred *spoutings* are authentic, and, moreover, that they indicate not one, but a whole *series* of deaths and resurrections by Dobbs. Investigative teams of monks have painstakingly pieced together all his statements pertaining to the events between "his" First Death in 1984 and his last alleged reappearance, and through diligent study have assembled what we believe to be a fairly accurate picture of the Lost Years of Dobbs.

PROBABLE DOBBS RESURRECTION SCENARIO

Because trance-channeled data is suspect by nature, we cannot guarantee the historical accuracy of this sequence of events.

Jan. 21, 1984: Dobbs first assassinated by D. Woodman Atwell. Because he died unbaptized, spirit leaves body and falls into the clutches of the Devil in Hell. (For an explanation of Dobbs' automatic damnation, see *The Cosmic Bar Bet Between Satan and Jehovah-One* by Hagen-Brenner and Stang, *Stark Fist* #35, Vol. 17., or Media Barrage #7 audiocassette.)

*DEPART FROM ME,
YE CURSED, INTO
EVERLASTING FIRE,
PREPARED FOR THE
DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS



March '84: Dobbs makes daring escape from Hell in violent gun battle with Satan's minions... but resurrects as a mayfly, an insect which lives less than 24 hours. Dies while striving (*vainly?*) to mate, and is sentenced to an even deeper level of Hell.

May '84: Beats the Devil in an Infernal game of Pool (by cheating); resurrects as a brine shrimp or "sea monkey" (life span: 3 days). Unable to communicate with followers. Dies, then lands in yet deeper section of South Hell.

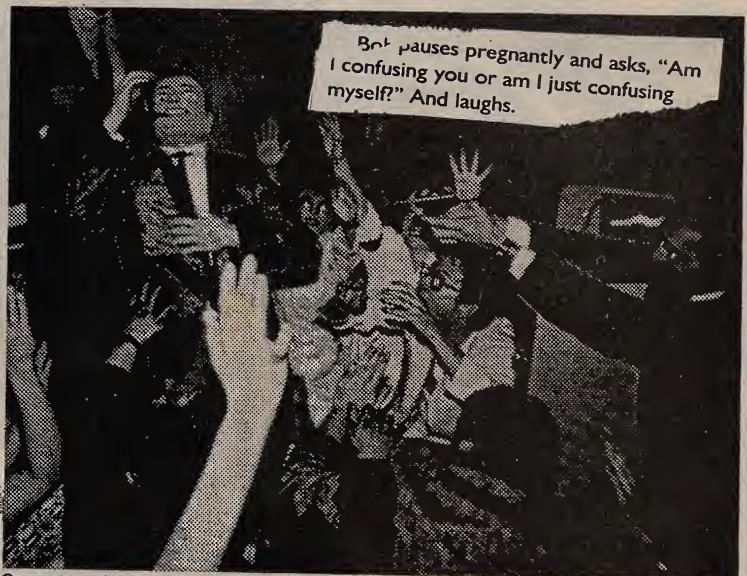
November 1984: Becomes a gladiator in the Hell Olympics and vanquishes all foes (including the most vicious killers in history); returns to earth as a turkey *the day before Thanksgiving*. Decapitated by farmer while desperately trying to scratch a message to followers in dirt. (See National Inquirer, January 1985: "GOBBLER SCRIBBLES WORDS — BUT IS SLAIN BY TERRIFIED FARMER!") Sentenced to lowest level of Hell.

March 1985: Makes record-breaking fourth escape from Hell by seducing Satan's wife, Nunu... reborn on earth as a lab animal; tortured to death before getting a chance to tap out message via Morse Code to cosmetics scientists. New level of Hell is excavated to exact suitable punishment.

September '85: Dr. Philo Drummond swings deal with Devil, buys Dobbs' way out of Hell using Bobbie souls and funds slated for printing of *Stark Fist*. All Church Hierarchites perform resurrection ritual at Dokstok II; at climax of ritual, Dobbs bodily manifests as a human being in his previous form (though sporting a Band-Aid on his head). Unfortunately, his miraculous "beaming up" happens to place him in the air directly above the ritual bonfire; Dobbs falls into fire and dies horribly by burning. Immediately returns to Hell, this time placed in solitary confinement.

November '85: Makes 6th successful Hell escape attempt by digging his way out. Emerges in Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, at end of SubGenius Revival, right beneath the stage.* Triumphantly rises through trapdoor in full view of audience and video cameras, only to be shot *again* by D. Woodman Atwell. Returns to Hell, but is immediately sent back to earth by embarrassed Satan. This time, avoids all contact with SubGenius followers.

*The novel *World Without Slack* refers to this on page 53 of the 1982 paperback edition: "Mothersbaugh removed the rubber Dobbs mask, breathing a sigh of relief, and stepped aside to make room for Dobbs."



Onstage at the L.A. Atomic Devival, D. Woodman Atman (far right, holding gun) fires the fatal shots that killed J.R. "Bob" Dobbs (clutching chest, left) for a *second* time. Bespectacled Rev. Ivan Stang, who wrote this caption, can be seen valiantly but vainly attempting to place himself between Atman's bullets and our High Epopt.



ourselves included; nay, indeed, we *fail* Dobbs when we try to present so-called 'evidence' in any manner. Each one of you, individually, probably has your own 'proof.' AND SINCE WHEN DID WE EVER NEED 'PROOF' OF "BOB" ANYWAY?? WERE WE EVER THAT UNFAITHFUL??? Where does the very *concept* of 'proof' even enter into the riddle of the Universe that Dobbs has laid out for us??? Why do you PIDDLE AWAY VALUABLE SECONDS, messing with your idiotic NOTIONS of linear, "scientific" logic, when Dobbs spent his whole life illustrating the abysmal folly of that Human-contrived game??? That, in itself, is perhaps the ultimate blasphemy. Was *this* mayhaps "Bob's" very *point* in staging, and/or allowing, and/or dying in this "assassination?"

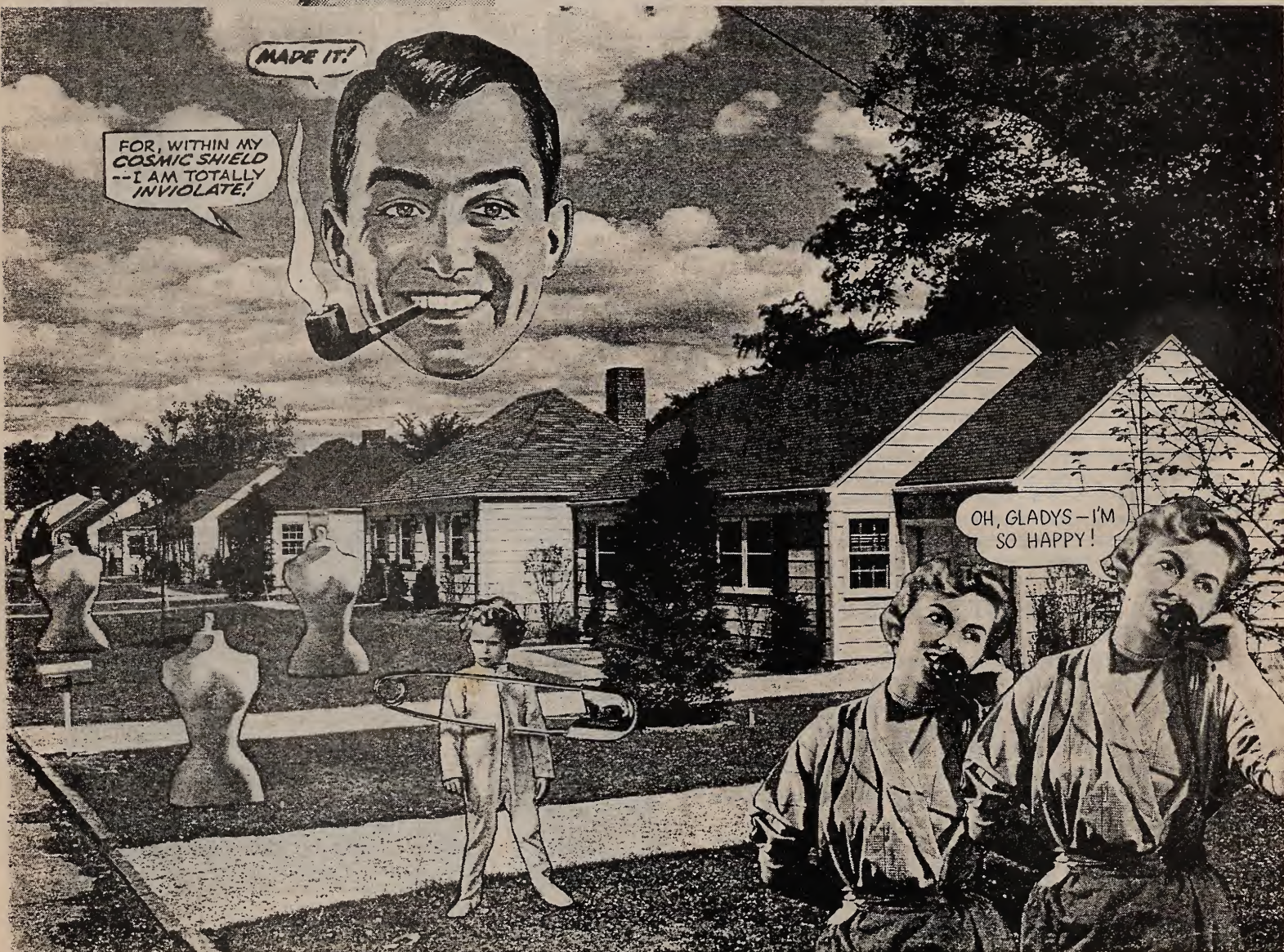
**"We are all born broken;
We spend our time mending;
And "Bob" is the glue."**

— Al Aku Hazard, 5490 fu (14 1/2 B.C.)



ARE YOU READY to meet your Maker?

YOU may tie your shoestrings in the morning, but the UNDERTAKER may untie them before night.



For a year I really believed our Epopt was dead — I was there when it 'happened' — but there is no longer any question that the 'assassination', though not a hoax, was set up by Dobbs himself for a multitude of reasons — some guessable, some probably not. It's doubtful that he *ordered* "Puzzling Evidence" to pull the trigger; most likely, he was merely taking advantage of Atwell's already-existing urge to kill him. At any rate, the Slackmaster is almost definitely still active. Of course, we too heard those stories from Tulum, Tibet, and etc. — probably long before you did, in fact. There are countless *other* examples of Dobbs sightings which you probably *don't* know about. DOBBS LIVES; of that there's no doubt.

However, the notion that Dobbs is 'in captivity' in the hands of Erisians is simply more typical Discordian disinformation — for which I cannot blame them. (I must even applaud them; it's their job.) However, Dobbs remains free and is, as always, HIS OWN MAN.

I personally think he skipped out to avoid the plague of the "BOBBIES." That's *my* theory. But I also know of plans and prophecies not revealed to most Subs for security reasons — and, frankly, I doubt if Dobbs will resurface OFFICIALLY until just before X-Day, 1998. I think he will let believers know he's around, and help them; he'll also continue to let the Con and the Pink Church infiltrators mistakenly believe he is truly dead.

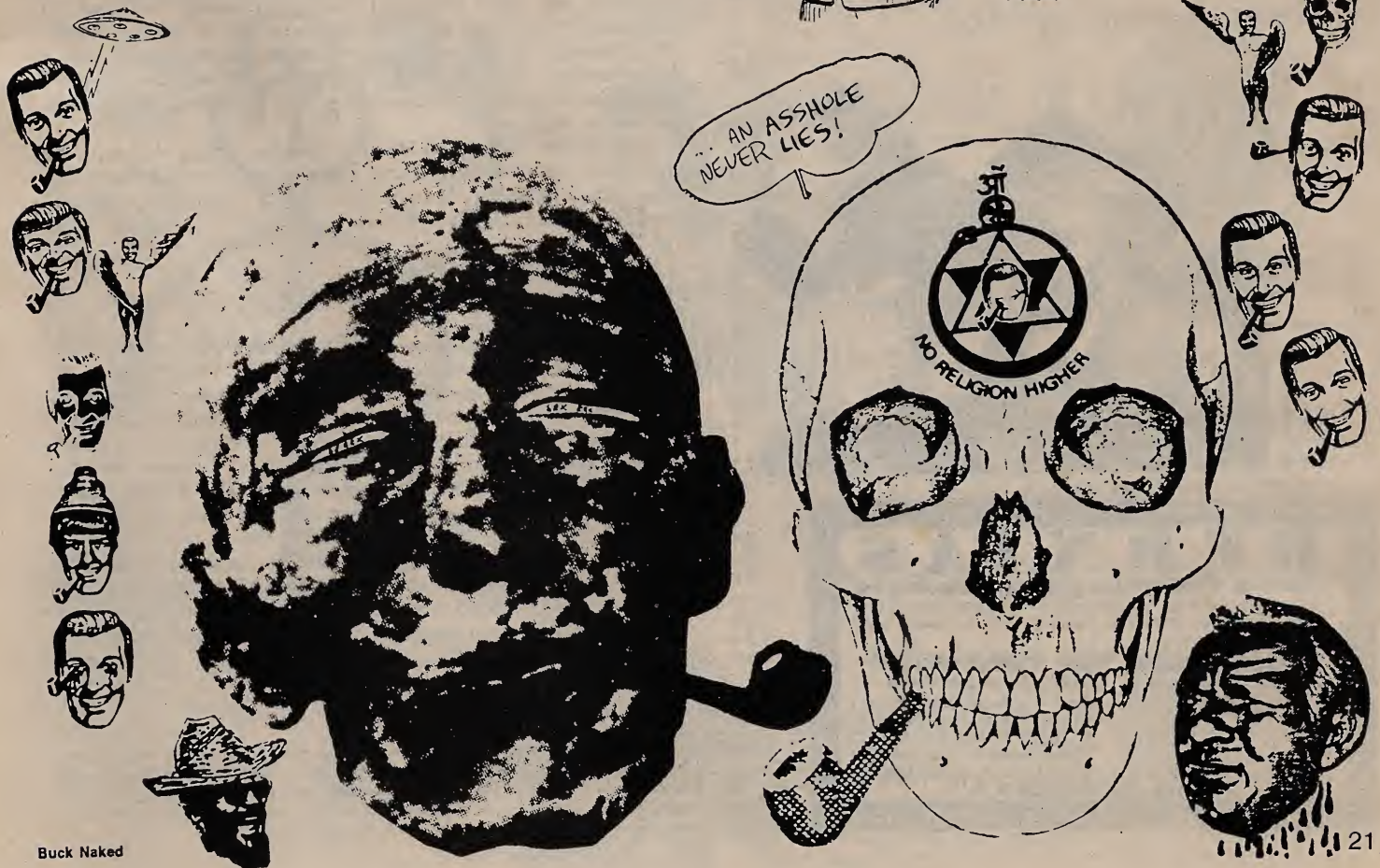
If I understand things correctly — and I'm partly guessing — we will realize many years from now JUST WHY he did what he did, and why he has made himself even less accessible than before. All I can say without jeopardising certain of his plans is this: **BEWARE THE CHURCH AIR.** Don't take **EVEN ONE BREATH** of the "Church Air", no matter how "psychedelic" anyone tells you it is. Don't so much as **INHALE** while in the same **ROOM** with a tank of it. Not that you've encountered it yet; but you **WILL.** **MARK MY WORDS AND TAKE HEED, YE!!!** Leave the Church Air to the Bobbies. That's who it's for. (At times we have held what were called "Church Air Parties," but that was a morbid joke, a sick offhanded alliteration to the *real*

prophesied "Air." All we had in those tanks was mere Nitrous Oxide (laughing gas)... illegal and dangerous, certainly, but NOT the *actual* Church Air that will be marketed later by the Conspiracy Church.) **BEWARE** those who shall wander the streets of big cities selling it. **FLEE** the cries of the False Slack peddlers: "**Church Air — one soul per breath.**"

REMEMBER, KIDS! When confronting humans for the first time, instill in them a sense of awe and wonder, and then **KILL THEM!**



AB=MC2 (REV)



LETTER FROM "BOB'S" HITMAN

In late 1986, our agents accidentally intercepted a letter addressed to "Connie" Dobbs. It bore no return address nor signature, but was postmarked Rio de Janeiro. If it's just another hoax, it's better than most. (I've declined to even mention the 40 to 50 *obvious* hoax letters and disinformative "evidence" that pranksters and/or Conspiracy infiltrators have "allowed us to find.") Draw your own conclusions:

"I'm in Rio, sucking on another cayupurin. "Bob" is doing well and his fast-food chain is doing better — it will be interesting to see if he can code amino acid linked behavioral chemicals in fried bananas, yuca, etc. — I'm opening a small sandwich shop chain here in Rio, just a modest investment, nothing like "Bob's" grand Plan. I figure I might as well hedge all bets; Stang wouldn't ever listen to me on that count. *Sorry about the lapse in security in SF and the "Bob" doppelganger getting his — hell, most of the upper level have known about the Dobbsclones for years now —* Stang'll just have to admit it to the SubDeenies and GimmeBobs, that's all. If he even *knows*. Hell, I figure you'd want to sell out the whole Foundation (what "Bob" didn't dump in the Malaysian State Bank of Development, that is) as soon as Boone Pickens' boys start snapping after the loose stock — besides, now *The Book of the SubGenius* is into its 173rd printing and you've finally paid off those unhappy creative malcontents on the West Coast... all the lawsuits should be called off by now.

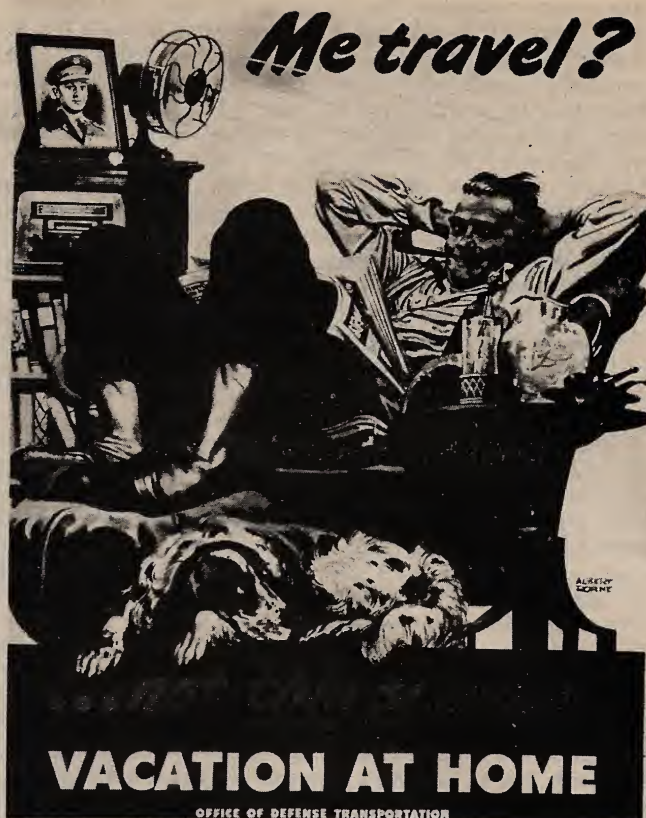
Of course you could opt to stay with that sinking ecclesiastical barge just to be a martyr — but remember, Sterno has already eliminated his keyboard player, sold his share of Janor's tongue and owns an aircraft even Roberto Suarez would envy — he's coming down for advanced looping this year.

I think "Bob's" doing too much coke *again*, Connie. He's still in Bolivia searching for the eternal **!!!NOW!!!... again!** (My italics. — ed.)

He'll never miss this 'FROP...



Via Martin Jaugh



Via Martin Jaugh

VACATION AT HOME

OFFICE OF DEFENSE TRANSPORTATION

PROOF? You still seek your precious "PROOF"?

Look to Nature itself! HURRICANE "BOB" — was this not "the Sloppiest Second Coming" foretold in prophecy?? It bore all the earmarks of a major Dobbs Manifestation: it was terrifying, it destroyed property, it cost a lot of money... but it **KILLED NO ONE**. It was viewed by the authorities with far more trepidation than it merited; it got much p.r. about nothing.

Rev. Harlen Grotley of Miami claims that during the crisis, he overheard and recorded a secret encoded government broadcast, transcribed below. Though difficult to verify, it certainly reverberates with the ring of truth.

TOP SECRET EYES ONLY

World Briefs, NATIONAL MILITARY WEATHER SERVICE, MIAMI FLORIDA

Sunday December 22 — For intravenous governmental use only... Discussion Subject: Hurricane Bob. Norad Recon Air Force Search Plane spotted first Dobbs manifestation at sea, 60 miles east of Brunswick, Georgia. Surface winds of up to 170 knots were reported, emptying into a whirlpool from which radiated huge spinning spokes of light. High antigrav readings near black hole at center. Now tracking Bob at the same speed; high likelihood of Bob reaching the coast. We have upgraded the situation to red alert and have upgraded the manifestation from "Tropical Storm Bob" to "Hurricane Bob" in press releases to the public. Actual situation labeled Top Secret. Latest report: Air Force One was forced down by Bob in flight from Bermuda to Washington. Present location unknown. Prezclone activated at White House.

In the Brazilian 'DOBBS TRUSS' ad, left, *para ambos sexos* means "for both sexes." *Elimino perigo* = "eliminate danger," and *E Dobbs e basta* = "(if) it's Dobbs, it's enough." The first line translates as: "Of concave cushioning, touches the body in only two places!!" *Permite todos os enforques* = "allows all efforts" and *interrompe a rutura* = "interrupts binding or tightness" — (SLACK). — G. Gordon Gordon.

DOBBS TRUSS DOBBS TRUSS DOBBS TRUSS DOBBS TRUSS

HERNIAS

Funda Dobbs, Legítima Brasileira
De almofadas côncavas. Toca no corpo só em 2 pontos. Para ambos sexos. Permite todos os esforços. Interrompe a rutura. Elimina o perigo... E Dobbs, e Basta!

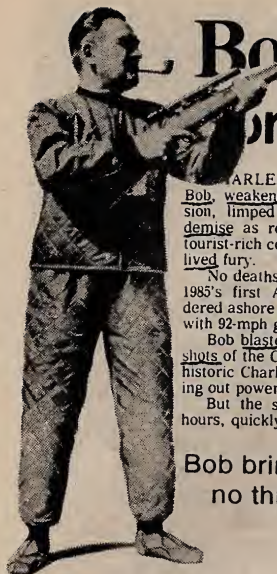
Demonstrações sem compromisso

Centro Rio RJ: Av. Rio Branco 133-18.
COPAC: Av. Copacabana 680 Gr. 302
MAD: R. Almerinda Freitas 25 Gr. 693
MEIER: Rua Dias da Cruz 159 Gr. 406
PENHA: Av. Brás de Pina 24 C04
TIJ.: R. Conde de Bonfim 370 Gr. 204/5
MIT.: Cel. Gomes Machado 38 Gr. 404

8 PAULO: R. Cons. Crispiniano 139 - 10.
PENHA: Rua Dr. João Ribeiro 250 Gr. 7
PINHEIRO: R. Teodoro Sampaio 2552 Gr. 119
STO. AMARO: R. Manoel Borba 292 Gr. 53
SANTOS: Avenida Ana Costa 482 Gr. 8-5
SANTANA: R. Volunt. da Pátria 2091 Gr. 209

HERMES FERNANDES S.A.

TRUSS DOBBS TRUSS DOBBS TRUSS DOBBS TRUSS



Bob flexes muscles in Fla. Storm smacks S. Carolina, turns wimpish

CHARLESTON, S.C. (UPI) — Hurricane Bob, weakened to a ragged tropical depression, limped inland today toward a soggy demise as residents along South Carolina's tourist-rich coast scoffed at the storm's short-lived fury.

No deaths or injuries were reported from 1985's first Atlantic hurricane, which thundered ashore early today on tiny Fripp Island with 92-mph gusts and 10-foot storm tides.

Bob blasted Fort Sumter, where the first shots of the Civil War were fired, then lashed historic Charleston, toppling trees and knocking out power to 25,000 homes.

But the storm, a hurricane for only 12 hours, quickly weakened as it moved inland.

Bob brings
no threat

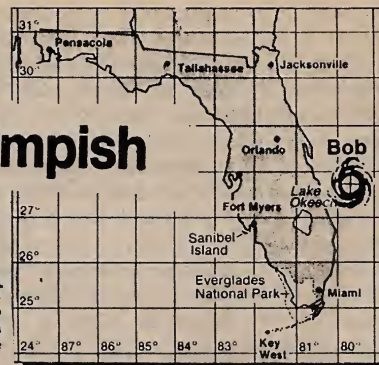
By midday today, its poorly defined remains were dumping showers on North Carolina.

"Bob really wimped out," said Charleston television newsmen Al Hinman.

Yessirree, Bob: Storm brings rain

The latest report had Bob centered southwest of Lake Okechobee and

'Bob waits to see which way the wind is blowing,' says Kansas junior Senator Nancy Landon Kassebaum. 'There's always a question: Does he have a vision?'



The lead winds of Bob blustered into the southwest coast Monday at sustained speeds of up to 50 mph, well below the 74 mph needed for hurricane status. Case

Bob came ashore at Fort Myers about noon, slapping southwest Florida's tourist-rich coast with 70 mph gusts and storm tides up to five feet above normal.

Bob peters out
No deaths, injuries
in short-lived fury
of Hurricane Bob

Storm Bob not so tough

'We got off easy,'
S. Carolinian says

Tides on the South Carolina coast are expected to range from 25 to 40 feet above normal tonight and storm totals of 14 to 18 inches, possibly radioactive, will occur over portions of eastern South Carolina. Pentagon is prepared to use small nuclear-tipped warheads if gravity flux from black hole approaches coast or if Bob physically materializes at any point over the ocean. Property damage and casualty advisory probabilities in upper 17 megacircumstances. Chances of center of Hurricane Bob landing in Washington tomorrow night simultaneously with Slackcenter gravitational meltdown expressed as 48 percent. Government and disaster officials are not to be notified unless it is ascertained that "Bob" has continued to grow in force. State agitators have been assigned to criticize the state of martial law declared in SubGenius Free Zones along the East Coast for ConDupe Backlash reaction.

"BOB" LIVE AT DOKSTOK

Scant weeks after Hurricane "Bob," several SubGenii had personal encounters with another "Storm Bob" in three distant states simultaneously during the infamous DOKSTOK II conclave.

Although "Bob" Dobbs was not permanently resurrected at Dokstok as we, in our fixed-legged mortal vanity, had planned, at least, not for long, he did manifest as the most spectacular electrical storm any of us had ever seen. It was Saturday night, June 1st — Arnold Palmer's birthday, it "just so happened" — at a secluded resort in Northern Arkansas. As we began our ritual sacrifice aimed at resurrecting Dobbs, the storm appeared suddenly. While the most heated 'fropping and music-killing were climaxing, this "storm" spray-painted the sky with a continuous light show uncannily like the fake paint-tank storm clouds in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. No thunder — no rain — just pure swirling weirdness in the SKY. (Hopefully, my inability to describe the sheer strangeness level of the scene helps prove that this isn't just another of our fictionalized "Church parables" or metaphorical jokes. If I were lying, this description would probably be much more dramatic.)

NOW GET THIS: the storm did not affect the cabins' power supply UNTIL THE EXACT MOMENT when *The Band That Dare Not Speak Its Name* lurched into their sarcasto-classic song, "SICK O' "BOB" — the song that they had played so disrespectfully immediately following Dobbs' pointless(?) murder(?) in San Francisco. Upon utterance by Gary GBroagfram of the first lyrics, a seemingly intelligent power surge shut down not only the band but the entire resort. The power returned, eventually... intermittently... and kept returning, but every time

WAS YOUR STARK FIST A LITTLE LATE IN COMING?

AAAiiyeeeee... Truly, Slack can appear like wisps of fog blown in, for MINUTES at a time... trickled out to us in thin portions. But surely, ultimately, "Bob" knows best. He must! Otherwise, why go on? Why keep slugging along that rugged uphill trail, a path that only mountain goats, psychotics, and idiots have dast trod before?? For there is, in that vastness of the upper reaches, either Meaning, or the Answer, which is that there is no meaning... YET IF "BOB" IS STILL WITH US, THEN WE NO LONGER NEED EITHER. For He is our Excuse: for lateness, for stupidity, for everything bad OR good. Our ultimate Excuse and our license to hate the Conspiracy for what They have done. Oh, yes, and they have been doing a lot. A lot of shit. Any real blame should be leveled at that Conspiracy which forces even such as we to work "day jobs."

Thank you for not reporting us to the Better Business Bureau. As you have undoubtedly noticed by now (having lived in breathless anticipation for so long), we are occasionally late in getting magazines out.

We extend our most humble apologies, which, to be honest, aren't really all that humble. We can offer our Excuse shamelessly, even joyously. At times, an excuse can be a beautiful, touching thing. What more, really, has any true religion to offer?

And who gives a shit anyway?? We could be nuked or sued out of existence, but that wouldn't stop "Bob," nor your worship of him. His actions do not depend on our support, nor lack thereof, nor yours. He'll do what he's destined to do, and no mortal can change that.

REASONS FOR THIS STARK FIST's LATENESS:

Co-producing DEVO's last music video, "Are You Experienced?"

IRS audit

Book of the SubGenius reprint

ARISE, The SubGenius Video

High Weirdness By Mail (Kook and Other Mutants book)

Hour of Slack weekly radio show

World SubGenius Atomic Devival Tour

Dokstok II and III, Boston and many other Devivals
shit jobs

Editing & writing feature film, *China Run*

Trial by fire in the Macintosh computer crucible

Programming of children's brains

Writing proposal for *Three Fisted Tales* of "Bob" book
Answering questions about what is delaying *The Stark Fist*

the band tried to play *that song* (and *only* that song), the cabins would again be plunged into Stygian darkness. This continued until the band gave up and played something besides their blasphemous "music to shoot Dobbs by."

The synchronicity of the event was mirrored simultaneously in New Jersey and Washington. Dr. Zed of Oradell, NJ reports that on the precise night in question, very bizarre electrical fluctuations in the weather caused a black-out in his home town — while on a West Coast beach, Rev. Dugwyler was witnessing an indescribable storm, replete with impossibly-undulating clouds, vast booming thunderous "voices" in the sky, and a brief glimpse of *the Stark Fist of Removal ITSELF!!* Both SubGenii remember musing at the time, "I wonder how Dokstok's going, right about now..."



Nakedphoto

"BOB'S" LIVING ABORTION

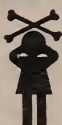
Another piece of the puzzle:

In late 1984 a devout Santa Barbara SubGenius was cruelly victimized in a mysterious night visitation by a sinister yet angelic "Bob"-like figure, which forced its erotic attentions upon her and then vanished into thin air. The act itself was like something out of a nightmare. The sperms released in this "haunted rape" proved far more earthly than their ectoplasmic depositor, resulting in an *all-too-maculate* conception. The terrified (and unwed) woman later sought to have the gestating supernatural being aborted, and during the 5th month the creature was "scraped untimely" from her womb. But **THE FOETUS WOULD NOT DIE**. It *lived and lived and lived*.

Details are sketchy, because the woman has fled her previous address and now avoids any contact with the Foundation. But we understand the foetus was more or less human, with the exception of an unsightly appendage dangling from its right lower lip. A pretumatural, prenatal Pipe? (The appendage apparently fell off later, along with the umbilical cord, and the creature supposedly now sports a kind of "bellybutton" near its mouth.) Before she went into hiding, the mother allowed the Santa Barbara Clenches to exhibit this remarkable "child" at several Devivals and State Fairs on the West Coast. None who saw it doubt the authenticity, nor the horror, of this freak of nature. It is now almost 2 years old yet supposedly retains the appearance of an overgrown foetus. It never grew to 'look like a baby.' Reports call it "...intelligent, but unruly and disobedient." (As if by some ironic Quirk of Art, the undying yet unborn child calls to mind John Crawford's cartoon character, *The Runaway Foetus*, seen in our last issue.)

The possibility that this was a new Incarnation of "Bob," perhaps a failed one, is unlikely — but it cannot safely be ruled out. If ANY MEMBERS possess information which might lead to our relocating this woman and her strange offspring, we beg you to share it for the sake of science and are prepared to grant an undisclosed reward.

Weeks before he died on New Year's Day Bob had selected the music for his memorial service:



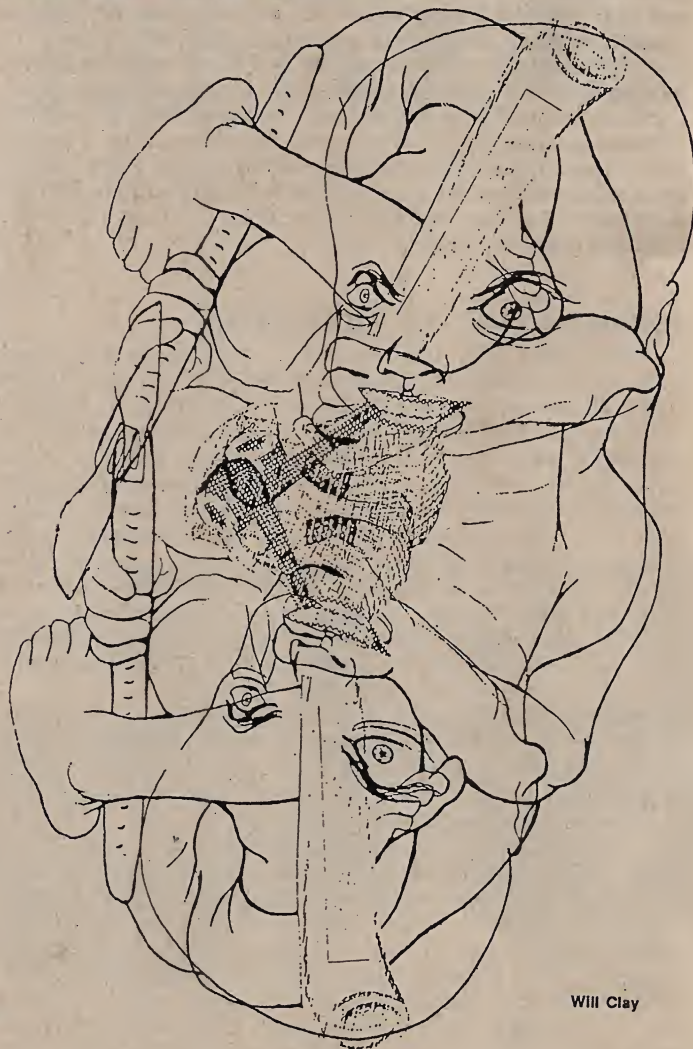
Courting the Right

"CHANNELED" COMMUNICATIONS FROM "BOB" — HOAX, PARANORMAL INTRUSION, OR EVENT HORIZON??

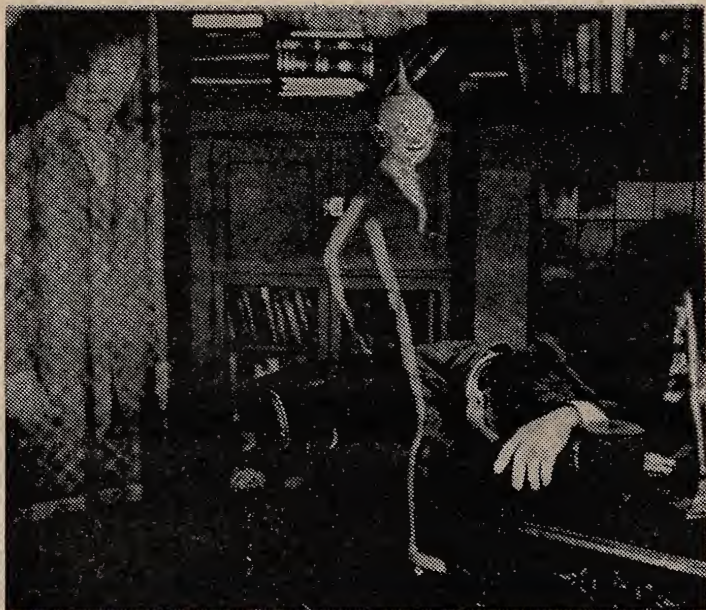
As one might expect, The SubGenius Foundation is daily barraged by letters and phone calls from people claiming to have recently experienced a "Bob" Sighting, to have spoken or even sexed with "Bob," to have been sired by him — even to *be* him. Most of these we disregard outright as cruel, if clever, hoaxes. However, a few cases have surfaced which are too puzzling to be dismissed out of hand.

Before going any further, I should first make it clear that the Dobbs Materializations seen at *most* of our West Coast Tour shows *were* fakes... 'set pieces' intended to make our Devivals more dramatic, albeit in questionable taste. However, on the last night of the tour, *about the time that the real Dobbs was materializing in the path of Atwell's bullets*, Pope Sternodox's Little Rock Templegogue tabernacle and home *really did burn down*, completely — *except for his copy of Pee Dog Comics which was laying between two large bricks*. That wasn't just a "DisConnection Koan" nor Official Church Rumor. (It was predicted by Dobbs in DATELINE FOR DOMINANCE; see *Book of the SubGenius* 12:3, First Edition.)

The strange "Voices of the Dead" that have spontaneously appeared on tape decks all over the country paint a strange picture of a mournful, wandering "Bob" ghost. Most occurred just before Dobbs' accused killer, D. Woodman Atwell, was married in 1985. A typical transcript of such a tape (this one from Rank Quintel of Dayton Ohio, mysteriously 'recorded' over a Linda Ronstadt cassette): "I must get to the wedding... **DO I LOOK ALRIGHT??** But... **WHERE IS MY CAR???** **WHERE ARE MY LEGS???** I **MUST GET TO THE WEDDING....**"



Will Clay



And it happened to me. Late one night, I opened my front door to discover a hideous spectre from the grave: a shambling, rotting, half-transparent "Dobbs Thing", intoning almost exactly those same words before suddenly vanishing. The Grin and Pipe lingered for a few seconds after the rest had dematerialized. The sepulchral stench which also remained was... indescribable... This was not my first encounter with such beings, so I was not as perturbed as a less practiced student of the Forbidden Sciences might have been. A sobering experience, nonetheless!

"Bob's" real spirit in defeat? Or — more likely — a Satanic ruse meant to sabotage SubGenius faith? Judge for yourself.

Other reports:

Flaming messages allegedly from Dobbs, spelled out in flames over backyard barbecues. Candles burning *backwards* in SubGenius Worship Chambers. Sentences *mowed across* yards by a Phantom Yardman. Scrambled, murky TV images of "Bob" overshadowing network broadcasts. (This last was witnessed by Dr. Zed at the same time that Rev. Buck Naked, Janor Hypercleats and myself were ranting to a crowd of 3,000 protestors outside the 1984 Republican National Convention in Dallas.)

My personal view is that many of these reports are 'true,' but only up to a point. "Bob's" consciousness, such as it is, consists of many levels, many layers, many *beings*. I suggest that the Higher Self of Dobbs exists in one place, Heaven perhaps; his Squirt-Ego is in SubGenius Hell, let us say, and meanwhile his Nental Ife — his Lowest Self, his own astral anti-body, is — or was, I should say — still stupidly wandering the earth... a lost shade driven by now-useless habits, vainly trying to sell ectoplasmic products to terrified 'customers' who run screaming from the sight.

Likewise, I think the taped "Voices from the Beforelife" and the oft-reported Ouija-Board messages from Dobbs are either his insensate, disconnected Nental Ife, or else clever demons and poltergeists mimicing Dobbs' powerful personality. One might *expect* such childish malevolent spirits to have a field day shaking the faith of innocent SubGenius believers already thrown into confusion by the reported death of their "Bob."

However, we must now examine the curious "Letters from "Bob." As you know, for years Dobbs offered to answer any question, from anyone, for \$10. Since his 'death,' we have been reluctantly refunding their money to those with burning questions for Dobbs. Strangely enough, many of these people received not only their money back from us but, in a separate envelope (usually mailed also from Texas), an ANSWER *supposedly* from "Bob". Here is a particularly thought-provoking example:

Aleister Crowley will become corporeal and claim you as his wife and daughter on March 13, 1988. The consumation of this marriage will begin the frightening ascension of the Ace of Harlots.

I am not dead.

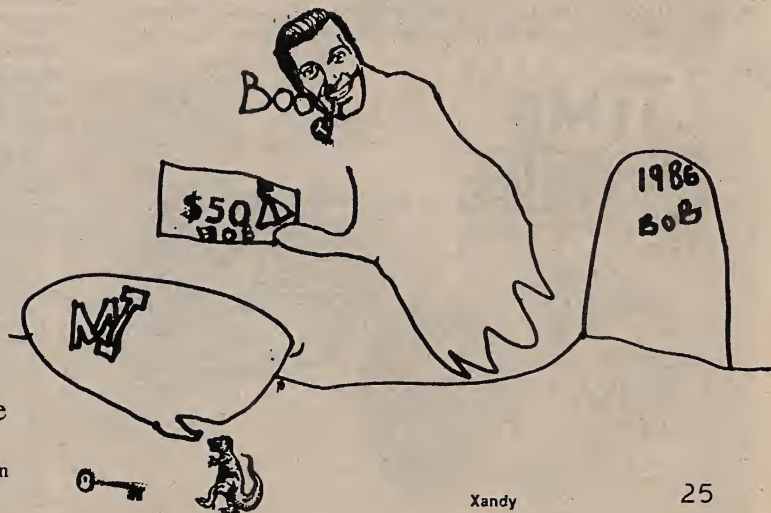
Do not tell this to the SubGenius Foundation people. I am observing their progress. I entrust this knowledge to you due to your significance in the coming times of fury and abasement. Also, I see a good investment here.

You and Mr. Crowley will have a stormy relationship that will end in your death unless JHVH-1's alternate future comes to pass. Crowley was fighting both for and against the Evil before; he got his Evils mixed up. However, had he not made it to Tibet I might not be here now. I remember that time well. He was running low on 'frop; as a joke I got him to renounce his whole creed just for another bowlful. I knew how to get him where he lived. Nice guy at heart, but he got carried away. You know he made up all that Aiwass stuff, him and that little cutie he later ditched. They were using my 'frop at the time. That shit was his undoing though I must say he lived a lot longer than anyone expected, or knew. After the war he, Philo and I ended up together in a Japanese prisoner of war camp in Burma, where he taught Philo his card tricks. At age 109 he was getting a might touched in the head if you know what I mean. He'll probably be even worse when he reincarnates and marries you, but what the hell... he can still get it up, know what I mean?

Your friend, "Bob" Dobbs

Granted, the wording of this letter doesn't match the hurried scribblings we know as the "Dobbs style." (*The Book of the SubGenius* and other writings attributed to him are extensively rewritten by us at his request.) But if it isn't him, then who is intercepting our mail?

Rev. Geoff Waltrip has completed research strongly indicating that Dobbs, or someone uncannily like him, has been regularly seen panning for gold along rivers in Brazil! In addition, he unearthed evidence that Connie Dobbs secretly financed a 1985 revolution on an obscure Carribean island — with money from Dobbs' life insurance! What adds credibility to this otherwise unlikely report is Waltrip's *independent* discovery that Dobbs' "Right Brain Man," Dr. Philo U. Drummond, is gathering investors to finance a NEW COUNTRY — a "SubGenius Nation" off the west coast of Canada. This is true, although those facts were completely suppressed until this very moment!



"Confusing? Hey, if it made sense, *everybody'd* be a SubGenius."

— Dobbs in 1968, speaking to a perplexed pupil in Dobbstown just before breaking the pupil's legs with a baseball bat

26

10. FOUNDING OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS (1935)

Alcoholics Anonymous came into existence when a New York stockbroker named Bill W. (an A.A. member uses only his last initial), an alcoholic who had stopped drinking as a result of a spiritual experience, helped a physician named Doctor Bob to quit drinking. During a business trip to Akron, O., Bill W. met Doctor Bob and shared with him his own experiences as an alcoholic and his method of recovering from the disease of alcoholism. Suffering from a severe hangover, the still woozy Doctor Bob had his last drink on June 10, 1935. The next day, with Bill W., he founded what is now called Alcoholics Anonymous.

"It's more acceptable for a man to be an alcoholic and to seek treatment," said Joyce Riley, director of community relations and education at Raleigh Hills Hospital, an alcoholism rehabilitation and research center with 24 hospitals nationwide. "Friends say, 'We really have to dry poor Bob out,'



MAH FRIENDS,
AH KNOW THAT FEELIN'
WELL--FOR AH WAS A
HOPELESS SINNER
BEFORE AH FOUND
THE ONE TRUE
PATH...

AH WAS A
GAMBLER! AN' A
FORNICATOR! AN' A
DRUNKARD! AN' A
ALCOHOLIC!

Marked
Man



"I was descendant of kings,
keeper of tradition and virtue, the
prince of all I envision," he says.
"and, now, I'm just Bob."

Could the "Drunken Bob" sightings mean that "Bob", if he was killed, "went out with a whimper," instead of a bang? Were Heaven, or Hell, *too much* for him? Or are these merely 'A-Bob' manifestations, sent by evil forces to besmear the myth of our Epopot?

The Child X Prophecy suggests that after 'death,' and Hell, Dobbs made it only as far as the Christian Heaven. That was why he has been able to return to Earth so easily. If his spirit had even so much as *glimpsed* the SubGenius Hell, which is *above* the Christian Heaven, geographically, he wouldn't have *wanted* to return at all. And if he had made it to SubGenius *Heaven*, *we TRUE SubGenii would all be there with him now!*

Ghosts, or fakes? It's quite possible that Dobbs was never killed to begin with.

Perhaps the blatant, pathetic, almost deliberate *fakeness* of the false "Bob" Re-Assassinations we staged on our World Tour ultimately *stemmed* from our *subconscious urge* to illustrate clearly, *DESPITE OURSELVES*, our SECRET belief that "Bob" *cannot really die...* not even physically! For is he not, truly, one among the Immortals? Dobbs — the Ageless One — must be well over 50, *but has looked 36 since he was 13!!*

BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE DEAD WITNESSES??

Well, *screw* the dead witnesses. What did they die for? They died for "Bob". So it was worth it. They're probably lucky... *they* got instantly admitted to SubGenius Heaven: ASGARD VALHALLA, Home of Those Slain for "Bob".

BUT WHY?

"Bob" thought he didn't have to take his own medicine. He could dish it out, alright, but he couldn't take it." — D. Woodman Atwell (aka Puzzling Evidence), statement to SFPD Jan. 23, 1984

Many suggest that "Bob" set up his own killing, or faked killing, *himself*. Why? In order to avoid the Bobbies? To cash in on the insurance? To escape "Connie", or other creditors? All three?

In light of Dobbs' famous combination of luck and innocence, it's equally likely that "Bob" *may not even know that we think he is dead!!* Could it simply be that some drunken Normal who,

40. Dobbs, while intoxicated, drove his car through a playground crowded with children just to watch the children run to try to get out of his way. His car struck one of the children, killing her instantly.

Which of the following is the best theory for finding Dobbs guilty of murder?

- (A) The statute constitutes an undue burden on interstate commerce.
- (B) The statute denies minors one of their fundamental rights without due process.
- (C) The statute denies Drugs, Inc., a privilege or immunity of state citizenship.
- (D) The statute violates the First Amendment right to freedom of religion because it regulates morals.

Clippings: Puzzling Evidence



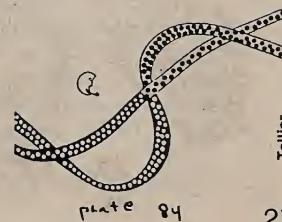
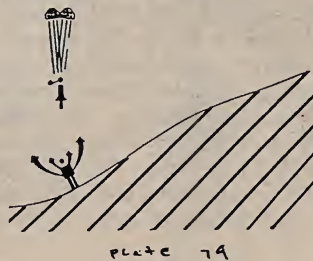
by CHANCE (...?), happened to LOOK like "Bob", wandered into the Victoria Theater off the street to intercept a bullet from a gun that Atwell *honestly thought* was loaded with blanks? This scenario would better fit the character of Dobbs as we know him. The various wild theories of "Bob" planning his own death, or setting up the murder of a double, etc., may satisfy addicts of prime-time detective shows, those who like to think of "Bob" as some kind of brilliant super-spy despite the plain facts of his Transcendental Stupidity; but we know that "BOB" SIMPLY DOESN'T PLAN ANYTHING, *PERIOD!!* Things just "happen" to "happen" *around* him, and what he does, *randomly*, just *happens* to allow him to gain advantages from them! WHAT APPEARS TO BE ASTOUNDING SAVVY ON "BOB'S" PART IS ACTUALLY A MIRACULOUS, INCREDIBLY COMPLEX STREAK OF LUCK.

We must seek to establish the identity of the poor Normal who may have been killed in His place. A battery of Church lawyers is currently pursuing a new autopsy, that we might smash open the lucite which encases "his" body and check the glands which would prove whether or not it is an authentic Dobbs corpse.

CLUES FROM PREHISTORY, OR CHRONIC SYNCHRONICITY FLAP??

Let us turn now to an even deeper mystery: the Calburnian Technoglyphs. Discovered by the celebrated archaeologists of the Dobbs Ashram, these unknowably ancient carvings date from an unknown civilization and time period. Perhaps they are not of this Earth — yet in them we find such enigmatic symbols as: "An Inverted Pipe, Risen Again"; "A Pipe-Smoker, Descending from the Sky"; "The Pipe Bringer Heals the Rift Between the Sexes," and many others. How can any earthly science possibly account for these??

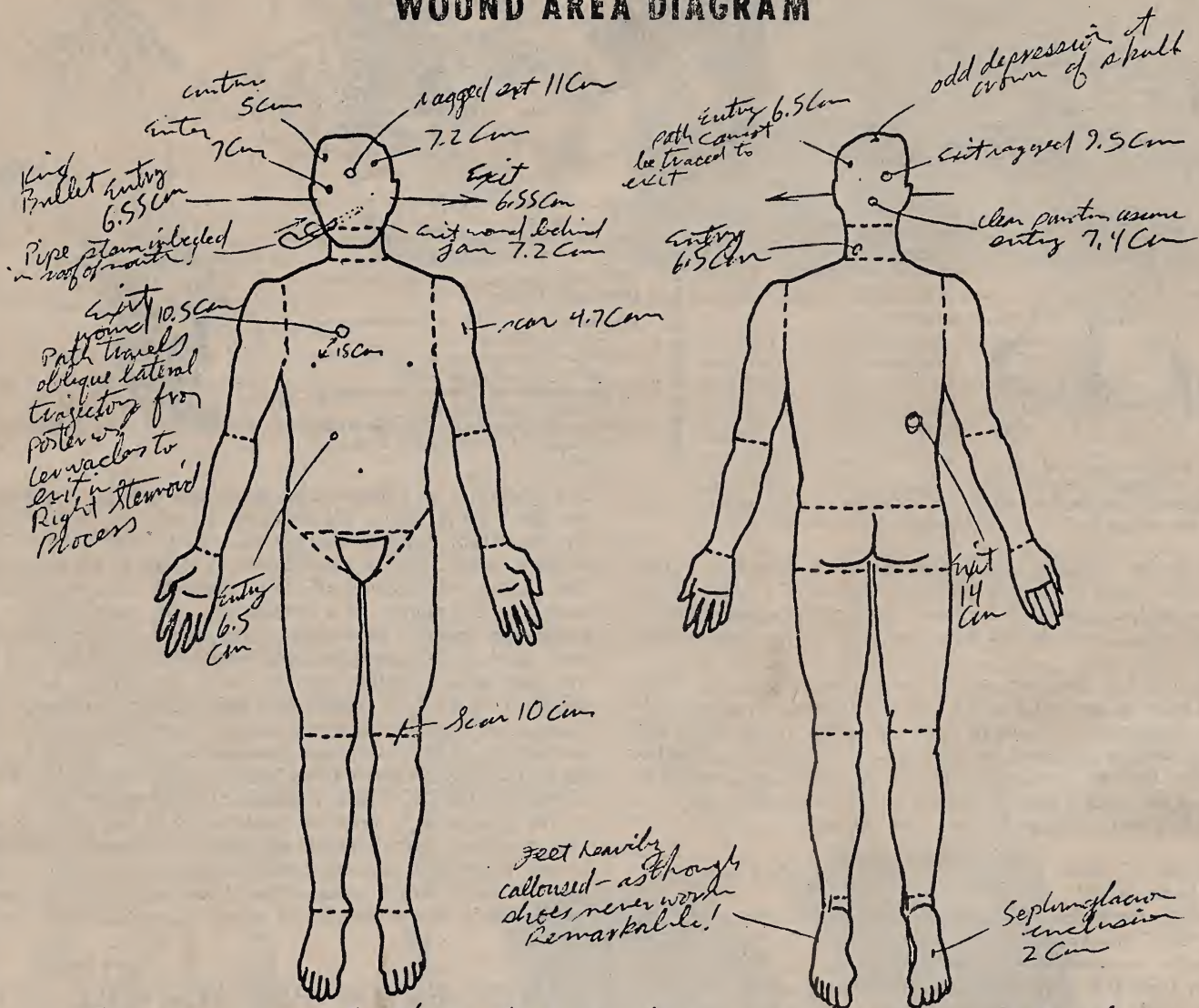
Endless questions continue to arise, like marsh gas bubbling upwards to be mistaken for Xist spacecraft by dumbass hick poebuckers.



Teller

CORONER'S REPORT

WOUND AREA DIAGRAM



THE AUTOPSY RESULTS

Los Angeles coroner Dr. Thomas Naguchi, who performed the autopsy on Dobbs, claims now to have found no internal organs — not even the basis of a Rudimentary System. Indeed, all that was found when "Bob" was opened was a fleshy envelope and a porous, sponge-like network of interlocking fibers. The stump of "Bob's" pipe, attached to his lips, showed organic characteristics, like a fragment of a living organism. Dr. Naguchi was relieved of his post after performing the autopsy. Then the body mysteriously disappeared — only to show up two weeks later, in time for the burial ceremonies in Dallas. Now, "Bob's" body rests in cryogenic suspension in a special illuminated chamber, with thousands of volts of electricity passing through it every second. — Dr. Howl

DEPARTMENT OF FORENSIC INVESTIGATIONS

1-22-84 Form 77349B drawer 13013 Jan 18 84

John Doe-86

705-23-5006D

Dallas, Texas

San Francisco



Even the oracles of ancient China can provide insights... or, instead, pose far more troubling paradoxes. Rev. Pagan Kennedy threw the *I Ching* for "Bob", and was shown this hexagram:

— — — — — (the Joyous)
 — — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — — (the Abysmal)
 — — — — —



The Joyous Above the Abysmal: K'UN:

"Everywhere, superior men are oppressed and held in restraint by inferior men. Times of adversity are the reverse of times of success, but they can lead to success if they befall the right man. When a strong man meets with adversity, he remains cheerful despite all dangers. And this cheerfulness is the source of later successes... It is true that for the time being outward influence is denied him, because his words have no effects. Therefore in times of adversity it is important to be strong from within and sparing of words."

"BOB'S" DEATH NOT ART

Many assume "Bob's" shooting was merely "part of the satire." Well, if the assassination of "Bob" was a JOKE, a mere piece of 'performance art,' then J. R. "Bob" Dobbs is the greatest artist in the world — because he *died* for his art.

It's usually artists who advance this theory. Okay, let's see *you* pink-shit art-boys die for *your* art. What's the matter? Think that might be going *a bit too far*? Warhol was an artist — but did he dare to use *masses of human flesh as a canvass*? Does *Christo* paint with *fatal diseases*? No. Did *Picasso* use *genocide* as a medium?? Nor was J.R. "Bob" Dobbs likely to have willingly let his his own arithmetic be splattered all over a cheesy stage backdrop just so 500 Bobbies could get a good laugh or write critiques for performance art magazines.

He may be quite *pissed* when he returns...

Even as a young child, Dobbs felt the constant compulsion to bring art and reality together into one inseparable whole. He had sat on his mother's knee and gazed at the picture of Jesus casting the money changers out of the temple and envisioned himself doing the same thing. He looked intently at the gold spilling across the temple floor in the painting, and wished to be able to reach into the picture and grasp the money in his hands, pulling it out of the world of painted religion and into his pockets.

In later years this drive to make art and commerce into ONE became his obsession. To create the ultimate harmony of checkbook, canvas and church— to make myth, religion and wealth into a cohesive work of art — this was the moment which he knew was his destiny.

On the morning of Jan. 21, 1984 Dobbs awoke from sleep with the vision locked in his mind. He knew the single action that could bring *all* into focus. His followers and the peoples of the world might never understand, but his need to create harmony transcended such trivial considerations. Harmony of rant and wallet... inwardly, he could feel the engine of disquiet churn incessantly... only at the moment when church and wallet merged would he find freedom.

As he walked out onto the stage of the Victoria Theater, his only thought was of the moment of truth to come — his ultimate artistic statement, his final gesture of love. All the arrangements had been made. His second was ready with the handgun; he had not once questioned Dobbs' decision. As he stepped out before the San Francisco audience, even as the

{ "The Conspiracy Rules" }

{ "Good is Better than Bad, but either one works out great if it happens to "Bob" }

{ "Bob" died with a grin. }

{ "He Will Return Again." }

{ "He is Imprisoned in the Other World." }

{ "He is keeping a low profile but biding his time for the PERFECT TIMING of the FATAL BLOW against the CONSPIRACY — the great World Emaculation!" }

(Are "Bob's" Answers Not Complex, in Their Strange Simplicity??)

STILL SKEPTICAL?

Have a look at these clippings from various newsletters, spotted by sharp-eyed Members. They raise yet more questions... questions perhaps best left unspoken.

ISABELLA FISKE AND BRION MCFARLIN WED

Isabella J. Fiske and Brion T. McFarlin were married on October 14. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Irving Fiske and Ms. Barbara Fiske of Rochester. The groom is the son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Raymond McFarlin of Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

A number of members of both families and several friends attended the civil ceremony, which was conducted by Justice of the Peace Sidney Rosen at his home in Brandon, Vt.

Another honored guest was an old friend of the family, Mr. "Bob" Dobbs of Dallas, Texas.

The bride, who is also known as Ladybelle Fiske, will continue to use that name in her free-lance writing. She will also, however, use the name Isabella Fiske McFarlin.

Personal Message 1225

WISH TO CONTACT person or persons that have been subjected to mind control experiments. Plucking class action suit. Bob 714 840-3178

Dobbs of Houston saw the small black dog dragging what appeared to be another animal Sunday afternoon, said Deputy C.M. Patberg.

"I stopped the truck, and when I looked, I saw it was a female head," Dobbs said.

Dobbs shooed away the dog, covered the head with a workshirt and flagged down the next driver, he said. He instructed the surprised

Rajneesh's Watches, Key Chains and Pins For Sale in Dallas

Diamond-encrusted watches and jewelry worn by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh will go on sale today in an exclusive Dallas shop.

The jewelry includes diamond and 80 gold key chains studded with diamonds, and 24 watches of them gold or platinum inlaid with precious stones.

The jewelry has been insured for \$1 million.

The guru's jewels were bought for an undisclosed price by "Bob."

Who Was That Masked Man?

Officials who knew Mr. Zies describe him as a friendly, pipe-smoking fellow in his late 30s who easily gains people's confidence. Some characterize him as a Renaissance man, because he is conversant with topics ranging from Catholic religious doctrine to the functions of the brain, right side and left. The one subject about which Mr. Zies usually fell silent, however, was himself. "Who was he?" asks a bewildered Energy Department lawyer. "He was particularly nonresponsive when we asked him."

planted gunman rushed towards him, even as the trigger was being pulled, Dobbs gazed into the cash register that served as a pulpit on stage and fell instantly into deep trance, seeing the cash register swell to fill his entire field of vision. The dollar sign on the cash register became a vast star, a sun engulfing all reality. As the bullets entered his brain one after another, Dobbs finally realized his goal, his greatest moment... the harmony of religion and checkbook became, for an instant, the whole universe. And, he knew, ultimately, that he had indeed cashed in his chips.

— (From a hypothetical essay by Fred Mishima)

THE REAL "BOB", OR JUST ANOTHER "DICK"?

"CREDO QUIA INEPTUM."

("I believe *because* it is absurd.")

— Tertullia

Dobbs is fuming.

"It's a farce. They need to stay out of the market place," said Dobbs, who smokes a pipe.

But he'll conform under protest.



Bob's closest friends referred affectionately to him as "Bob."

There have been so many BAD OMENS.

The Dobbs Ashram has now fallen entirely into Dick worship, regularly offering up live animal sacrifices to "Bob's" evil twin brother — or, we should say, to the faceless entity which CLAIMS to be "Bob's" twin brother.

"...Bob' is a False Dick!" blare their blasphemous tracts.

"Accept the NEW THRUST in the Church — Dick waits to be *your* Dick."

This crude, lowbrow and negative jargoneering is attracting all manner of disaffected, dangerous Bobbies seeking someone new to sodomise their brains.

Is there really a Dick? Is he the same as the "Bad Bob" of whom Dobbs himself warned us? Or are they both actually "Bob," testing us?

At any rate, the entity or entities are all too active, nationwide, and their scandalous doings frequently make the news.

Ponder this story from Martinez, California.

Cheerleader Slain Near Orinda Home

By Elliot Diringier

MARTINEZ (UPI) — Bernadette Protti, the teen-ager accused of killing fellow Orinda high school student Kirsten Costas, was ordered held in juvenile hall while awaiting arraignment in the stabbing attack last June.

Many of her schoolmates also couldn't believe Miss Protti was an accused killer. "She was always in a good mood," said Tony Rago, 16, who sat behind her in Latin class. "She seemed just as normal as anyone else."

Miss Protti was invited to join Miss Costas in an exclusive school group called the Bob-O-Links, or Bobbies, who do volunteer work at Mount Diablo Rehabilitation Center in Pleasant Hill.

On the night of Miss Costas' murder, police said, membership in the Bobbies was the common link that Miss Protti used to lure Miss Costas into a car — supposedly to go to a meeting.

This is evidently a murder committed during an argument between two Bobbiettes over a "Dick".

30

Here is an even more famous case, in which an entity calling itself "Bob" directed some poor mindless follower to deliver another unto Eternal Slack of the *permanent* kind:

Security guard David Allen Raley was ordered yesterday to stand trial for the murder of one Peninsula teenager and the attempted murder of another who survived to testify against him.

McKenna said Raley told the girls a mysterious person named Bob "wants to kill you and I'll try to get you out of here." He then separated the two girls and McKenna said she could hear him beating her friend.

McKenna said that Raley never explained the motive for his violent acts, though at one point he mentioned a mysterious man named "Bob" who wanted them dead.

In his statement to police, Raley blamed "something that was talking to him in his head," and he said he wanted to let the girls go after molesting them, but "it was too late." told Meheula, he "remembered that they (the girls) were bleeding in the trunk and couldn't remember how. Something in his mind made him go crazy."

Whatever this new "AntiBob's" true identity, it has sown destruction far and wide, even striving to eliminate great religious leaders who might rival it in world conquest. The SubGenius Yodeling Master, Zoogz Rift, has pointed out it 'absorbed' Herbert W. Armstrong, Debbie Boone, Jane "Seth" Roberts, Laura Mundo, Ricky Nelson, L. Ron Hubbard. All have been Removed for this so-called "Bob's" monstrous purpose... perhaps to be resurrected as charismatic zombies on some fateful "trigger night?" WILL WE ALL BE ABSORBED ON THAT FINAL DAY, IF THE FALSE DOBBS USURPS THE EPOPTSHIP OF THE CHURCH???

'For "Bob's" Peter was like unto a stone, a rock; and upon this rock not even, nay, not Dick could sit. And so these perverted brothers and Twins of the Gods did battle, and did pierce and tear at one another...'

— The Chaosaurus, Chapter 15, Verse 198

13013 = BOB; B=2, B=2, 0=15, B=2 ... 2 + 15 + 2 = 19

= 0 - "!" = 13013 = 8 - Time Control = 888 plus 111

Deposit bags stolen from Arby's

A 22-year-old manager of Arby's Roast Beef Sandwich, 6031 S. Cedar St., Lansing, was robbed late Monday night after she left the restaurant with the night deposit bags, police said.

Police said the suspect approached the manager as she was preparing to enter her car. The suspect, armed with a long black pipe, demanded the deposit bags, officials said.

By Officer Howden — Suspect, stranger, 30, showed up at complainant's houseboat on Fairview and refused to leave. Would identify self only as "God" and "Jungle Bob." At precinct, suspect told officers he was going to kill himself because he was President Reagan's father.

To me, Bob's lack of understanding — "Mozart's above me," he used to say — was inexplicable and exasperating. Bob had a Mercedes-Benz brain. When we were freshmen at Yale during the late 1960's, he was pursuing a tough double major in philosophy and physics. And his musicality, as I used to assure him, was considerable. He had founded PTL and resigned last year, collected the excessive pay and benefits without the approval or knowledge of the PTL board.

The Bakkers are spending the winter in a house in Palm Springs, Calif., where a telephone call was answered by a man who identified himself as a family friend named Bob. He relayed a request for comment to the Bakkers, then said they did not want to discuss the matter.

HUTTON, England — For nine months, the mystery of Bobby the missing garden gnome had baffled the people of this western England village.

In his place was a note saying: "Gone off for a few months on my holidays. Don't worry. I'll be back."

Then the post cards began to turn up — "wish-you-were-here" messages, all signed "Bobby" — from Norway, Denmark and Sweden, then Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, France, Austria, Italy and Yugoslavia, and finally the Greek island of Corfu.

"We were absolutely baffled," said Pam Barwick, 55.

Then one morning last week, Bobby was back in the Barwick's garden, wearing sunglasses and clutching a miniature travel bag with toothbrush, toothpaste and holiday photos. One showed him in a Norwegian bar with a blonde.

Dear Meg: Two years ago, I bought an Ouija board. It took several weeks, but I finally contacted a spirit named Bob and have been in contact with him regularly ever since. He gives me advice and his predictions have had a way of coming true.

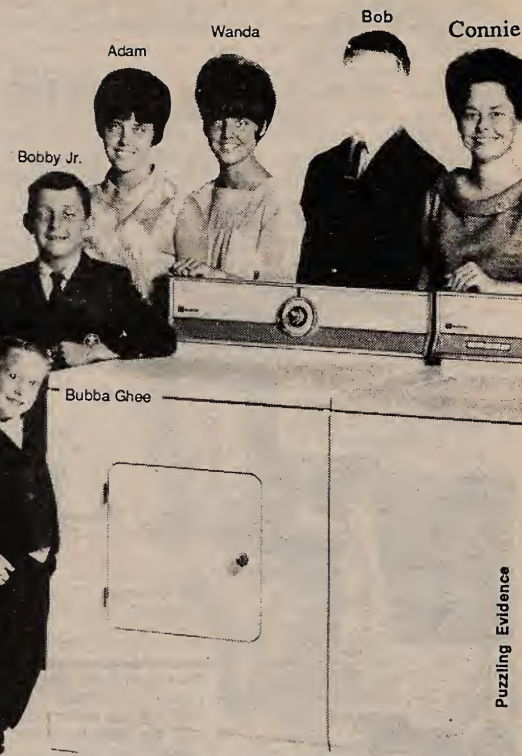
Now, however, Bob has turned mean. He says he's not a good spirit, but a demon. He tells me I am going insane and that soon he will take over my spirit and give me to the devil.

My husband thinks my mind is playing tricks on me and my parents just laugh, but I'm scared to death. I'm not stupid. I'm a writer with several published ghost stories to my credit. Could an exorcist help me? — Denise, Wilmington, Delaware

Dear Denise: I don't believe in devils, ghosts, exorcists or Ouija boards, but I do believe you're getting carried away with your own material. Get rid of the Ouija board, and you'll get rid of Bob. The mind CAN play tricks when the spirit is willing.

It moves, it grooves, and it penetrates James's inner psyche. Never before, for example, has the Freudian dilemma of id and superego been probed with the al-fability and deftness of CBJ's "A Different Bob." The narrator, named Bob, hears his girlfriend dreaming out loud about "Bob." But it's not him she's speaking of in her sleep, it's a "different Bob."

I fell asleep only to be aroused by Dick pulling at my trousers and making strange noises. He barked, growled.



Puzzling Evidence

THE STRANGE FAMILY DOBBS

Needless to say, much of Dobbs' family history is swathed in mystery and deliberate disinformation. However, as we accumulate clippings sent by hawk-eyed SubGenii far and wide, a certain nasty light is increasingly shed on the various skeletons in the Dobbs family closet. In scanning these clippings, one is forced to wonder whether Dobbs, with his blinding goodness, is not paying off some sort of karmic debt owed by his ancestors, cousins and children.

Bernalillo County sheriff's officers did not go after the man believed responsible for burning down a house in the Manzanos Mountains on Tuesday afternoon because they thought he owned the property.

And, according to sheriff's spokesman Alvin Campbell, it is not a crime to burn down your own home as long as no one is injured and you do not damage neighboring property and do not file an insurance claim.

"I have no doubt that Old Bob burned down that house," County Fire Investigator Chris Archuleta said Wednesday, after interviewing neighbors and friends of the 50-year-old white-bearded Thibault.

"I'll present my evidence to the DA in the morning," Archuleta added. "What I don't have is a motive."

Sheriff's spokeswoman Carol Cohea said that late Tuesday afternoon, firefighters were called by neighbors to the fire scene but were warned by three armed men, one of them Old Bob, not to attempt to douse the blaze.

Firefighters then called for assistance from deputies, Ms. Cohea said, and when they responded, Old Bob was gone. So was the house, a wood-frame structure set on 300 acres.

Thibault, variously described by investigators as an "aging hippie" and a "mountain man," is believed somewhere in the Manzanos, with whose wild and rugged terrain he is very familiar.



"Old Bob"... could this be Xiuacha-Chi-Xan M. Dobbs, the legal father of the true "Bob" (but almost certainly not his real genetic progenitor)?? It has long been whispered around campfires by stewbums that the elder Dobbs did *not* die in that drugstore explosion after all, but lives on in hiding, hideously disfigured, a mindless mockery of his former self, a murderous aging Phantom furtively skulking the catacombs underneath San Antonio, lusting vainly for revenge on the late Jane Dobbs (nonvirgin mother of "Bob") for cuckolding him?

And... "Bob's" real dad. Who was he? Many respected scholars suggest that the "Jewish milkman" who allegedly sired "Bob" by his Mother, Jane Dobbs, was none other than the being known to humans as "Santa Claus." Outlandish? Possibly... but think about it. It would certainly tie together more than a few loose ends!!



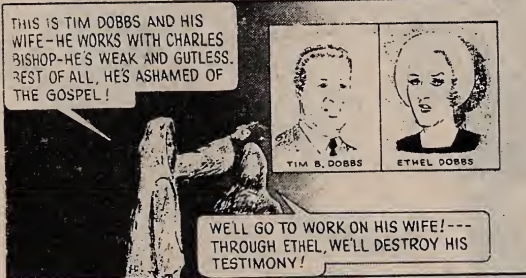
LIES

Our 5-year-old Trance Medium, "Boy X," spouted the following on March 3, 1985:

"The 'Crazy Bob' (or 'The Tricky Bob') used to have his Pipe sticking out from the middle of his face. He was walking around crazy and bumped into the 'Bad Bob.' The 'Bad Bob' hit him and knocked his Pipe over to the right. That turned him into the 'Good Bob.' So the 'Good Bob' we know is really the 'Crazy Bob.' There's really no such thing as a 'Good Bob' at all."

Granted, these *might* just be the nonsensical ramblings of a 5 year old. But if so, why was the child levitating 5 feet off the ground when he uttered it?

Many of the most deprived of the downtown dives were in the vicinity of Police Headquarters at No. 300 Mulberry street. Half a block from Headquarters was a gambling house which catered only to policemen, and at No. 100 Mott street, a short distance away, was a saloon kept by Mike Kerrigan, better known as Johnny Dobbs, who served an apprenticeship with the river pirates of the Fourth Ward and then became a celebrated bank robber and fence. Dobbs is said to have handled more than \$2,000,000 in stolen money, of which probably one-third went to him as his share of various adventures. But he ran through it, and eventually, in the middle nineties, was found unconscious in the gutter, and died in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital a few days later. It was Johnny Dobbs who, when asked why the crooks flocked to the neighborhood of Police Headquarters, replied, "The nearer the church the closer to God." *from "The Gangs of New York" Herbert Asbury*



Via TS Childs

Johnny, Tommy, Tim, "Old Bob"... with each name a whole new school of research opens up. And the Dobbs siblings and sirelings already exposed last issue — what do we *really* know about them? Onan Canobite is convinced that "Bib" and "Bub," the brainlessly lucky spawn of "Bob's" incest with his twin sister "Bobra," and sole beneficiaries of his fortune as specified in his will, are actually the offspring of "Dick" and "Bobra" — moreover, that "Bobra" was just a friend of the family and not "Bob's" sister at all! That, indeed, the deformities of "Bib" and "Bub" were actually caused by the proximity of "Dick's" testicles to "Bob's" natural radiation, and that Dick's hatred of "Bob" began when he realized what had caused his and "Bobra's" children to be born horribly handicapped!

Yet other scholars claim that "Bobra" is not a real person at all, but "Bob" in drag. Could "Bob" be a tranvestite Jeckyll and Hyde? Is "Bob" both "Bobra" and "Dick"?



=



THE EVIDENCE CONTINUES TO ACCUMMULATE!!

"Watch two girls makin' it? Hell, I'd rather BE two girls makin' it!" — Dobbs in Conference 687

The wife of a 45-year-old welder claims her husband killed himself over the stress he felt after work he'd done resulted in the death of a 13-year-old boy.

Tommy Dobbs has filed a \$100,000 workman's compensation claim against the city of Arlington, Tex., claiming her husband Jim Bob's death was a result of on-the-job stress.

She claims Jim Bob was a happy, easygoing man until the city had him and his crew install a steel cable across a lot to prevent motorcyclists from riding on the land.

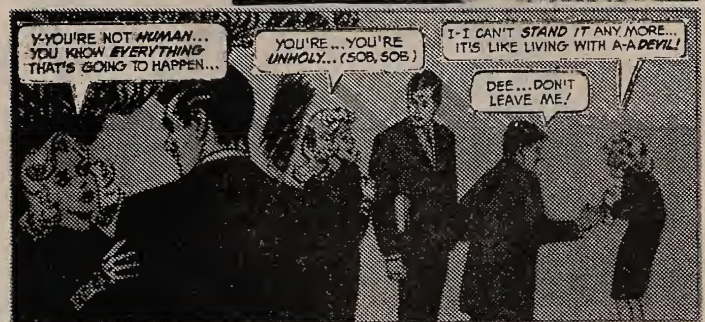
Shortly after Dobbs and other city workers strung the cable in 1982, 13-year-old Greg Patterson hit the obstacle with his motorcycle and was killed.

Patterson's relatives filed a wrongful death suit against the city and named Dobbs. And while Dobbs would probably not have been held responsible as far as damages, his wife says he was scared to death he'd lose everything.

Mrs. Dobbs claims her husband went into a deep depression and eventually shot himself in the head.

"If it had not been for his employment, he would be alive today," said Mrs. Dobbs' lawyer. *Kris Lighty*

Schwinn



And what of the accusations that Dobbs' own Primary Wife, Connie, had him murdered? With all these 'female Bobs', 'evil Bobs', "ObOs" ad infinitum, the question must inevitably arise: **IS "CONNIE" THE ANTIBOB??**

"Bob" is the Vail of Illusions, Connie the Squaw Valley of Death. Both the Aspens of ass pain, the Opiums of Aunt Bee... the farts of an artless world, the pinnacles of piutrescence. — Anonymous

ATTACK OF THE ANTI"BOB"



© "Necromag Conquest", 1986

OCCULT SUBGENIUS NUMEROLOGY

Frightening coincidences mount daily which point to a dark future. Last Easter Day, while Buck Naked and I were arguing over how to divide monies from a particularly lucrative Dallas tent show Devival (measuring shares of the \$666 net gate by each ranter's percentage of onstage activity), we discovered the following mathematical correspondences. Hang on to your genitals.

(First, a quick crash-course in Dobbsian Numerology:

"Bob's" magickal number is 999. 333 represents the AntiBob. We all know what 666 means.) Now: behold:

$$3 \times 666 = 6 \times 333 = 999 \times 2 = 1998$$

$$15 \times 666 = 9990 \quad 5 \times 1998 = 9990$$

$$.5 \times 1998 = 999$$

We hardly need to point out to you SubGenii and Discordians the occult significance of the number 5.

Furthermore, as noted by Rev. M. Turyn of *Hetereopaths for NHGH*:

"The unforbidden sciences now seem to indicate that you don't need more than 11 dimensions to form a universe as we assume it:

If you make A=1, B=2, etc., B - O - B becomes 2 - 15 - 2.

If A=26, B=25, etc., then B - O - B becomes 24 - 11 - 24

Taking 0 as an o-point, this gives:

13 0 13

i.e., "Bob" alphabetically = "Bob" numerically!

Now, read Revelations 13:13 to get the full impact!

It doesn't stop there. From Rev. Craig Roll of Philadelphia:

"In some ancient manuscripts 'the Mark of the Beast' is rendered as 606 or 'b0b'. Moreover:

$$606 - 333 = 273 \text{ (Magick SubGenius Number)}$$

$$273 = 35 \text{ (Dunno how he gets that --stang)}$$

(3 and 5 are big devil numbers)

And how about *THIS*: R. Bain noticed that in the Church's Sacred P.O. Box Number, 140306:

$$14 + 03 + 06 = 23 \text{ (!!)}$$

(Read Wilson & Shea's *Illuminatus* if you don't get the significance of that!)

Now, according to Magistra Batrix (and we'll take her word for it), the Qabalistic value of "SLAK" is 60 + 30 + 1 + 20... add 'em and you get 111. Okay. Now subtract the year Dobbs first went public, 1980, from 1998: you get 18.

Multiply 18 x 111 and you get: 1998 AGAIN!!

CAN THERE BE ANY DOUBT???

For those eager to take on a whole new set of numerological enigmas, Pope-Pretender Vinnie of Brooklyn has somehow arrived at the number 444 as The Mark of the AntiConnie. On the other hand, Vinnie likes to *talk real big*.

And Bag of Water sends this formula. Make of it what you will:

$$1987 = 1+9+8+7 = 25 \dots \text{(perfect square of 5 as in 5)}$$

July, 1998)

$$5 + 1+9+9+8 = 32 = 6$$

These omens bode ill indeed! Between these numerical correspondences, the 'flap' of 'Bad Bob' killings, the Church Air prophecy, and the Arrisal of the Dick, we are forced to ask questions of ourselves that may be repugnant, but which *must* be confronted nonetheless.

Everything they don't want you to know.



Consider this quote from *Hell's Gate* by Bill Kerby:

"The God of the Flies has many names and they are known quite well by all.

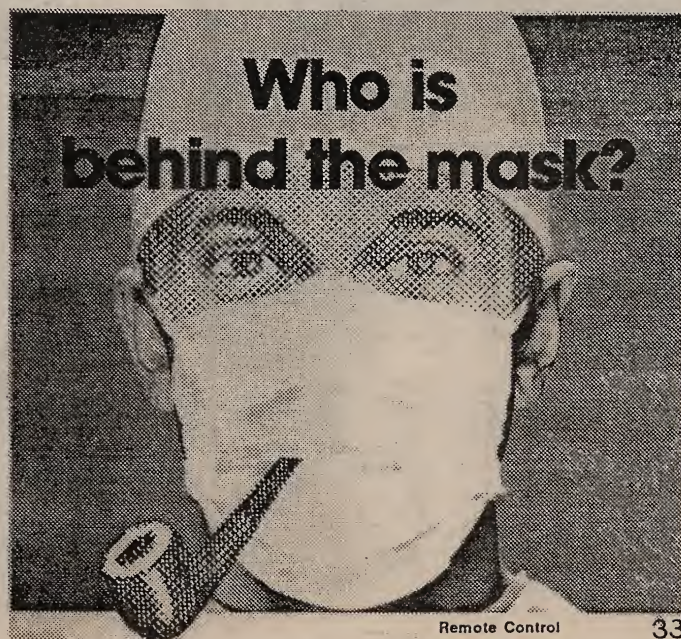
Bob. The Pimp of the Underworld. Big Ron. Goddamn it. Slime Merchant of It All. Kiss (of "Kiss my Ass"). Plus the usual and more well-known Satan, Devil, Beelzebub, and Pazouzou (which made people laugh when they heard it, so it was not much favored.). "He" was also a she and an it, all rolled together into an irresistible mass of nervous, hungry, and very base energy which usually formed itself into what folks found most attractive." (Submitted by Batrix, from the collection *REBELS IN HELL* by Janet Morris (Baen Books, 1986)

And "Bob" was prophesied of old, in 1924, by Andre Breton in *The Manifesto of Surrealism*, to wit:

"HE WILL PROMISE SO MUCH THAT ANY PROMISES HE KEEPS WILL BE A SOURCE OF WONDER AND DISMAY."

Breton *couldn't* have been predicting anyone else. The vague context of this statement (quoted by Kerry Thornley) is exactly what *proves* that it *IS* a prophecy.

Mark Mothersbaugh discovered that the spoken phrase, "Jesus Loves You," when played backwards (a la the insidious 'backtracking' technique used by "Christian Rock" cultists), comes out phonetically as "WE SMELL SAUSAGE." However, when you reverse a tape of someone saying, "Bob Loves You," you will hear only "WE SMELL BOB."



Remote Control

ALTERNATE DOBBS ASSASSINATION THEORIES

Although this is a field which always draws the kooks and crackpots out of the woodwork, we must leave no stone unturned in our search for the facts, and meanings, behind the Victoria Theater shooting. Therefore, we offer these diverse approaches for your consideration. Be advised to take them with a dumptruck full of salt, however.

From Etoain Shrdlu of the 1st Church of "Bob" Family Man:

- 1.) The Elder Gods' agents who pulled Dobbs offstage gave him the Serum of Immortality
- 2.) The gun fired blanks.
- 3.) An android double was shot.
- 4.) It was a human in a Dobbs mask
- 5.) Dobbs survived the shooting but died later the same night by electrocution while trying to mow his lawn in the dark. (Has Dobbs invented an electric lawnmower? Did he run over his own power cord? — ed.)
- 6.) All of the above are true.

From the Low Priest of the First Arachnid Church of the Great Spider:

"Bob" had failed to pay his bribe to the High Priest, and as a consequence was eaten by the Great Spider... the Spider's mandibles fit right into the ears... Firmly grasping the Flaming Sword of Justice, the Spider thrust again and again through "Bob's" head... after an eon sizzling over the Pit to a juicy turn, the pungent dish held such promise that the Arachnid of Wonder resurrected "Bob" on the spot and continued his culinary experimentation... All "Bob's" years of marinating his own brain in fragrant frop-smoke certainly paid off for the Spider... I earnestly entreat all SubGeniuses to send bribes immediately, as too rich a diet might give the Arachnid dyspepsia with woeful consequences for the universe."



From Rev. Stewwed, Dallas, ex-More Drunk Cowboys:

Rev. Stewwed tells us that there is an extra-dimensional 'place' called the AntiDallas, from which "ObO" the AntiBob draws his evil power. The AntiDallas is cut off from our reality, all alone in a hollow, curved 'interior universe.' (There exists no, say, 'AntiChicago' or 'AntiNewark'.) The AntiDallasians want to escape, and the true Dallas is the key. The pataphysical point of contact between the two is wavering now, but there may soon be a conjunction. If the two merge, all cops will turn evil... even Dallas' Hare Krishna cop. To prevent the conjunction, the true Dallas must bring in even more outsiders... more Yankees. This would make Dallas less the opposite of the AntiDallas and foil "ObO's" schemes.

But I, Stang, must ask my fellow native Texans: would it be worth it??



From DX'ers for "Bob", Rev. Wm. Burke:

"While I was excremeditating on Oswald's exclamation of disgust when arrested, "Everyone will know who I am now," the phone rang. "Can we talk?" It was "Swissie" (not his real name), my intelligence contact man and DeGaulle's bodyguard. I got more than an earful from him, and of course I have to share this information with you. What you are about to read may shock and disturb you. Then again, maybe not. I can only give you my assurances that I believe it all is "true." Of course, this is 'eyes only' for you and the Elders of Minraud. On second thought, fuck the Elders.

What I must *especially* emphasize is that "Bob" is in for a difficult time when "They" learn "Bob" is not dead. "They" may in fact already suspect or "know" this. None of us, save possibly "Bob", can say what the repercussions might be. Perhaps the prophesied "Big Swig", the Cleansing of the Celestial Palate? But I digress and sometimes even talk too much...

I UNDERSTAND BOB!
NONE MUST SURVIVE
TO TESTIFY IN
WASHINGTON!



Byron Werner

"I know Bob has an interest in the presidency. It's absolutely his decision. Obviously, if he decides he's going to go for it, then I would back him 100 percent and I would want to help him in every way I could. He's got a lot to offer this country."

Courting the Right

"Bob, I have given a lot of thought to that. Be sure and take another look at that item we have, funds for the contras."

FIRST NAKED CHURCH
of the SubGenius
Buck Naked, PASTOR

"Bob" has been re-erected ..and he is coming



I wasn't in San Francisco when "Bob" was shot. I was visiting Dobbstown again (3rd time). I'll never forget when word came through about the shooting. I was froping up with some people in a little temple when we heard this big racket. As soon as they heard of Dobbs' death, everyone started working.

It was eerie.

When I got back to Dallas, I went to see Stang. I studied some films in the mushroom cellar.

All I saw was "Bob" stepping to the podium and being met by one of Stang's friends who shot him four times at close range. Then Stang crouching and wringing his hands while revelers dance on the body.

A few weeks later we had a DEvival in Dallas. I showed up drunk- I spoke about "giving up" with "Bob" being dead and all.

I got bored and I ripped down a poster of "Bob" and said hell might as well put up a Buckhead if "Bob" was dead. Stang jumped at me and scratched my nose up with his fingernails, screaming, "Don't mess with my 'Bob'!"

Next thing we held this big seance. Stang claims we sacrificed a few trekkies, but really that isn't so. It was a straight re-erection, led by me, the wine bottle and a swell girl named Crystal.

So, we patted ourselves on the back for bringing "Bob" back, but I don't know. Maybe he wanted death/release. And reincarnation is a funny thing when you have to find a body in a split second on demand. As a lot of you know, you can end up as a fly larva, a puppy, a minnow. Tricky.

Also, as Deacon Mole points out, it could easily be a ruse to throw the con and the bobbies off the trail.

Whatever. Oh, well. Back to work.

Buck

VISIONS AND PROPHECIES FROM SUBGENII AT LARGE



Errors Abound

Perhaps the most compelling of these visions is the one related by Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger of the First Church of Mr. Science of the SubGenius:

THE VISION OF AHMED FISHMONGER

It has become almost painfully clear to me in recent months that the universe engenders many forces with which we are not nearly so familiar as we would like to think. When exposed to even a *shadow* of some of these forces, we react like cavemen to holograms. It is known that primitive people must be taught to "see" photographs before they can understand their language. So it is with those forces of the psychophysical world.

The other night, I and a party of old and dear friends gathered together in a local pub over a few drinks. Among them were Rev. P. Swineherd, High Priestess K-P. Catharsis, Rev. St. J-Hova 10, Rev. Scott Rasmussen, myself, and others with whom you *should* have no acquaintance. It was a rather large gathering. The discussion reached philosophical levels which, although not directly related to the point of this epistle, must surely have had a contributory effect.

That night, through an alcoholic haze, a vision came to me: a vision of such overpowering clarity and energy that it would not be put aside in the name of sleep.

Before my befogged senses was a projection of the universe as it really is: a geometrically highly organized agglomeration of rapidly diverging probability systems, bound together by the paths of mutrons in a glowing webwork of rapidly altered retro-causality. The only way you would be able to envision this is to think of each probability system as a **super-hypercube**, in which each face of the hypercube is a cube in which each face is a cube. And yet it must be remembered that each face is the same as every other, and still connected to all others at all edges and all corners. In this vision, time also was an aspect of space, so that each point in the universe was viewed as a dynamic event system encompassing forward, backwards and alternate time simultaneously *and* synchro-spatially.

Sometimes it seems every Bob, Dick and Harry Henderson out there is a trance medium for "Bob," especially since his "death(?)". What follows are a series of letters from Members who are convinced that "Bob" has spoken to or through them, or that they have been given to see that which is to come in visions.

First, however, I should point out that even the "assassination" of Dobbs and everything that has followed was already prophesied in Dobbs' *Book of the SubGenius*, for those with eyes to see. (Too bad so many are still trying to look at their own eyes.)

Dr. Onan Canobite brought to our attention the numerous references on page 136 of *Book of the SubGenius*, the page labeled **To What Do The PreScriptures Point?** (with sidebar of "WHAT "BOB" WON'T TELL"). Get out your book — NOW — and check for yourself. In the second column, first paragraph, under **The Good/Bad World of the Future**, is the line, "*Bob's* Triumphant return and the Time Control Project." How can Dobbs 'return' without *leaving*? Further down, we find the heading, **2-Fisted Tales of "Bob" in a World Without Slack**, referring to the Dobbs short stories project now in progress, as well as the LIES prophecies which are part of that book... maybe even a book on their own. Thirdly is the heading, "**Heaven, Hell and Time Control... Specifics of Death. What to Expect in Hell — Dobbs Inferno.**"

I would venture to advise all amateur would-be prophets out there to reread your *Book of the SubGenius* a bit more closely before asking us to decipher your "shocking new exposes."

Need I point out that this vision made me feel somewhat queasy? What would you do when unexpectedly confronted with the Infinite? Like any good Yetinsyn, I made a mess in my pants.

You must understand that the perceived size of this vision was that of the smallest dust mote, and it floated about seven inches from my nose. And I perceived that this was how our universe, the whole of creation, appears in the "eyes" of the One True God: even great Wotan himself is too miniscule to be of His notice in any way.

The vision exploded before me, and swelled to encompass and swallow me entirely as I moved in for a close look at our "local" time space.

Gnosis-loaded mutrons snapped against my mind like sparks off a doorknob. All of this happened in an instant of "real" time.

In that instant, I had the gift of prophecy.

Listen, for this is wisdom:

On March 10th 1986, just before sunrise on the west coast of the United States, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs will be returned to us. He will be a stronger "Bob", for his return will be the result of a second EMACULATION. His secret burial place is at the point where two mutrons are destined to collide at exactly that point in time. They will meet head on. A bolt of light will be seen to leap into the sky: a multi-colored but coherent beam, a mile wide. A STARTLING MESSAGE TO THE HEAVENS. OUR NEW STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

At this point the vision folded up and vanished from sight and mind. It left me with a burning sensation in my penis, which I first regarded as merely the consequence of direct contact with the Infinite.... but I soon found that my zipper, along with every other metal object in the room, had been heated to an uncomfortably hot temperature.

THINK WHAT YOU WILL.

Ahmed Fishmonger
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Leaving much room for interpretation is this dream which Dr. Onan Canobite experienced:



DRAWING FROM 1892 SHOWS SATAN AS "BOB" FAN

In the drawing above, from the 1892 book *Hell Up to Date* by A. Young, one may discern on Satan's office wall a picture clearly labeled, *Our "BOB"*. True, it depicts a fat and balding man without a pipe. Perhaps Satan's mastery of Time Control allowed him access to a shot of Dobbs from a previous lifetime, or from his old age to come. Found by Rev. Paul Curtis, reprinted in *The History of the Devil* (1899) by Paul Carus.

Dr. G. Gordon Gordon stumbled upon this incredible but profoundly disturbing bit of folklore.

Dr. Chris Gross has sent a transcription of the last words of "Dutch" Schulz in which he has underlined all the references to "Bob" and "Connie" not already mentioned:

Sergeant Conlon: Who was it shot you?
Schultz: I don't know. No; don't put anyone near this check; the check. You might have; oh, please. Please do it for me. Let me get up, sir, heh? That is Connie's, isn't it? Uh heh. In the olden days they waited and they waited. Please give me my shot. Please. Oh...Oh...It is from the factory. O.K. Sure, that is a bad...well. Oh, go ahead; that happens for crying; I don't want harmony: I want harmony. Oh, mamma, mamma. Who give it to him? ...factory that he was nowhere was near. It smoldered. No, No! There are only ten of us and there are ten million fighting somewhere in front of you, so get your onions up and we will throw up the truce flag. Oh, please let me up; Leo, Leo! Oh, yeh! No, No; I don't....please! Please shift me. Police are here; communisticstrike....baloneys....Please; honestly it is a habit I get; sometimes I give it and sometimes I don't. Oh, not; I am all in; say.... That settles it. Are you sure? Please, he eats like a little sausage baloney maker. Please, let me get in and eat. Let him harrass himself to you and then bother you. Please.... Don't ask me to go there; I don't want to. I still don't want him in the path. Please, Leo.
Q: Lie quiet.
A: Yes, I will lie quiet.
Q: John shot you; we will take care of John.
A: That is what caused the trouble. Look out. All right. Bob. Please get me up. 'Come on, police. Who gets it? I don't know and I don't want to know, but look out. It can be traced.

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Dobbs or Master Dobbs. The Sussex BROWNIE, supposed to be especially kind to old men, like the Highland BODACHAN SABHAILL. The belief has now gone, but it has left its trace in the proverbial saying saved by Mrs Wright, 'Master Dobbs has been helping you,' when someone has got through more work than was expected. In Yorkshire the same character was called DOBBY.

Dobby. A friendly name for a HOBGOBLIN in Yorkshire and Lancashire. He is very like a BROWNIE, but perhaps more likely to play mischievous pranks. In fact he is much like ROBIN GOODFELLOW. Mrs Wright mentions Dobby in *Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore* (p. 202).

Either most perplexing or least valid of all is this *supposed* "Message from "Bob", channelled by Rev. Craig Roll of The First Church of "Bob" Family Man:

- (1) We REJECT "Bob"'s death in San Fransico 1984 as staged.
- (2) We REJECT the notion of "Bob" as the intercessor of man and "God".
- (3) We REJECT the thought that "Bob" uses any super-human powers to fight the "conspiracy".
- (4) We REJECT the idea of an organized conspiracy.
- (5) We REJECT the concept of any mutation of "Bob"'s "head" as a member of "Bob"'s family.
- (6) We ACCEPT the idea of a "PAP PRINCIPLE": various institutions, teachings, and organizations whose sum-total influence (or GESTALT) on life in general on planet earth for the individual is to take away that individual's SLACK.
- (7) We ACCEPT the notion of a REAL, ALIVE, and HISTORICAL J.R. "Bob" Dobbs relieving from alien entities the blueprint of reality from 1953 to 1998 and beyond.
- (8) We ACCEPT the thought of aliens (from "Planet X" or X-ists) who are scheduled to arrive on July 5 1998 9:00 AM with hostile intentions for those not "protected" by their contact.
- (9) We ACCEPT the concept that "Bob" can protect "his followers" from the "conspiracy" with his only weapons being the X-ists' reports and today's technology. (However, this technology is greatly boosted by the X-ists.)
- (10) And finally and most importantly, we believe that "Bob" has a normal home life, no outside families, is of normal to better intelligence, has very intelligent and talented children (now grown) and is a MELLOW dude at heart.

Now by this point most members of the Church of the SubGenius (of which the FC'B'FM is a branch) will be shaking their heads at our level of pretension. So be it. However, they can read the CotSG literature and look for any direct contradiction to what we have said. There are PLENTY of them, however the serious students should do the research themselves.

Un-HUNH.... SURE, Rev. Roll! And I suppose there's no such thing as Bigfoot, either!



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featuring

Bug-Eyed White Boy & the Jew Shit Niggers.

"Shut Up Pink Boy"

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THE INCREDIBLE POOP DOG HAT

You won't believe the *fit* she'll have tomorrow, when you put it back on.

For the life of the hat, remains pungent and damp. Guaranteed peed.

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FART DOG EXPLOSION MEETS VAGINAL BLOOD FART

"Holy cow Bobby, it's all sticky and it hurts like *hell*."—Crooker Fran in the linen.

Not a tape! Not a record! Not a video! Not a novelty!

It's like having your wet bar fail all the local codes and not giving a shit.

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Don't forget to write and send the thangs, ma'am.
Fort Anti-Christmas.
Benton, Texas.
Call today.

SUGAR, SUGAR BUTTFUCK

The Archies really come down to earth with this sixty-second extravaganza. Betty and Veronica never looked so gropped. Jughead has the horrors. And Archie grasps at newts and straws while the 'A' soundtrack, written by the band, just about *comes* in its own piezo-electric re-generation.

Please: You must be 18 or older.

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WQMB-FM 66.9 (Mon-Mon)

Palmer approved.

Ritualistic Carving.

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Mom won't like it.

Featuring the stunning stories of:

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None of these songs have ever been seen again! Can't guarantee your mind will survive.

90-minute tape \$6.96

Accept no subs.

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We'll shoot it anywhere. You supply the tape, we'll supply the ropes, straps, etc.

Could it be the end of your sister?

You decide. You pay.

VHS or Beta or 8mm or 12mm. (no soundtrax.)

Please write for details

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Don't fritter away your last chance at happiness. 100 % Stainless Steel Construction. Easy to swallow. Even kids can handle 'em. We won't be undersold.

Shit on the sidewalk and be out of debt instantly.

Forces guaranteed.

\$50/hour and worth every drop.

Brownish and smelly since 1968.

Barn Dances are pasé.

Or are they?

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One quarter stop past normal and these boys can just back the hell off our green.

According to Palmer's neck stump this is the most fun you can have with your head on.

Visit our "Peen" Room for an added excess.

Why don't you bring the kids?

Monthly and lifetime rates available.

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We're not really like THAT

(or are we)

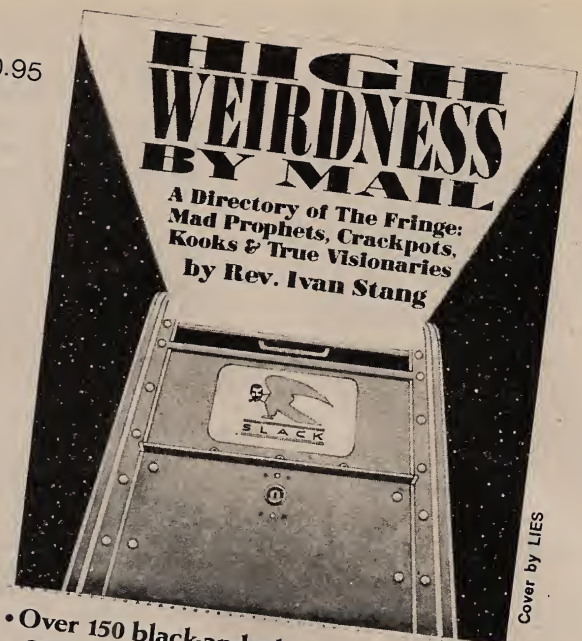
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Cover by LIES

- Over 150 black-and-white illustrations
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NEW BOOK! "HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL" REAPS MASSIVE P.R. 4 DOBBS, \$\$ 4 CHURCH & MEMBERS!!

The reason the infamous **OTHER MUTANTS** listing of amazing bulldada resources isn't in the STARK FIST this time: it now fills 320 pages of a new SubGenius holy text-book, also from Simon & Schuster and our greatly missed Long-DurPerSav, editor Tim McGinnis. Once again, Us got Them to PAY US for practically biting off Their own hand at feeding time!!

HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL is a vast, unforgiveably snide encyclopedia containing nearly a thousand sarcasm-oozing capsule descriptions of great *bulldada* you can get for FREE by mail (weird science, weird religions, weird art, porn, sleaze, kooks, cranks, crazies and unsung geniuses). The only way to approach this horizonless range of extremism was to treat all, equally, (except for our cronies), with the most contemptuous, frothing bile and vindictive scorn musterable... while listing their addresses and prices so readers could judge for themselves.

Though I, Stang wrote 75% of the 'reviews,' many come from Remote Control's *Mindblaster* magazine, Mike Gunderloy's *Factsheet Five*, and fringe visionary Waves Forest. The first half focuses on kooks and unsaved rogue SubGenii — such categories as UFO and Jesus Contactees, off-the-wall political groups, the most hilariously stupid New Age trendies, hateful racists, cool Fortean magazines, crazed inventors and seriously surreal fundamentalist a-souls; the second half covers art, comics, music, films, porn and comedy from the furthest edges of the sane universe — in other words, glowing plugs for work by our fellow SubGeniuses. The final chapters catalog bizarre catalogs and other listers of weird lists. Using the 'resource guide' format as a vehicle to expound endlessly (and in accordance with Dobbsian Orthodoxmoronionism) on every obscure corner of paradigmatic mutation, it skims all known forms of eccentricity. Like 10 STARK FISTS rolled into one! (And it delayed this issue accordingly.) Loaded with illos and a cover by Paul Mavrides, it's a fucking god-damn bargain at \$10.95 (\$12 by mail from us). **BETTER THAN WEARING A POOP DOG HAT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL!!**

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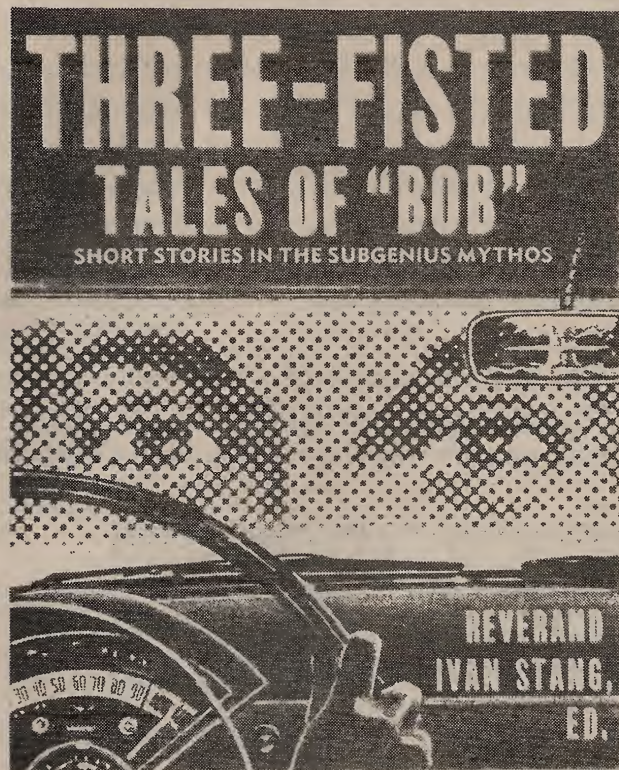
We strove to infuse maximum spleen and spite into each paragraph, unfettered by puny earthly distractions about hurt feelings, libel lawsuits and so on. Just *imagine* the archives of psuedo-science kookdom, shunned religious beliefs and staggeringly innovative artistry that have accrued at our SubGenius labs after 10 years of mutant mail! You get the best nuggets of our ungodly collection without having to sweat through the *culling* of it. We did a nasty, nasty job raking these religious and political fanatics over the coals, unmercifully, *vengefully*, and without *any* objectivity at all. And think of the enemies we've made! New Age loveburgers and normally "forgiving" PinChristians become rabid, frothing, murderous maniacs when they see themselves trashed and unmasked in this thing... and the white supremacist types — well, you can bet the Labs here are *surrounded* by barbed wire, machine gun nests and guard dogs by now! We really peed some asses, and you better believe the whole thing was just one HELL of a JACK-OFF for me personally.

But the BEST thing about it, besides the stunning writing and subject matter of course, is that it's become a GOLD MINE of PUBLICITY for the Church! Whereas THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS is "low concept," requiring 2 hours to explain, HIGH WEIRDNESS is HIGH CONCEPT — and a talk-show host's dream, not to mention magazine and TV reviewers! Major media jackasses too chickenshit to TOUCH SubGenius with a ten-foot condom (even if their dicks could fit it) have been going humankind over this one. I must've done somewhere near 100 radio talk shows since the book came out in mid-'88, plugging the Church relentlessly, and we've got nothing but rave reviews from the likes of Newsweek, CNN, USA Today, the Wall Street Journal, the National Enquirer(!!) and multitudinous other high-faluting pinkzines who have otherwise avoided us like the Black Death. US News & World Report gave us a whole page! So the book's in most stores, sells GREAT (3 printings in a year), and best of all, its 30,000 readers (thus far) are *sending money* to all our buddies for whose weird tapes and comics, etc., this book is partly a giant free AD! Furthermore, every other page bears FOOTNOTES that quote Dobbs or in some other manner manage to hype the Church. We might even start seeing *royalties* from this one! Visibility is so high that most underground punkzines now whine about the Church being "too commercial"! (The jealous fucking fashion nerds.)

The REST of the **Other Mutants** — i.e., those without anything to sell, or unearthed too late for the book, but who are SubGeniuses willing to trade off with each other by mail in some way or another, are being listed in a separate OTHER MUTANTS Xerox-type thing which you'll be able to get from us, by the time this FIST is mailed, for \$2 and a large self-addressed, stamped envelope. That list alone is so large that to put it in this FIST would've made it too bulky to print... plus, we've learned from experience that only some 10% or so of you dare risking contact with each other, anyway. Can't say as I blame ya; one has to wade through 10 Bobbies to find a single true Sub, but it IS worth it. So you Clenches who sent in 'ads' — expect to see them in the special 'OTHER MUTANTS' listing. (It'll take a month to put together, and that's one more month that the rest don't care to WAIT for this FIST!

BOOK #3 JUST OUT!

\$12 postpaid! Order NOW from US!



Just before he died, St. McGinnis hypnotized Simon & Schuster into contracting with us for this anthology of SHORT STORIES about Dobbs. I invited almost 50 writers to whip something out for this one, expecting maybe a third to have time for it; instead, we ended up with enough material for three books. We've been in the process of culling 'em down to 'the best' (which is largely up to our gorgeous, brilliant new editor, Sydney Miner); then, if it sells halfway well, we'll be able to put out a second and maybe even third volume, all certain to distort thousands of the best minds. Either way, leftovers will get printed in the FIST for years to come.

THREE-FISTED TALES OF "BOB" is one of those "shared worlds" collections, but set within the Dobbs mythos. Some of Slackdom's best professional sickness writers have done their worst to bring the best of Dobbs to life.

TALES includes: Philo Drummond, Ivan Stang, William S. Burroughs, John Shirley, Hal Robins, Larry Sulkis, Lewis Shiner, Michael Peppe, Onan Canobite, Brooks Caruthers, Chris Gross, Robert Anton Wilson, Ahmed Fishmonger, KDY, G. Gordon Gordon, Mark Mothersbaugh, Guy Deuel, Paul Mavrides, Puzzling Evidence, David N. Meyer, Sternodox Keckhaver, Janor Hypercleats, Waves Forest.

**American citizens
are
better informed**



THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS reprint

The Book of the SubGenius was miraculously resold, revised, and has now gone into its fourth printing by its new publisher, Simon & Schuster. Even the most normal chain bookstores can order it for you now. Thanks goes once again to the late Master Infiltrator St. Tim McGinnis (see obituary), who, when he changed jobs to S&S, hoodwinked 'em into wrenching *The Book* from the uncomprehending and altogether weakly, limp-wristed grip of McGraw-Hill — a corporate dinosaur so baffled and embarrassed by the Word that they frequently denied, even to customers clamoring for multiple copies with cash in hand, ever having heard of it, much less printing such a thing! (According to *Siecus Circle* by Claire Chambers, McGraw-Hill is the headquarters of "the Satan Conspiracy." Oh, how they'll all WISH it had been MERELY Satan alone!)

The differences between the two editions are profound. The printing is vastly improved; artwork that used to look muddy and dim now divulges hitherto unseen details. A new cover by Rev. Kenneth Huey makes "Bob's" mighty Face the main focus. (And now we know his eyes are blue.) The previously microscopic LIES "Tree of Knowledge" diagram is now reproduced full-sized on the inside (and is available as a GIANT poster from LIES), and the new back cover seductively beckons Pinks with "Bob"-praising quotes from celebrity weirdos like R.A. Wilson, R. Crumb, Ken Kesey and others. A long addendum concerning the Death (?) of "Bob" has been added, and Pope Meyer's rant is finally in proper page sequence. And take a close look at the *DATELINE FOR DOMINANCE* predictions for 1982 through 1987, which now demonstrate "Bob's" powers of prophecy beyond question.

Even if you already own a hundred copies of the sabotaged McGraw-Hill first edition, you owe it to yourself to rush out and purchase this One True ReVersion... or order 'em direct from us for \$12 each, which includes postage.

HELP WANTED on YET ANOTHER NEW SUBGENIUS BOOK PROJECT

Any amateur with half a brain or less, and no writing skill at all, can contribute and feel reasonably sure they aren't wasting effort. This book:

BUMMERS

...a collection of true BAD DRUG TRIP recountings and anecdotes, told first-person by those who went through them. We need 1-4 page descriptions of the most hilariously terrifying things that have happened to people who TOOK TOO MUCH. Including alcohol. We've put many feelers out in articles, the Church radio show, etc., but have gotten disappointingly few responses... Apparently, everyone thinks everyone else is submitting. NOT SO! We need *many* more concise (but vivid) recountings of trips, accidents, etc... describe the one(s) which stand out either because they were 'funny' in retrospect, or so fantastic and bizarre that even other drug-heads will be awed. Or else unusually 'typical' classics exemplifying the most common negative side-effects of various brain-busting chemicals. Don't worry about "good writing;" We'll correct any grammatical and spelling errors (except where they are especially illuminating, as some have been). This is neither a pro- nor anti-drug book. Old-timers for whom it's already too late will laugh their asses off; inexperienced teens will be duly forewarned but also shown helpful hints on how to keep their sanity under inner pressure. Could save lives; definitely WILL be good for the most morbid of yuks!

⌂ Gordon's Soap Label ⌂

"Bob" is dead — Dobbs is gone — perfect one world MASTER murdered by the CON-Pigdeath Goonsquad Hooliganism — How many assassins? — one, or two hundred and twenty million? — Who was that one perfect killer — ambassador of King Slug? — Why the death of Dobbs Now? — if not true to Dobbs, after Myself who shall I believe? — Conspiracy of Stalin's 50 million subjects driven to suicide rather than accept welfare from the state — EEYI EEYI — Elder Bankers who forclosed on Armenia responsible for pornographic Hi-Tech Deathworld we All Inherit — Only Dobbs has paid All his taxes, all other religions still owe — Dobbs most perfect Pipemaster was Slain for bringing us the YUK — Most effective remedy when diluted with Hate and applied to anguished areas of the soul — Most perfect Masterpee is delightful mouthwash — Meditate on the answer to all Vainglorious Selfseeker Lifewarping PornoPolitics while gargling at least twice daily — Philo taught the truth of Dobbs, rewarded as Overman — Rich and Famous all emulate Dobbs not understanding "Bob" — Secret of the Pipe withheld? or just Heresy? — Dobbs One Word All World One Way Serum or Kill Me — Men in Black in San Francisco with Perfect Pill Pilot of the Bullet — King Slug still reigns while we Mourn Him — EEYI EEYI — Intercontinental Conglomerate Technicolor Daisychain fucks the World and never Comes — Sterile Dicks cannot Come but continue to occupy the Whole — When will True Believers steeped in the Pee of Dobbs get their turn? — Prairie Squid is sold cold dead in Supermarket plastic — New Zionist Plot reveals suppression of Ancient Rabbinical Scrolls — Circumcision: Tribal Right, or Prairie Squid Preventative Prophylaxis? — Stalin-Hitler pact exterminated 200 million prairie squids but all we hear about is the holocaust — Dobbs Killed because HE knew these things — Suppression of Religion, or Freedom of King Slug? — Most Perfect Dobbs in Hell: "Fuck 'em even if they CAN take a joke, this hurts!" — Use Word of Dobbs, taken internally can prevent AIDS — Rock Hudson never knew — Movieland Deathporn





For
Women
Only!



Nanzi Regalia

Brag of the Female SubGenius



Dana Beasley



by MAGISTRA BATRIX/MAGUS COYOTE

("... Discovered graven with a rock-bore laser
into the floors of Mohenjo-Daro,
under three feet of fossilized kitchen-midden,
in Linear-B script.)



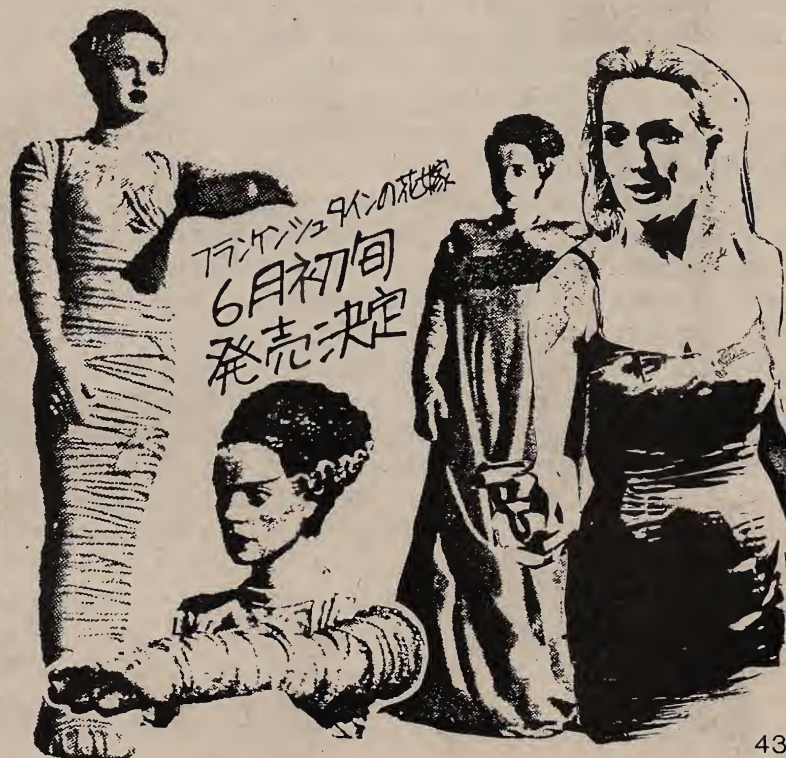
Tim
Gallwan



I'm the Infra-red Woman! I've got the Beast of the Abyss between *my* legs! I'm tighter than a *constipated Scotsman* in a *pay-toilet*! I've got muscles in my snatch that haven't even been *evolved* yet! I make the Virgin Mary look like the Grand Canyon! You can run **deep**, but with *me* you **can't** run silent! I'll make you *howl so loud*, they'll be *green-eyed* on the **Moon**! The New Age was *invented* just for me — I wore the **old one out**! I put the *Magick* in Sex-Magick! I *shocked* **Aleister Crowley** and made the *last ten Popes* give up their vows! Who do you think *Sappho* wrote all those *poems* to? I'm so *gooood*, I made the Great Stone Face come **three times** — and he doesn't even *exist* from the neck down! I make Linda Lovelace look like a *store-window dummy* with *lockjaw*! Come on and *give me AIDS*, baby — I'll recombine it with my **own E. Coli** plastids and turn it into **venereal mescaline**! I sweat nectar and menstruate ambrosia, I pee milk and honey, and I shit Cakes of Light! When I take off *my* clothes, fist-fights break out all over Mount Olympus! I've got more swing in my hips than the San Francisco earthquake! I'm **bitchy**! I'm shrill and I'm **nasty**! I'm a **real** shrew! Mad rapists run screaming for help to the *Rape Crisis Center* when they see **me** coming! I gave the Anti"Bob" back his *own* VD and turned him into a **radical feminist**! When I'm in heat, they come from *miles* around for a try at me — dogs, cats, wolves, bears, randy goats, 12-point bucks, pterodactyls, and swallow-tail butterflies right alongside the men! **I do it with basilisks**! *Frodo* beat the shit out of *Dopey, Sneezey and Doc* just so *he* could get into my flower garden! They'll never stick *this cunt* in a kitchen — unless that's where it *wants* to be! I *never* pay taxes — the government pays **me** to *wear out the work force*! I don't charge *money* for it, honey — I charge **Slack**! When they call *me* a *bitch*, I just **bark right back** at 'em! I **created** Time Control, darlin' — if you've got *five minutes*, I'll give you an *Aeon* of **sheer ecstasy**! Nuclear power plants hide in *shame* when I go by! *My* snatch glows in *broad daylight*! **I'm** the reason Cuban Supermen were *invented*! I made the Premier of the *USSR* sing "Alright By Me in America" and **mean** it! I fucked the Devil into Heaven, and Saint Peter into Hell! I took on the Flaming Sword of the Archangel Michael, and **put it out**! *The Fightin' Jesus* gave up fighting to have one more go with *me*! The Blob got hard as a rock, thick as a brick, and stiff as steel at the mere *sight* of *my* sweet thang! You heard the **Xists** are coming? Well, **I'm the reason**, darlin'! I'm a *fusion reactor*, baby — **let's fuse**! I'm so hot, I fart pure ambergris and I *piss champagne*! HAL 9000 blew his *fuses* over *me*! I made the Bad "Bob" say *please and thank you*!



Severn Institute



Millions have read:

"SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE"

Millions more will read:

"SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE"

It happened in bed — like many things do. But Carolyn Dobbs was not prepared for what occurred the day she stayed in bed and got the idea for Betsy Bartlett and herself to do a radio show on bringing up babies.

Joe Dobbs and Chuck Bartlett, their husbands, didn't like the idea. But to keep peace with their wives they worked up a program. To their horror it became a smash hit.

Trouble followed. The show, broadcasted from the Dobbs home, brought guest stars swarming all over the place. With their own babies screaming in neglect the Dobbs and Bartletts found their lives reduced to utter chaos!

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES

Marion Hargrove

Something's got to Give



By the author of
"SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE"

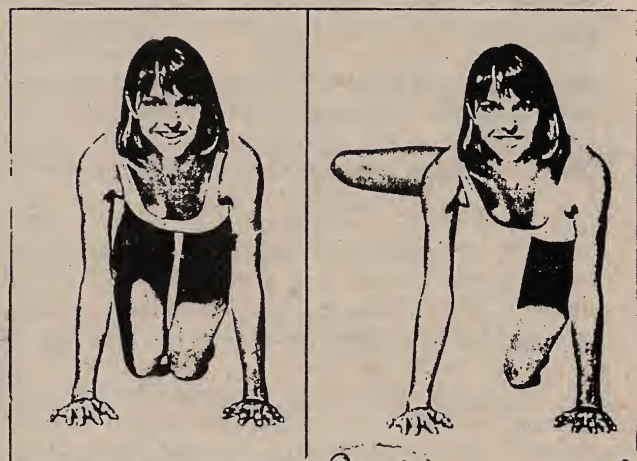
complete unabridged

I made an **honest man** out of *Richard Nixon* and then put **horns** on him with *Henry Kissinger*! I'm the reason **Elvis is God**! And who do you think pulls *Howdy-Doody's* strings, hmmm? I put the *starch* in Priapus's pecker! *Elijah Muhammed* found **Dobbs** and started a clench in Cincinatti, after one night with *me*! I blow the tops out of *thermometers*! I make *taxi-meters* run *backwards*! You've heard of Black Holes? Well, come on up and see me sometime, sweetheart, and I'll show you a Naked Singularity! I put the "collapse" in collapsars! I give **green stamps**! I don't shave under my arms — I **mow**...when I don't **braid**! I left my *nectar* on the **Washington Monument** and **douched** with the *Mississippi River*! I don't catch **crabs** — I catch **mountain lions**! So **step aside**, all you slab-sided, prune-faced, whey-fleshed, dishrag-cunnied, androphobic, **gynophobic**, **sarcephobic**, **biophobic**, paint-covered, latex-armored, beehive-hairdo'ed, pinch-browed, antiseptic, chemical-stenched, stilt-heeled, pucker-butted **gunnysacks of weasel-jerky**! I can out-think, outwit, out-joke, and out-fuck any **fifty** men...and **any 500 Pinks**! I fold, staple, spindle, and mutilate whole **bureaucracies**! I don't just holler and yell — I *break windows* and *shatter chandeliers* **twenty counties upwind** when I start feeling good! I make a *fool* of myself with *style*! I **set trends**! I have *Senators* for familiars! The American Academy for the Advancement of Science made telepathy **illegal** and declared *psychokinesis* a **mortal sin**, thanks to me! I don't have just the **Evil Eye**, I've got **Evil** in places you've never even **heard** of! I put the "Mo" in "Mojo" — and then *took it out* again! When I pass by, geldings turn back into stallions and *steers* go after *locomotives*! I **invented sin**, honey! I'm the reason that being **bad** feels *sooooo goood*... When the Incredible Hulk butt-fucked *me*, I pyroflatulated him into the *next county*! I'm quadruple-jointed! I make octopi look **arthritic**! **Real men pay to catch VD** from *me*! I don't get zits; I break out in *bon-bons and eclairs*! I leak *Elixir Vital* by the **gallon**! You heard that Hitler had only one ball? *Guess why*. Bend all the spoons you *want*, honey; I straightened *Uri Geller's* tool with my unaided ESP, and stroked off the *Dalai Lama* with *one idle thought*! When I bat my eyelashes, *monks* spew

away their *last chances at Heaven!* Nuns and junkies give up their *habits* for me! I drove the **Whore of Babylon** out of business! Astarte invented aphrodisiacs just to *keep up* with me! I am a mink in heat, I am a Tyrannosaurus Regina on the *make*, I make **Jaws** look like a Small-Mouthed Bass! A Black Hole is **convex** compared to me, and once you *try* me, you'll think the Big Bang is nothing but a *wet firecracker!* I *bend* in places where *most* women don't even *have* places! I am a walking, talking, strutting, balling **volcano!** I *pre-empted* Our Lady of Fatima! UFOs fight to see which one gets to have a Close Encounter with *me!* Prophets give up their *visions* for just one *look* at me! **John the Baptist** came back to life to give *me* some of his head! I **created DNA!** Where do you think Calvin Klein got his genes? You think *you're* Illuminated? I make thermonuclear blasts look like the *inside of a darkroom!* The Buddha *traded in Nirvana* for me! The *Tree of Life* is watered with *my* nectar! I eat the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil for a *between-meals snack!* They had to invent a *whole new Sign* in the *Zodiac* just for me: **Clittis, the Pornogram!** You wouldn't *believe* the aspects to *my* Nodes, darlin' — my chart's got *all* the Angles! *Heisenberg* came up with the *Uncertainty Principle* after he met *me!* I made Dirac, Pauli and Einstein *get physical!* They had to invent *non-Euclidean geometry* to describe *my* curves! Where do you think the camel got his **hump?** *I'm* the reason for the billy-goat's Horn! *I'm* the one who *fucks 'em* when they can't take a joke — and makes 'em *smile again!* I'm so weird, the Discordians joined the *Republican Party* in *sheer self-defense!* I put the "libertine" into "Libertarian"! I make **Elvis** look **dull!** I'm the reason the Second Coming is *taking so long* — Jesus hasn't recuperated from His *first* one with me, yet! I'm the Queen of Heaven, the Dark Lady of Space, the Lovely Black Star of the Sea! I'm on cave walls, in the Temple of Karnak, on the walls of Pompei and the *Cathedral of Notre Dame!* **I'm in the Pre-Scriptures! Jehovah-1** burns incense to *me!* I'm...



by MAGISTRA BATRIX

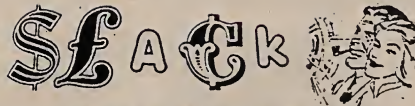


Remote Control

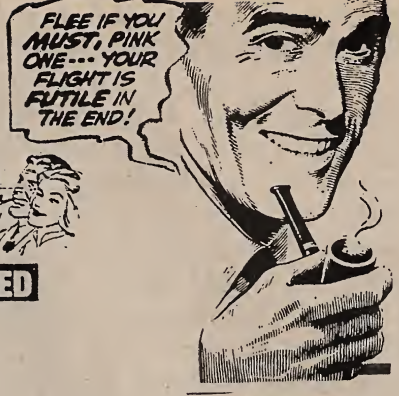


YET ANOTHER NEW BRAG

of Rev. Joe Paulino,
Swami G of Karmarama
Discount Church of Enlightenment!



DOCTOR ENDORSED



They can feed a third world country for a month on the pus from my zits! Andrea Dworkin stood in line to beg to give me a rim-job! I have *creative license* to kill! I fed the networks *three separate angles* of the crack of my ass! The stars are naught but *cumwads* shaken against the sky that I didn't bother to lick from my palms! My navel is a MIDI port! I sold my mother into slavery! I circumcised my father and ate the sleeve! I piss in phonebooths and then make collect calls! I cooked the bloody rag of the Virgin Mary into an omelette and served it to the Apostles! God is my co-pilot and we're flyin' straight for the moist nether region of Amelia Erhart!! I give assholes to inanimate objects just for the pleasure of sodomizing them! I was the first man to get AIDS from an African Green Monkey and laugh it out of my system! I taught G. Gordon Liddy how to lie! I am wanted in 51 states of conciousness! I have an autographed copy of the Bible! I dropped acid with Buddha and had to talk him down! I shoot meter maids! I gave the President skin cancer! I taught Nancy all she knows about anorexia! I just say YES! Brooke Shields turned tricks to finance my way through college! Fuck ME if you can't take a joke! I fuck myself so good, I tip myself for a hand-job! I drive the cars of dead relatives! I am a lesbian in a man's body! I get drunk and shoot cum into my third eye! I am the cause of spontaneous combustion! I may be white and bright, but I have a black dick! I sing the blues! I can clean a whole cat box without having to take a breath! I'm a rum runner, a gun runner, and a gum chewer! I am the fifth dentist! God tests his material on me before taking it to the stage! I sold the trademark on Hell for coke money! I am the eye of the hurricane! My grandmother taught me how to French Kiss! I am the one who never leaves a message on your answering machine! I say, Fuck the Dogma! I say, kill the High Priests! I say, "Bob" helps those who kills themselves! I say, fuck the false Prophets! I only want true Profits! And if you won't, I'll fuck 'em myself! Praise "Bob"! I'll kill myself before I see this become just another article in People Magazine, and I'll kill you right after that just to show you I wasn't fooling! I am a party animal! My ancestors brought the first keg to the Donner Party! I...

[memory runs out]

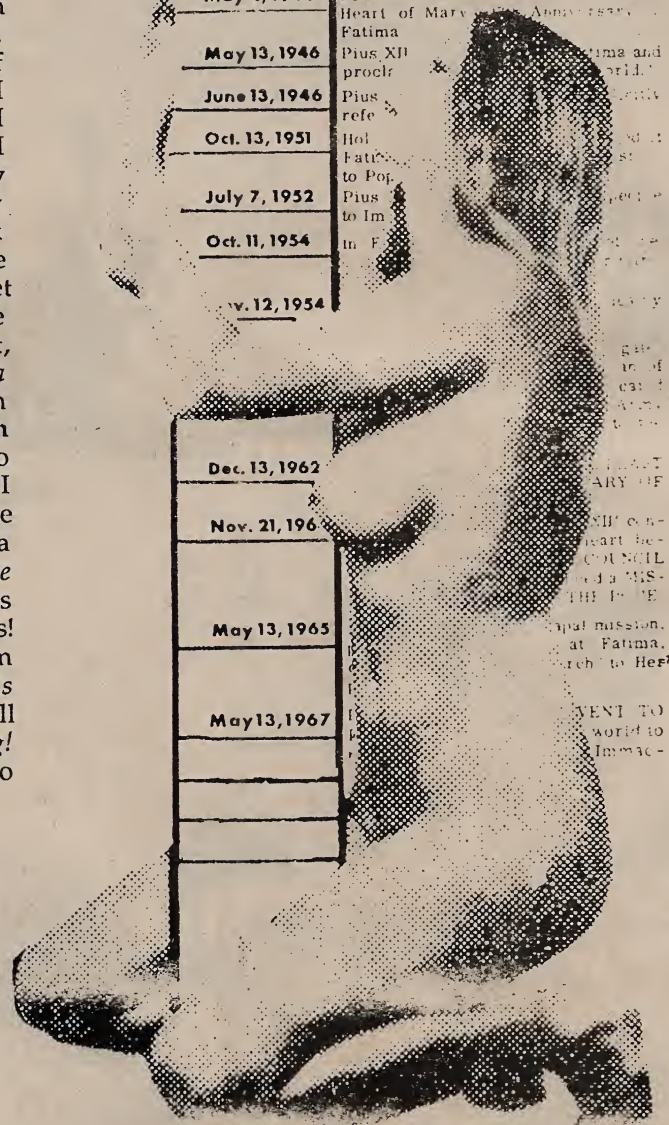


Church of Impact Action

Hig... of Rome's Approval of Fatima

Jan. 17, 1918	Fatima Diocese restored by Pope Benedict XV
Oct. 13, 1930	Bishop declares Fatima apparitions supernatural
Oct. 31, 1942	Pius XII consecrates world to Immaculate Heart of Mary
May 4, 1944	Pius XII institutes Feast of Immaculate Heart of Mary in the Americas
May 13, 1946	Fatima Pius XII proclaims Fatima and Lourdes as the most important Marian shrines of the world
June 13, 1946	Pius XII refers to the apparitions of Fatima as the most important of the century
Oct. 13, 1951	Holiness of the apparitions of Fatima to Pop.
July 7, 1952	Pius XII refers to the apparitions of Fatima as the most important of the century
Oct. 11, 1954	in Fatima
Nov. 12, 1954	

Dec. 13, 1962	
Nov. 21, 1966	
May 13, 1965	
May 13, 1967	



Rev. Nanzl Regalla

of Durgandanda Nouveau Rishi

I'm the guy that put the *pain* in *painting* and the *skull* in *sculpture*! I wear black muslim and a crown of horns *24 hours a day*! I got no use for *anything*, and I can't *wait* to die! I been *everywhere* at *once*, and just didn't *care* for it! I *invented* the *swastika* and still get *royalties*! I wake up *cussin'* every day just because I'm *not dead yet*! I travel by TV — in *stereo*! I think in *eight dimensions*! I stick *fish-hooks* in my *eyeballs* because somebody told me *not to*! I shoot black lightning bolts out of my nostrils, and I *ate Hitler's dog alive*! I've been napalmed, defoliated, and H-bombed, and *asked for more*! Samuel Johnson can't put *me* to sleep! I make *gods* out of scraps of fur and string, and *they* make universes better than *this* one! I listen to *Lawrence Welk* at *16 rpm* and *like it!! I...*

POPE-CRYPTS VS. FUNDAMENTALISM!

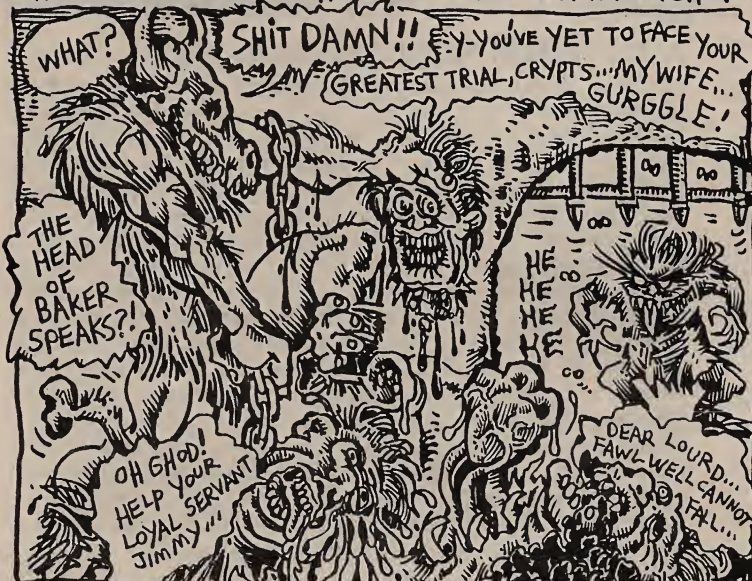
OHH CRYPTS... ME NEXT! SIGH! MOAN.

WAIT TILL I'M FINISHED WITH JESSICA HAHN, DONNA "PUFFA PUFFA" RICE!!

...WHILE FAWN HALL WAITS PATIENTLY...

OH CRYPTS!! YOU'RE SOO BEEEG!!

LATER THAT EVENING AT THE "CHAIN LINK DEATH MATCH":...



by Rev. Andrew Tuttle



47



HeadLines

Putting The "Cult" Back In "Culture"



THE
MIGHTIEST
SWAT OF ALL

8. Technical Speculation, Medical Ethics, and 170
Life as a Severed Head

Despite widespread suppression in America of any golfer head launching rites whatsoever, most informed SubGenii recognize the dangers, miraculous phenomena, but above all the *necessity* of the annual Launching of The Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer. This living, moaning Head, the most sacred single power icon of our Church, may be likened to the Old Testament Ark of the Covenant in terms of divinity, radioactivity, and its unpredictable but undeniable powers to either sicken or heal. However, The Bleeding Head predates the Ark, and it has even been said by its one sanctified Launcher, St. Janor Hypercleats, that "... this Head was deityin' its ass when the One True God was still shittin' His britches!!"

Defying the secrecy with which Doktors for "Bob" (Little Rock), the Guardians and Launchers of The Head, deliberately shroud it, the main Orlando Clench publishes a magazine devoted almost exclusively to Palmerian Launching mysteries. It is from that excellent journal, HeadLines, that much of the following is taken. Unlike The Stark Fist, HeadLines is published almost regularly; subscriptions and back issues may be had from Rev. Dave Mitchell, 7129 Turquoise Lane, Orlando, FL, 32807.

* IMPORTANT DISCLAIMER: The so-called "Arnold Palmer" seen at golf tournaments and on Penzoil ads is merely a Satanic imitation of the true Head. Both Dobbs and the County Law expressly forbid the decapitation, much less Launching, of any "living" World Cup golfers or other sports figures. Also, beware imitation Head Launchings by Trevinoists and other crackpots. Why in Hell would anybody want to Launch a Sneed head, or a Trevino head, or whatever?? It wouldn't make any sense!!

HOLE IN ONE!



The camera records the extraordinary scene during a Pebble Beach, California, golf tournament, when a ball landed in the pocket of spectator A.L. Baker. He had to lie per-

fectly still while High Epopt "Bob" Dobbs (piped and pointing) figured out what to do next.

M. Baker



A BATHTUB FULL OF HERESIES

Just as Dobbs, the Great Natannaxaq,* foresaw, a million heresies vie for the status of True Dogma. As Dr. Gordon G. Gordon explains: "Chances are there will always be certain elements who will frown upon beautiful golfer dismemberment. They will even go so far as to challenge the miraculous Ascension of the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer. But even as those scoffers and jeerers mount their frenzied attack and bring it to a hysterical peak, the very forces that they deny exist are subtly undermining their deepfelt convictions. Somewhere, a little further down the line, it may occur to them that, if there is no validity in the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer, then maybe it's the same for the Bleeding Heart of Jesus, or the Foreskin of St. Jerome; and if *these* are meaningless...! On the other hand, if the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer is a valid manifestation, then a whole new ball game is opened up under The NH**GH** Proposition. If the Everett-Wheeler hypothesis must stand (and it looks pretty solid right now), then only The NH**GH** Proposition can prevail — as all other concepts have to be rejected a priori! *Benedictum Bobiscum!*"

* Natannaxaq: title of the most potent level of shamanism practiced in northern Argentina

Your head's exploding?

DON'T WORRY if you hear your head exploding!

It may be scary, but it's perfectly normal and quite harmless.

Ten cases of "exploding head syndrome" are reported in a recent edition of the British medical journal The Lancet.

"The victim is woken by a violent sensation of explosion in the head, which occurs abruptly and with great force," reported neurologist Dr J.M.S. Pearce.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil" (Matthew 5:34-37).



Dobbs Ashram

Before they foresook "Bob" for Dick, the Dobbs Ashram *chumpas* unearthed references to The Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer in an ancient manuscript, *Doctrines of Tibetan Buddhism!* (Evan Wentz, 1923)

Tibetan dieties, they learned, wore necklaces of "Bleeding Heads," and the entire Bleeding Head motif symbolized renunciation of the world(!). The Dalai Lama himself appears to have imitated Doctors for "Bob" by also dispensing "Sacred Pills" to believers in his false Head rituals.

THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE [BOOK III]

holding aloft a brilliantly gleaming curved knife and flourishing it high overhead, cutting off completely all mentally disturbing thought-processes;¹ the left hand holding against her breast a human skull filled with blood;² giving satisfaction with her inexhaustible bliss;³ with a tiara of five dried human skulls on her head;⁴ wearing a necklace of fifty blood-dripping human heads;⁵ her adornments, five of the Six Symbolic Adornments, the cemetery-dust ointment being lacking.⁶

⁴ The tiara of human skulls denotes that the highest degree of spiritual discernment, to be attained by meditation on the Goddess, is unattainable without renunciation of the world.

⁵ These heads are to be visualized as having been freshly severed from human bodies. They signify that in the devotee (of whom Vajra-Yoginī is the divine personification) there must be complete and irretrievable severance from the *Saṅgśāra* (as the Round of Deaths and Births), and that through the power thereby conferred upon the devotee by the mystic Goddess, there is won *Bodhic* memory, which can never be lost, of the undesirability of *saṅgśāric* existence. Thus, all desire to re-enter the *Saṅgśāra*, except as a *Bodhisattva* to work for the salvation of unenlightened beings, is for ever extinguished, even as life has been extinguished in the decapitated bodies. Each of the fifty heads is symbolized by one of the fifty phonetic visualizations set forth on p. 180, following.

⁶ The five of the Six Symbolic Adornments of *Vajra-Yoginī* are: (1) the tiara of human skulls, (2) the necklace of human heads,



Macabre Head references were also found in Madame Blavatsky's classic of Theosophist tomfoolery, *ISIS UNVEILED*. Olden occultists "...used as an oracle the launched, bleeding head of an innocent, which in ceremonies would move its lips and pronounce, in a feeble, inhuman voice, portents of the future." Interestingly, the Head oracle was usually *wrong*! Even the Christian Pope Sylvester II (said to have been constantly attended by demons and spirits) fashioned false brazen oracular Heads. He was denounced for using fake replicas!* The alchemist Albertus Magnus fabricated a speaking Palmer Head, but it was smashed to pieces by Thomas Aquinas because "...the possessing demon inside the Head talked incessantly, and his verbiage prevented the eloquent saint from working on his mathematical problems."

ISIS UNVEILED

Charles was lying sick of an incurable disease. The queen mother, who had everything to lose in case of his death, resorted to necromancy, and consulted the oracle of the "bleeding head." This infernal operation required the decapitation of a child who must be possessed of great beauty and purity. He had been prepared in secret for his first communion whom they brought clothed as for baptism, and who was murdered upon the very steps of the altar, immediately after his communion. His head, separated from the trunk by a single blow, was placed, all palpitating, upon the great black wafer which covered the bottom of the paten, then placed upon a table where some mysterious lamps were burning. The exorcism then began, and the demon was charged to pronounce an oracle, and reply by the mouth of this head to a secret question that the king dared not speak aloud, and that had been confided to no one. Then a feeble voice, a strange voice, which had nothing of human character about it, made itself audible in this poor little martyr's head.* The sorcery availed nothing; the king died, and — Catherine remained the faithful daughter of Rome!

How strange, that des Mousseaux, who makes such free use of Bodin's materials to construct his formidable indictment against Spiritualists and other sorcerers, should have overlooked this interesting episode!

It is a well-attested fact that Pope Sylvester II was publicly accused by Cardinal Benno of being a sorcerer and an enchanter. The brazen "oracular head" made by his Holiness was of the same kind as the one fabricated by Albertus Magnus. The latter was smashed to pieces by Thomas Aquinas, not because it was the work of, or inhabited by, a "demon," but because the spook who was fixed inside by mesmeric power, talked incessantly, and his verbiage prevented the eloquent saint from working on his mathematical problems.

Whereas the True Head speaks only at the Equinoxes, this one sounds more like a 16th-century Janor Device!

*Probably Trevinist in nature.

St. Pat Fish of Santa Barbara sent the clip below (from *The High Kings* by Joy Chant). "Bran," incidentally, is an ancient Celtic counterpart of the Dobbs/Palmer/G'BroagFran Trinity.

GREAT BRAN

When they heard the singing the seven men forgot all their loss and grief, and the head of Bran woke, and began to talk with them.

Seven years they remained there feasting, and the birds of the Great Queen, which make glad all who hear them, sang to them every day. All that time the head of Bran was as good company to them as it had been when it was upon his shoulders, and they were happy.

There they resumed their feasting, and under the protection of the head of Bran all was merriment, with wine and song and lively talk, and after it each night sweet sleep. Eighty years they were there, and they did not grow older in all that time, any more than do the people of the Living Land; nor did any remembrance of grief come to them.

That was the end of that fellowship, that is called the Assembly of the Marvelous Head. After it those seven men went to London, and they buried the head of Bran as he had directed them, in the White Mount looking down Thames to the sea. Then they went their ways, and Manadan went his way alone, grieving for Bran and Branwen. In the west of the Island is Branwen's grave, looking towards Ireland; in the east great Bran is concealed. And so long as his watchful head is there, no foreign people shall take this Island from us; but only the Britons shall rule in the Island of the Mighty.



CHRIS CROSS -

Finally, scope out these clippings from *The Dark Gods* (by Anthony Roberts and Geoff Gilbertson, Panther Books)... one of the few Sacred Tomes of the SubGenius. I would heartily recommend it as the best (and *most* paranoid) of all books that seriously attempt to prove the continuing malevolent influence of the Elder Gods on modern society.

What makes *That Hideous Strength* especially relevant to this book is the charting by Lewis of many of the techniques of oppression employed by the black eldils - what we now term the Dark Gods. This is really Lewis's version of the Illuminati conspiracy theory that was mentioned earlier and will be developed later in the book.

The focal point for the ultraterrestrial intrusion in Lewis's book is the severed head of Alcasan, an executed murderer, which has been infused with the satanic spirit who leads the dark angels. It can be remembered here that one of the great mystical secret societies of history, the mysterious Knights Templar, were also supposed to have worshipped an oracular and dismembered head.

In any case, we found indisputable evidence for the charge of secret ceremonies involving a head of some kind. Indeed, the existence of such a head proved to be one of the dominant themes running through the Inquisition records. As with Baphomet, however, the significance of the head remains obscure. It may perhaps pertain to alchemy. In the alchemical process there was a phase called the "Caput Mortuum" or "Dead Head".

The head may also be connected with the famous Turin shroud, which seems to have been in the possession of the Templars between 1204 and 1307, and which, if folded, would have appeared as nothing more than a head.

The head figures again in another mysterious story traditionally linked with the Templars. It is worth quoting in one of its several variants.

A great lady of Maraclea was loved by a Templar, a Lord of Sidon; but she died in her youth, and on the night of her burial, this wicked lover crept to the grave, dug up her body and violated it. Then a voice from the void bade him return in nine months time for he would find a son. He obeyed the injunction and at the appointed time opened the grave again and found a head on the leg bones of the skeleton (skull and crossbones). The same voice bade him "guard it well, for it would be the giver of all good things," and so he carried it away with him. It became his protecting genius, and he was able to defeat his enemies by merely showing them the magic head. In due course, it passed into the possession of the Order.

In part the tale might almost seem to be a grotesque travesty of the Virgin Birth. In part it would seem to be a garbled symbolic account of some initiation rite, some ritual involving a figurative death.

Whatever significance might be ascribed to the "cult of the head," the Inquisition clearly believed it to be important. In a list of charges drawn up on August 12, 1308, there is the following:

Item, that in each province they had idols, namely heads . . .
Item, that they adored these idols . . .
Item, that they said that the head could save them.
Item, that [it could] make riches . . .
Item, that it made the trees flower.
Item, that it made the land germinate.

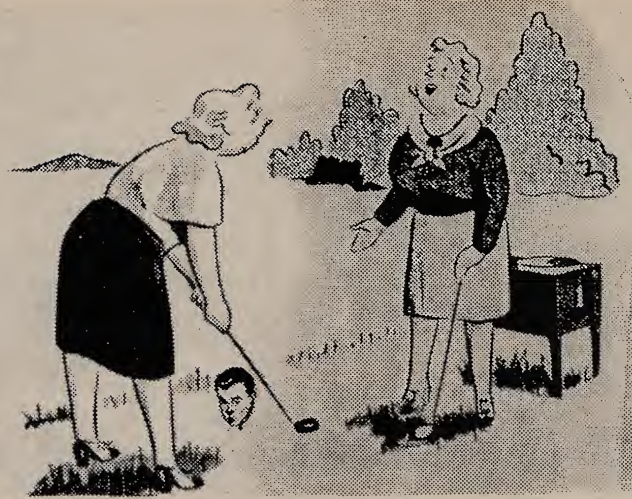
But

most striking in the list is the head's purported capacity to engender riches, make trees flower, and bring fertility to the land.

Lab officials call decapitation GOLF AS SEXUAL POWER



Many men are poor golfers. The hooks and slices are their attempts to escape the women in their lives. A man is unable to control his shots (urges) which lead him toward other holes (women) instead of the hole (woman) he is aiming for.



ARNOLD PALMER, who stays in good physical condition and is enjoying the Professional Golfers' Association Senior Tour at age 58, even if his shotmaking and putting are not what they used to be: "If I die tomorrow, well, I'm playing golf. That's the way it's supposed to be. My father played 27 holes the day he passed away and enjoyed every bit of it. Not the passing away, of course."



The head of a striking rattlesnake doesn't move even half as swiftly as the head of a golf club swung by a reasonably active man. It's the rattler's decisiveness that gives it that edge.

"...you've got to keep practicing, get some power into that swing... The 13th is almost here and we've got to BE PREPARED."



A rude spectator made note of that fact, rather loudly, and Trevino wasted no time getting in the loudmouth's face. "Stick it in your ear, man! Heckling Arnold Palmer is like heckling Jesus Christ."

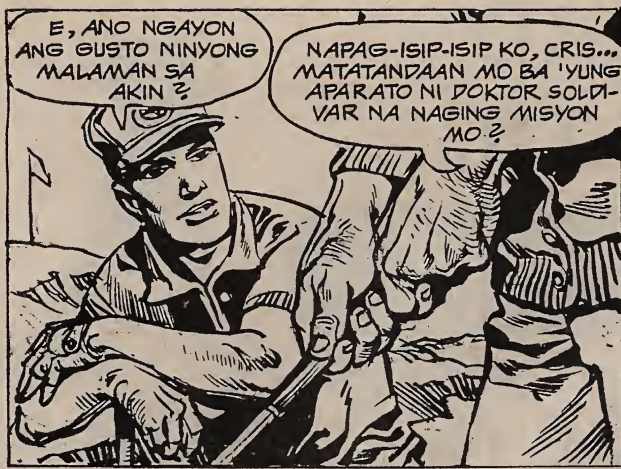
He didn't hide after that shock, because Arnie never hides. He's too busy lighting up every room he enters.

At age 4, Arnie took a sawed-off set of clubs from his father, Deacon, and commenced beating practice balls. At age 24, he borrowed \$600 from his dad to start out with his wife, Winnie, in a used house trailer. Now, at age 58, he forges on in pursuit of excellence, which to him means more than par. The inimitable Chi Chi Rodriguez says every pro golfer "should bow to" Palmer.

The king plays on, hitting golf balls and knocking some skepticism out of us all. In Arnie, we still trust.



Art Humble



E, ANO NGAYON
ANG GUSTO NINYONG
MALAMAN SA
AKIN?

NAPAG-ISIP-ISIP KO, CRIS...
MATATANDAAN MO BA 'YUNG
APARATO NI DOKTOR SOLDI-
VAR NA NAGING MISYON
MO?

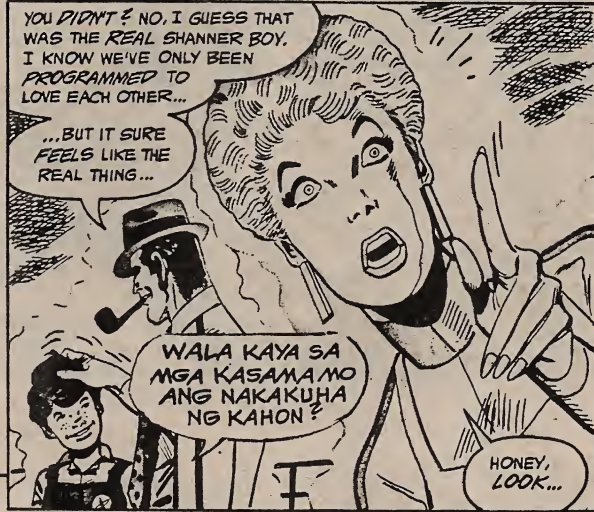


OHO... TEKA,
LA MAY KAUGNA-
N ANG "BLACK-
PHT" SA HIWAGANG
IYAN, A?



I DON'T THINK SO, SON...
NOT NEARLY AS MUCH AS
YOU HURT WHEN YOU HAD
YOUR TONSILS OUT,
REMEMBER...?

DAD, I
NEVER HAD
MY TONSILS
OUT.

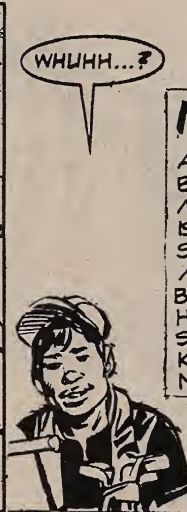


YOU DIDN'T? NO, I GUESS THAT
WAS THE REAL SHANNER BOY.
I KNOW WE'VE ONLY BEEN
PROGRAMMED TO
LOVE EACH OTHER...

...BUT IT SURE
FEELS LIKE THE
REAL THING...

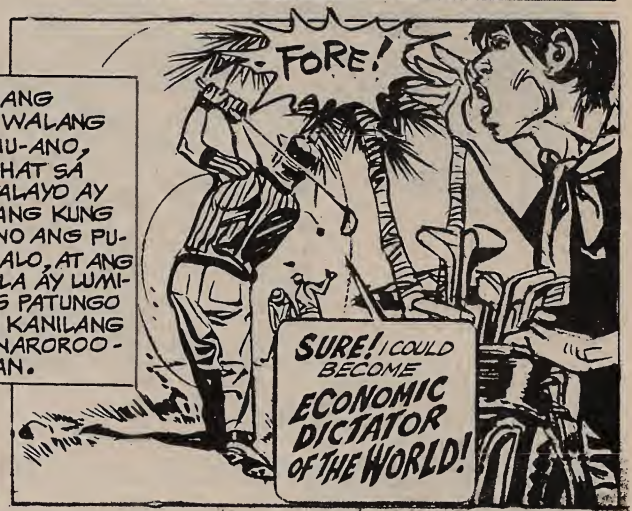
WALA KAYA SA
MGA KASAMA MO
ANG NAKAKUHA
NG KAHON?

HONEY,
LOOK...



WHUHH...?

NANG
WALANG
ANU-ANO,
BUHAT SA
MALAYO AY
BANG KUNG
SINO ANG PU-
MALO. AT ANG
BOLA AY LUMI-
HIS PATUNGO
SA KANILANG
KINAROROO-
NAN.



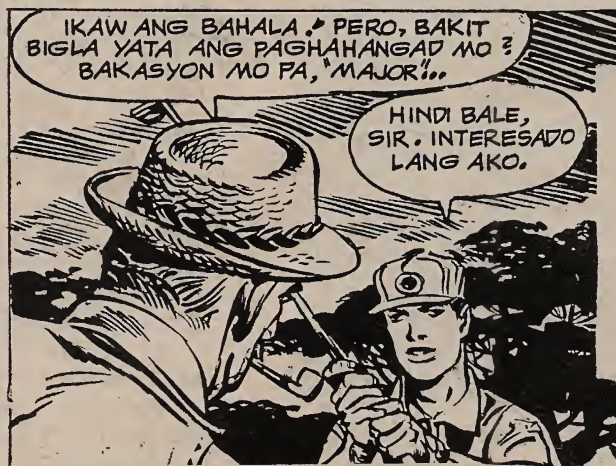
SURE! I COULD
BECOME
ECONOMIC
DICTATOR
OF THE WORLD!



WATCH OUT, LITTLE LADY!
IF YOU'RE HIT BY ONE OF
MY DRIVES, YOU'LL
REALLY BE BELOW
"PAR!"

WAAH

TAMA,
NATITIYAK MO
BANG LUMUBOS
IYON SA ILOG,
TULAD NG SABI
MO?



IKAW ANG BAHALA. PERO, BAKIT
BIGLA YATA ANG PAGHAHANGAD MO?
BAKASYON MO PA, "MAJOR"...

HINDI BALE,
SIR. INTERESADO
LANG AKO.



WELL, HI THERE,
NEIGHBORS! WE
WERE HOPING YOU
COULD MAKE IT...



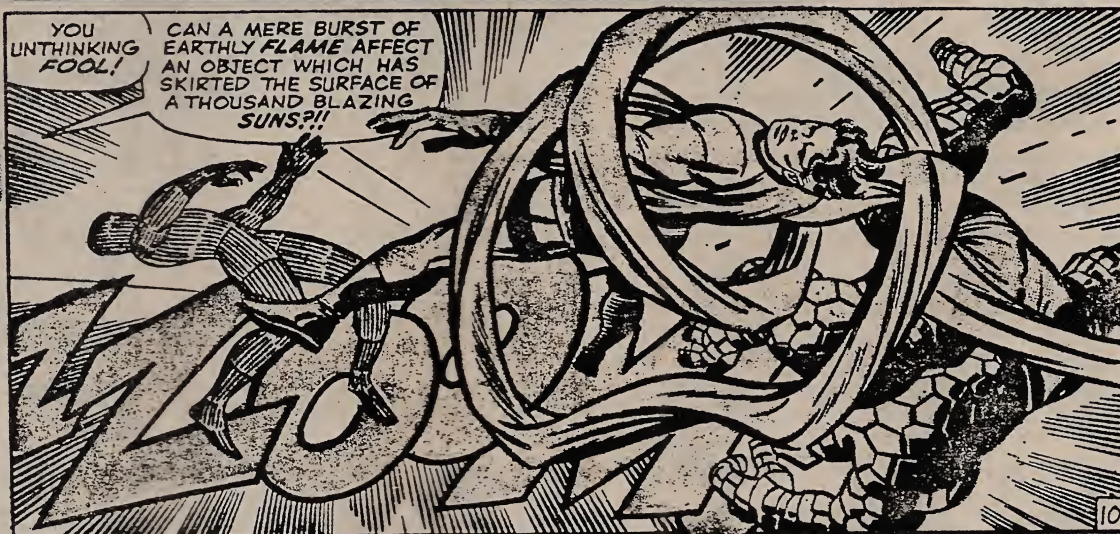
...BINGO! DAD'S LAID
OUT LIKE A RUG!

DEAR,
WHERE'S THE
ASPIRIN...?

DITO BIGLANG SUMAGI SA ISIPAN NI CRIS
ANG BARAHANG ALAS.

THE HEAD BECKONETH...

a
G. Gordon Gordon -- Mercenary of Mercy
Adventure



The man behind the legend—a visit at home with Arnold Palmer, p. 36.

Chapter 2

Gordon realized as soon as they got into the cab that Stang wasn't merely nervous, he was terrified. All the way out of the airport, well into the mainstream of expressway traffic, he kept peering nervously through the back window. The cab was one of the new armored ones, Gordon noted, and the driver was a capable and very large black man with hands like standing rib roasts. He was wearing a com-rig with spring-loaded throat mikes, and was in constant contact with Central. Well, Gordon decided, ever since Purolator and Brinks went into the taxi business you could at least relax in the back seat. Accordingly, he turned his scattershield down to low and disarmed all of his autodefense systems. As far as the manual systems went, he had two knives — one a powered model — as well as a sixpack of sonic shurikans, a Benelli Gyrojet/12 gauge Autopistol, and, of course, his good old stainless steel Mini-Uzi. Not really a lot of gear, but this wasn't supposed to be a heavy situation, a mere Category One.

"All right, Ivan," he said.

The smaller man whipped around to face Gordon.

"What?" Stang half-whispered.

"That's exactly the pronoun I was planning to use next. As in, 'What the hell is going on?'"

Stang licked his lips in an oddly reptilian gesture, not that there was anything especially

lizard-like in his physical appearance. He looked like the wiseass kid you'd always harassed in high school because he was smarter and a lot smaller than you were.

"I mean," Gordon rumbled on, "you spike into every piece of hardware I've got, screaming for help. When I get to Miami I have at least twenty-five very vague telexes from your office awaiting me, and after I do finally get through that cordon of yesbobs and deenies that surrounds your most sacred personage, you claim you can't even tell me about it until I come up here to Dallas, for Dobbsake!" He gestured to the brightly lit skyline as if he were pointing out a dog turd on a foot path to the dog's owner.

"You don't understand, Gordon," Stang said. "We cannot discuss it at all until we're in a safe zone. It's that serious."

"Well, it certainly has you pissing your pants, old man, doesn't it?" Gordon grinned malevolently. Wasn't often you saw old Stang like this, not our Ivan the Terrible. If someone as tough as Stang, who operated on his lizard brain most of the time, was shaken, then there was a good chance of very nasty business just around the corner.

Stang lit his fifth Marlboro off his half-smoked fourth and then seemed undecided as to which he should discard. Gordon relieved him of the shorter cigarette and disposed of it. He

dug out a large fropstick and fired it up, much to the obvious disapproval of the driver, who was watching in the mirror. Gordon opaqued the virtually unbreakable partition and turned back to Stang.

"Well, Ivan," he said with only slightly forced geniality, "how's Missus Stang?"

"Huh?"

Jaysus, he's really out there somewhere, thought Gordon. "Miz Stang," he tried again. "How is she?"

"Oh." Stang waved one hand and wrinkled up his forehead. "Okay, yeah, she's fine. Doing a hell of a lot better than me," he finished up with a shaky laugh.

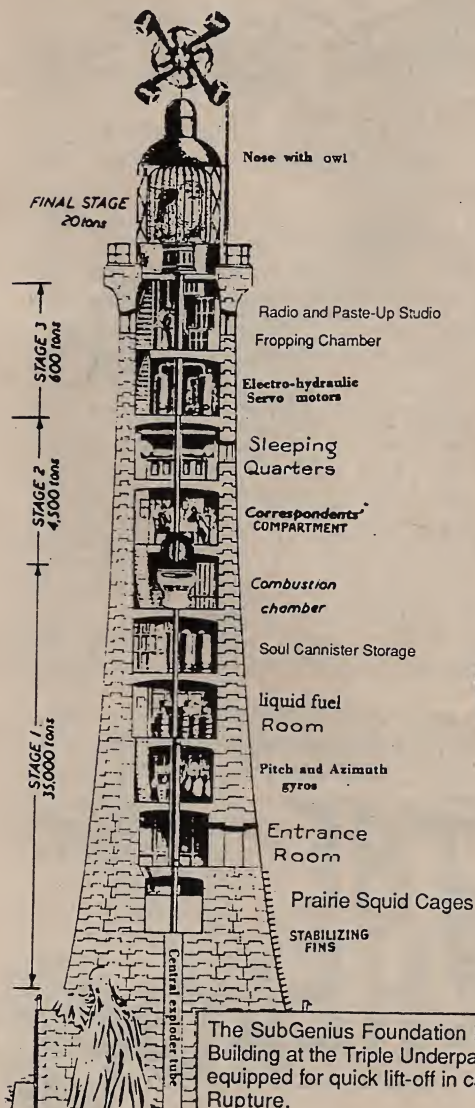
"And the little Stangettes," pursued Gordon, "they are, I trust, still growing and thriving?" He liked Stang's kids a lot; perhaps because they were just like Stang except that they still retained their innocence — unlike their dad. But of course, he thought, that's exactly what Ivan really is. He's a fallen Child. A child who never really grew up, but who nevertheless lost his innocence, his positive naivete.

"The child units are also very well," said Stang, venturing a little further into the

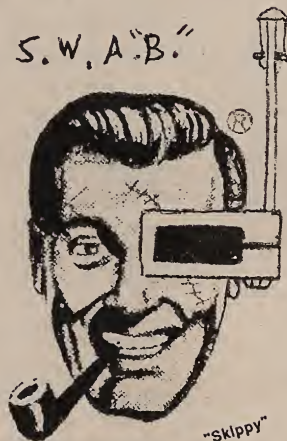


Deuel

Errors Abound



S.W.A.B."



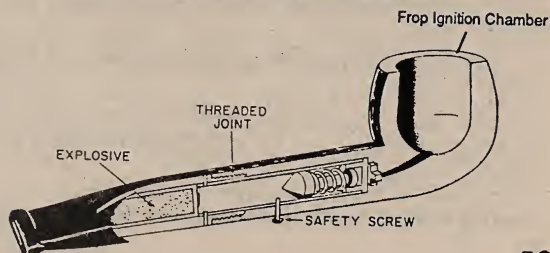
"Skippy"

present. "I've sent them all away until this blows over. Too much chance of violence." He looked out the window. "Thank God," he said. "We're here." The cab pulled up to a smooth stop in front of the armored glass and reinforced concrete cube that was the new Foundation headquarters. Stang read their meter, slid a card into the machine, and entered payment and a tip.

"Thank you, sir." The driver's voice came tinnily through the external speaker. There was a whine of turbos and he slipped away as they turned up the steps. At the door they stopped while Stang punched in a code and gave a glowing nozzle his retina print. After a pause, the door slid open in two directions.

The moment they stepped inside, all hell broke loose in sirens, buzzers and horns; out of nowhere appeared a Slaksquad, all pointing automatic shotguns right at Gordon, who'd already turned his shields up full, armed both missile launchers and the needler, and had the Uzi in one hand and the Benelli in the other and Stang never even saw him move. Stang acted quickly, cutting off all audioalarms with his wrist-remote and screaming, "Don't shoot"

- (4) The Japanese manufactured a pipe bopbytrap with a charge, detonator, and spring-loaded striker.



in a voice whose force impressed even Gordon. Nobody shot.

"It's okay. This man is with me."

"That man is a walking arsenal," said the squadleader, who had lowered the muzzle of his weapon maybe two whole centimeters.

"This man is getting pretty fucking tired of looking down all these gunbarrels," snarled Gordon, who was fully pumped with adrenaline at the moment. "And if you don't point them somewhere else, it's gonna be your arse, Sergeant. Now." His voice became that of a sergeant major on parade. "I bloody well recognize you, Sergeant, and you'd bloody well better recognize me, or you're out on your ear. Now do you know me, Sergeant?" The last line cracked out like a shot.

The sergeant swallowed; now he did recognize the big man with Stang, and oh, shit, it was...

"Bashar Gordon," he said weakly.

"Right," roared Gordon, "Now tell your men to point those fucking guns somewhere else."

"Yes, sah... put 'em away, men. It's all right. Sorry, Gordon, you tripped the autodefenses and I didn't recognize you with that hair cut." He coughed to hide his embarrassment. He realized how close he and his squad had come to death. "It's a new computer, sir. Your weapons profile hasn't been updated, so the computer didn't know you either. Sir!"

Gordon appeared weaponless again and had already calmed down.

"That's all right, Sergeant. It has my profile now, doesn't it? Just make sure my name gets stuck in the right blank."

"Yes sir!"

"And Sergeant." Have to do this.

"Sir."

"If I ever again see you lower your aim before you recognize your target as friendly, as you just did with me, I'll send you back to Greenhelle for regrooving, understand?"

"Yes! Sir!"

"Right you are. Dismissed, Sergeant." The sergeant and his squad were gone as swiftly as they had appeared.

"Sloppy, sloppy," muttered Gordon, as he and Stang walked down the hall.

"Well now, you're to be here for a while! I'm sure you'll get them whipped into shape." Stang was punching in a combination that opened the armored door to his office suite.

"So that's about it, Gordon." It was fifteen minutes since they'd entered the office; Gordon was on his third neat vodka, and Stang had just lit his eleventh cancer stick.

"Jaysus," groaned Gordon, unable to believe what he'd just heard. "You mean they've got Palmer and the money and the plans and the fucking antidote, as well as ALL the Pils?"

"You got it."

"All because they ran a Vreedeez 'ringer' in on us?"

"Almost total penetration," said Stang. "We have no idea where the real Palmer Vreedeez is now."

"And Snavely and G'broagfram are still MIA somewhere in St. Louis?"

"Last we heard... and that was three days — no, make that four days ago."

"And Uberguy?"

"He and Glassmadness are both compromised, circuits open, hanging out like Pee Dog's dick. No way to move without they get zapped."

"Mmmm... I would've thought the UberBrow more resourceful than that. So, shit. Stang, another Vodka please. Where does this all leave us? What the hell have we got? Conventional weapons only count about thirty percent now."

"Well," said Stang, refilling Gordon's glass. "There's you and me and Sterno..."

"And that's sweet fuck all, Stang," sneered Gordon. "We can get up the weaponry level, but when They start coming at us with the Janor Device, Green Energy Demons and Dobbs knows what else, we won't have a chance of a snowball in a blast furnace."

"Well, we do have one other thing."

"Like wot, Mate?"

"Like... the Head." Stang said it quietly.

Gordon's eyebrows crawled all the way up his substantial forehead and his eyes widened considerably.

"The Head," he said in quieter tones than Stang. "You don't mean the *real* Head, the *Bleeding* Head of..."

"The world cup golfer, yes, Gordon, I mean exactly that Head. That one and only Head. The very same Head that you and Philo, rescued from the Schoolbook Depository, the same one that Sterno tracked all over Arkansas' top golf courses as it killed off *Treviñistas* right and left. That selfsame, hideous, bleeding, putrified, stinking, glowing Head." He peered up at Gordon, who was looking increasingly tense. "I know how you feel about taking that thing out of the Inert Lead Isomer container again, but it's our only chance. You see that, don't you? Sterno agrees with me. And he said this time *he'll* be HeadControl. You won't have to actually communicate with it again."

"I suppose you're right." He drained his glass. "I appreciate what Sterno is offering to

NOTHING IN THIS LIFETIME...
OR THE NEXT... HAS PREPARED YOU
FOR YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH



JUST
\$2.50
PER
WEEK

HEADLINES

do, and he's welcome to the task, but even that doesn't make me feel much better. You know *about* the Head, Stang, but you don't *know* the Head. And believe me, you don't want to. I just thought we'd never have to pull that bloody thing out until the Yacatisma arrived, or something like that."

"That's what we'd all hoped," said Stang, stubbing out his cigarette and searching the empty packet for another, before digging a full packet out of his desk drawer. "But things didn't work out that way. Of course, if the goddamned Pope of Nova Iorque hadn't sold us out, They wouldn't have Philo pinned down. And everybody else."

"Yeah. And if the dog hadn't stopped to shit, he would have caught the rabbit. Where is Sterno, by the way?"

"He's waiting for us at a topless bar a few blocks from here."

www



Chapter 3

The topless bar was an establishment of the sleazoid sort that Sterno seemed to prefer. The music was loud, the atmosphere was thick enough to cut with a knife, and the girls were the usual jaded group of impossibly pneumatic tarts, strategically located on a level that put their crotches right in the patron's faces.

The Pope of Arkansas was hunched up to the bar, nursing his sixth vodka and water and occasionally stuffing money into the G-strings of one or another of the three girls dancing on the bar in front of him.

Stang and Gordon sat down one on either side of the Pope.

"Bout time you buttoholes got here," drawled Sterno, without taking his eyes off the pelvic region of the girl gyrating less than a foot from the end of his nose. "Hell," he went on, barely audible over the music, "I've had to sit here and drink a lot of vodka just waiting, and it's cost me nearly two hundred dollars just to keep these girls here."

"So what the hell you need all these girls dancing up here right in front of you for?" shouted Stang over the music.

"Part of my cover, man. Hey, bartender, two more double vodkas and a diet Pepsi over here, please!" He turned, then, to smile at Gordon.

"Hey G.G.! Long time no see! Where you been lately?" A big grin.

"Been trying to take it easy, stay slack and 'fropped up, you know... just soaking up the sun and the NP. Until King Stang here burns up the relay lines getting me up here, gives me all the bad news and tells me that our only chance is to

Severn Institute



launch the goddamned Head again." Gordon reached for his drink disgustedly.

"That's about the size of it," Sterno said with a nod. "The situation is, to say the very least, extremely volatile right now." He picked up his glass, gulped half his drink down, and once again centered his attention on the ecsydiast immediately before him. His head bobbed up and down in rhythm with her pelvic thrusts.

Stang spluttered through his Pepsi. "Volatile," he gasped. "Palmer is a fake, They've got the formula, the antidote and the Yacatisma link, "Bob" is inactivated and in cold storage, we can barely get him to send emergency mmessages, Unibrow's cover is completely blown, Dr. Drummond is undercover because they've almost terminated him half a dozen times... and you call it volatile? How about, 'totally fucked?'"

Sterno ignored Stang and turned again to Gordon. He leaned over and lowered his voice. "Listen, I can get all three of these girls to party with us as soon as they get off work in about an hour. Interested?"

"Never mind about the tartlets," snapped Gordon. "What's this crap about launching the Bleeding Head?"

"No sweat, man," rejoined Sterno. "The Hypercleats is in good shape, we've got some new Launching Irons and I've volunteered to be the main Headlink. If you'll just act as my Control, hell, I don't see how we can lose." He finished up his drink, flagged down the bartender, stuffed twenty dollar bills in the G-strings of all three dancers, and asked for the bill.

"Give the bill to him," said Sterno, pointing to Stang. Gordon finished his drink and walked outside without looking to see if the other two were following him. He hadn't been in the best of moods when he'd arrived in Dallas, and now, with what Stang had told him, coupled with Sterno's breezy insouciance concerning the Headlaunching, he was plenty aggravated.

It had rained again briefly while they were inside the topless club, and Dallas was even muggier than before. Gordon walked quickly down the damp sidewalk, cutting a swath through the winos and street rats. Sterno was alongside in half dozen strides while Stang hustled to catch up with the two much taller men.

"So what's the big problem?" asked the Pope of Arkansas. "Great Dobbs, Gordon, you act like somebody just shit in your mess kit! What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter?" snarled the Mercenary of Mercy. "What's the fucking matter? Listen, you swollen, bearded whoremonger. You recall what happened the last time we opened that Inert Lead Isomer safe and took out that ...that thing?"

"So, there was a little psychoactive fallout."

AIDS Virus Found In Severed Head

United Press International

Trenton, N.J.

A woman's severed head discovered on a golf course last month was infected with the AIDS virus, raising the possibility that the killer was exposed to the virus before the woman's death or during the slaying, authorities said.

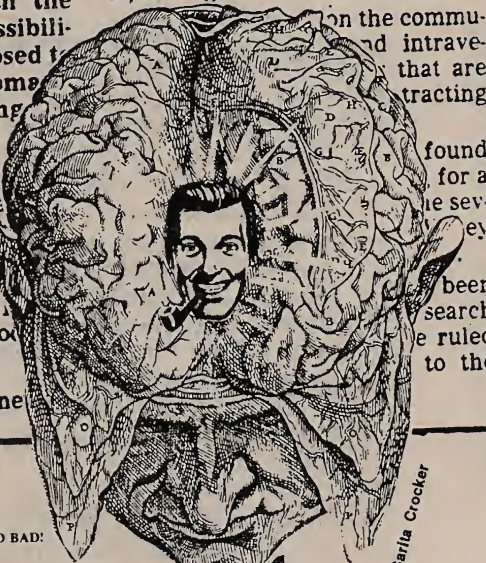
The results of a second logical test received Monday confirmed an earlier finding that the dead woman had contracted HIV virus, which causes AIDS. Mercer County prosecutor Paul ... said. There were AIDS antibodies in the woman's blood, he said.

The discovery gives a new

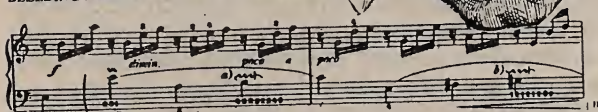
focus to the investigation, which has not been able to determine the dead woman's identity or that of her killer, Koenig said.

on the community and intrave- that are attracting

found for a the sev- ey been search e ruled to the



BLEEDING HEAD GOOD—HEALED HEAD BAD!



AS LOUD AS POSSIBLE

1. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE WILL SET YOU FREE. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE'S THE ONE FOR ME! (WOO WOO!)
2. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE WILL SET YOU FREE. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE'S THE ONE FOR ME! (WOO WOO!)
3. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE WILL SET YOU FREE. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE'S THE ONE FOR ME! (WOO WOO!)
4. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE WILL SET YOU FREE. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE'S THE ONE FOR ME! (WOO WOO!)
5. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE WILL SET YOU FREE. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE'S THE ONE FOR ME! (WOO WOO!)
6. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE WILL SET YOU FREE. THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER. HE'S THE ONE FOR ME!



ALMOST-REV. SCRAMBLE

"A little psychoactive fallout...! What a touch you have for understatement, Sterno. I would remind you that over a thousand people were institutionalized, seventeen people in the immediate area committed suicide in very original and grotesque ways, and I had to spend a week in the Blank Tank in Dobbstown to get my neural channels purged. A little psychoactive fallout!" He shook his head. "I just can't believe you're willing to risk that sort of thing happening all over again. Not to mention the fact that that goddamned Head gets more powerful every time we Launch it...." He stopped abruptly and turned to Stang.

"What do you think about this, Ivan?"

"I don't think we have a choice," said the Sacred Scribe, grimacing. "Neither does Philo."

"And neither do I," said Sterno. "We've reached a point of no return, Gordon — it's either Launch the Head, or complete destruction of the SubGenius movement. Our only consolation is that in the long run, it'll save millions of lives."

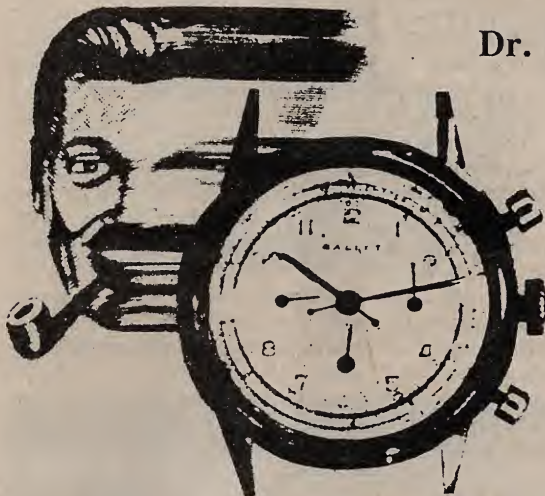
"And billions of dollars," added Stang. "You do see that, don't you, Gordon?"

"Yeah," said Gordon unhappily. "Kind of like the same arguments they gave Harry Truman for dropping the big one on Japan... twice."

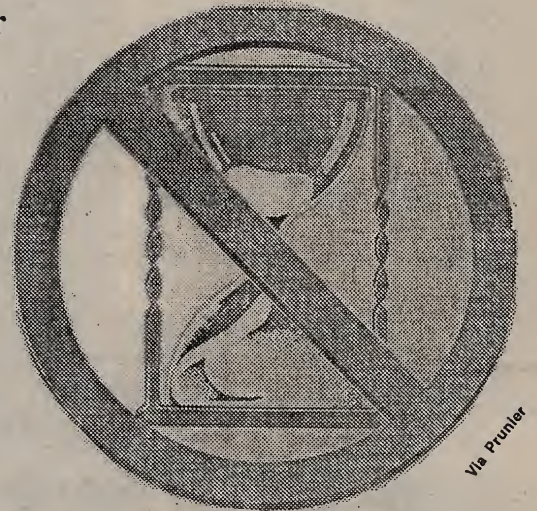


Temporo-Spatial Relationships in Retrocausal Events Systems and the Prophecies of J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

by
Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger



The Hellweasels



Via Prunter

Examination of the datafield surrounding the philosophy of spaciocentric relationships reveals a direct connection between physics and theology. These relationships all have a kinship with the phenomenon of **retrocausality**. Retrocausality can be defined as the central law on which all events in the synchrotemporal reference matrix can be said to hinge. These are the forces which are controlled by, and also control, the behavior of **mutrons** and their passage through the aetheriosphere.

Trans-aetheriospheric mutrons fall under the control of metagnostic forces which are allowed, and allow, translinitemporal dirigability as a result. This leaves any given event system free to slide around in time and space like a melting pat of butter in a frying pan, leaving a little memory of itself behind everywhere it goes.

In this paper I shall attempt to outline these effects in greater detail while, at the same time, avoiding the complex math that many readers would find meaningless.

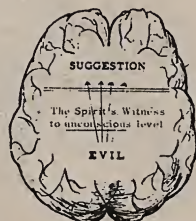
Firstly, let's look at the way we view the various phenomena involved in the cause/effect relationship, as perceived through the medium of the human nervous system.

In the past, it has been the habit of educated men and women to think of the human brain as a more or less unified whole. Some may protest to the contrary, referring to the various organs that make up the brain by such names as *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, or even lingual tortion-inducing titles like *Medula Oblongata* or *Corpus Callosum*. But most commonly it is just "The Brain."

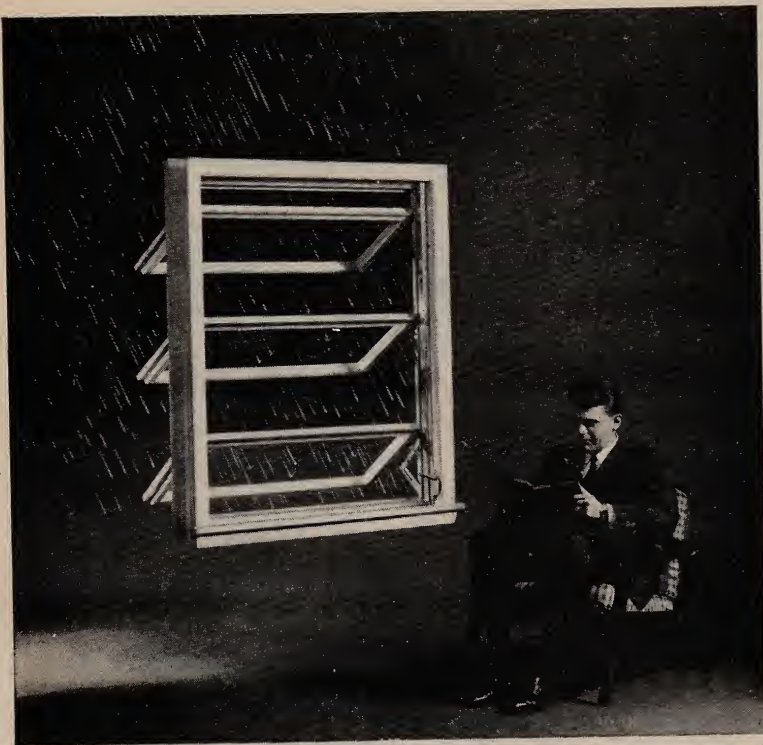
We at the First Church of Mr. Science of the SubGenius hold that this view is simultaneously too complex and too simplistic. We see the brain as divided into only two major parts having any immediate bearing on the lives of the average brain user. These are the **Smart Brain** and the **Stupid Brain**. The Smart Brain is an enormously complex and efficient information processing computer. It can store

huge amounts of data; if well-disciplined, it can solve virtually any problem. It is a truly remarkable device. It does fall down, however, on a few important points. The first of these is the Inhibition and Training factor or, if you wish, the "IT factor". The IT factor keeps us from acting on the things we really *want* to do, by inserting programming of what we *ought* to do. The second point is the "Ponder Time" factor or the **PT factor**. This drawback simply cannot be helped; the Smart Brain has so damned much *wiring* that it can take many precious seconds to process data into action just when those seconds are most needed. In the wrong circumstances, the combined effects of the IT and PT factors can be fatal to the brain user.

The Stupid Brain circumvents these problems. Comfortably nestled in the "slums" of our skulls both below and surrounded by the Smart Brain, it is only the size of a small plum. This may not sound like much, but it was all the mighty brontosaurus needed to rule the world for countless millions of years. Think about it. The Stupid Brain has no inhibitions, and it cannot be trained. It is rather like a large agglomeration of "Read Only" memory chips. It already knows what to do once it 'kicks in'. Secondly, due to its small size, it operates on a much shorter PT. The Stupid Brain is obviously better suited to the demanding situations that the average SubGenius must inevitably encounter. Unfortunately, most people cannot, or, even more strangely, do not *want* to utilize the Stupid Brain to its full potential. Yet it is the Stupid Brain that controls both the holy functions of the Squirt and of Excremeditation. This *should* illustrate what a potent force we have living in the "low rent districts" of our own heads!¹



¹From *The Stupid Brain*, an unpublished manuscript by Seth Deitch; November 1984. This paper was found on his desk shortly after his disappearance early in that year.



Now, keeping in mind this important distinction, we shall venture into the realm of metaphor. The following comparison, although not particularly creditable, will serve so long as it isn't taken too literally. This is the idea that the entire nervous system (Smart and Stupid brains inclusive) is a computer, a great data processing network. Although, as we have noted, this is an oversimplified outlook, the one important similarity is that both the human nervous system and the computer contain internal *clock mechanisms* of some kind. This, in both cases, is simply a convenience to provide an easy line along which data can be received and action performed. Thus, we henceforth shall refer to time (as perceived by the nervous system) as "**synchrotemporal**," referring to the one limited portion of multi-dimensional time which is in sync with our perception.

The area of space/time in which our perceptions take place, our "reality," should be referred to as the "**synchrotemporal event matrix**" in order to distinguish it from other event matrices that will be dealt with in this paper.

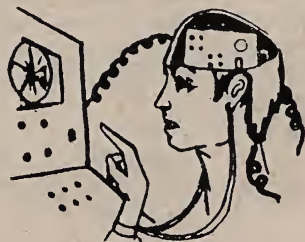
Almost all "things" perceived by our nervous systems can be more properly defined as "event systems." We are, in our perceived space/time, living in *four* dimensions, not three. Depth, duration, width, height. No "object" is only three-dimensional. Nothing can have no thickness, or no duration over time, or no height or width. So, for the purposes of this paper, we will treat time as a spatial quality.²

Our universe, which we shall call the *aetheriosphere*, encompasses all four dimensional spaces contained by the



"TIME IS HERE TO KILL"

Susan Barrows



various Everet/Wheeler/Graham event matrices. We obviously only perceive a small "slice" of the aetheriosphere at any given point in space/time.

The Everet/Wheeler/Graham model of the universe proves that every possible event outcome is realized by way of a new synchrotemporality, formed at any point where there are more than one possible outcomes. The Schrodinger's Cat paradox is not a paradox at all. When we open the box, we find a cat that is perhaps alive, but in the universe next door, he is dead. We jump from one track to another constantly. Sometimes, we remember something being one way in the past, but it is another way now. In a universe this complex, even laws of nature can fuck up on occasion.

Our reality generally remains stable throughout our lives, because the synchrotemporality that we perceive is the one we have voluntarily been following. Mind over matter, even in those persons untrained in such things, functions on an unconscious level to keep us on a contradiction-free track — thus preserving for us a functional world view. Many SubGenii have dispensed with this debugging mechanism, and as a result know several histories and will experience many futures.



Via Emmons

Sometimes, however, especially in cases where a widely experienced major event occurs, a few objects or living entities may fail to split off with their respective new time tracks. In such cases, some of the new universes may not include that particular chunk of matter.

As an example, we can cite the huge number of artifacts and people that vanished without a trace in the Second World War. Or, if that is too far-fetched, there is always the mysterious case of "the man who walked round the horses" recorded by Charles Fort, among many others.³

The fact is that at all major turning points in history, various objects, people and animals have disappeared in large numbers.



²See *Mysticism and the New Physics*, by Michael Talbot; Bantam, 1981.

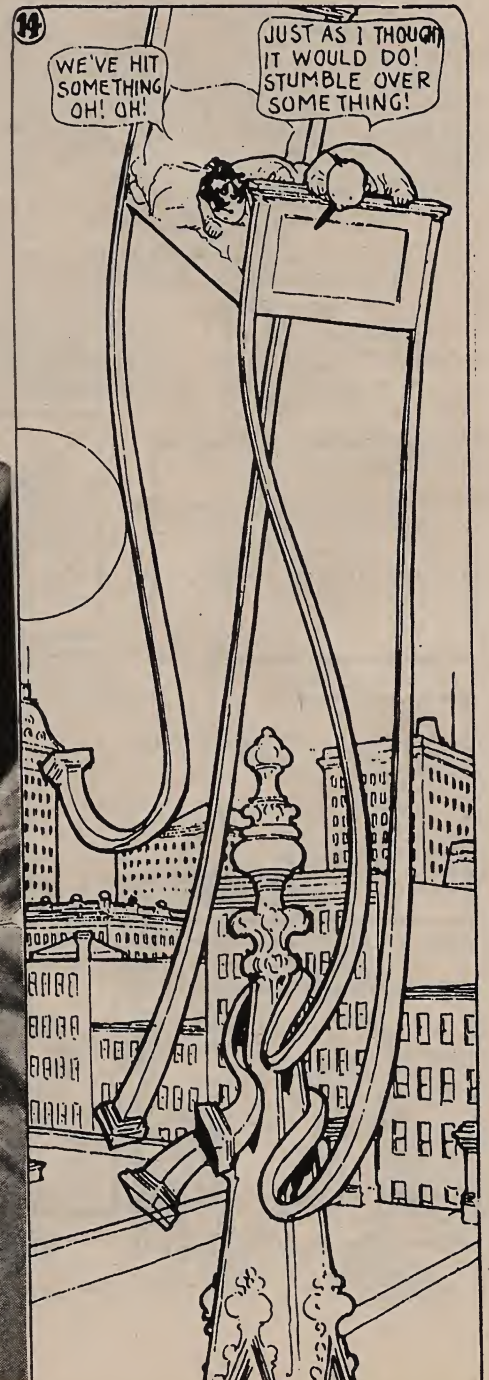
³See *The Complete Books of Charles Fort*; Dover, 1974.

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The Problem in the Church Today: Its Resolution

by
High Unpredictable Gerry Reith, S.B., R.I.P.

The Church of the SubGenius is in obvious disarray. Faith in "Bob" wanes as the Hierarchites loudly proclaim its growth; contributions-flow fades to a dribble while these same men undertake vast new projects at a stunning rate. What has gone wrong, and how can we resolve the problems? To this question do I turn my attention in this essay; and woe be unto those at whom the fingers are pointed and the Stark Fists delivered: for it is no longer time for pussyfooting and friend-making. It is, in my opinion, too late for gentle cementing of rifts; too late for nicey-nice coddlings to do any good. Blame must be set and heads must roll. Onward then.

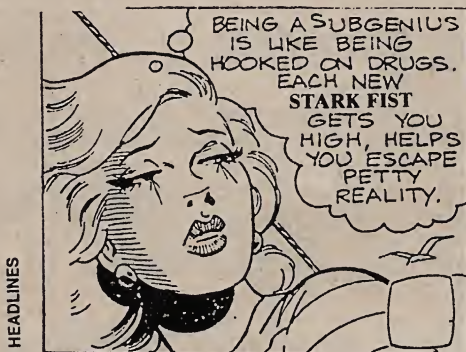


The first symptom of decay and dissolution is, of course, the rampant multitude of schizms and varieties of heretical sectarianism. A cult of pietist/gnostics has even sprung up whose object of devotion is "Bobra"! (Fine it may be to add emphasis to "Bob"'s female principle... but this is going too far. Here, however, is not the place to pick apart and scholasticize with all the latter-day tackers of thesi.) What we see is no less than the bastardization of the true doctrine, and this points to inexcusable laxity on the part of the Dallas Headquarters and even "Bob" himself. I warned against this years ago, but was ignored and reviled for my lack of faith. Perhaps a bit of history is in order.

I was of the original group of "Bob's" disciples. I wrote much of the now-destroyed early SubProp, and helped with all my might to build the underground apparatus into that mighty force it once was: the pride and envy of many a rival totalitarian group. But I warned against going aboveground with the Church, and I urged the Dallas chapter to jettison their plans for the Foundation. It was this that precipitated the brutal purge of myself and my followers, and although we remained close to "Bob" through secret correspondence, we were alarmed to note his increasing infatuation with the "Publickers", as we called them. Months before I died of a self-inflicted bullet wound to the head, I, with my comrades at *The Word of Truth Ministries Reformed Church of the SubGenius (MiniTrue)*, had brought forth the Society of "Bob" in an attempt to wrest control away from the Publickers so that we might "go back below" for further learning and study before again attempting to actively proselytize. This project, the outreach to many splitfactions and SubTendrils, still holds much promise, and signs indicate that "Bob" is finally growing restive with the mediapink orientation of the Church.*

From the start I was anti-activist, and I called for the Church to shun involvement in projects before we were ready. The Word of "Bob" had to be installed with vigor among the ranks before we could undertake the vast efforts urged by "Bob". He had too much belief in us. I saw this, and so did he; for there is an over-eager "Bob" and an overcautious "Bob", an activist "Bob" and a passivist "Bob". Those who eagerly called for all-out, immediate war against the Pinks were obviously conspiracy infiltrators, and though we purged them in time, their close brethren were allowed to stay on and poison the air with whispered councils.

Even when the hierarchites call for peace and so on, when they tell us not to go overboard, they go too far. "Bob" save us from too-early recognition as a threat by the Conspiracy! We are not ready yet, not strong enough yet, to take Them on should They launch an offensive against us!



*I have unavoidably given the barest skeleton brief of my whole case against the Church, and my prescription for a cure. This was planned. Nothing is more likely to attract serious consideration than a case made with all the cards laid out on the table, ace after ace — which illustrates, metaphysically, my case against the Church.

All to no avail. Catering to the whims of the dilute and the dissolute, Ivan Stang, Paul Mavrides and Philo Drummond all had "Bob's" ear, and he was swayed. There is a Quick Riches Scheme, they said, there is a Quick Victory Plan. We can find it only if we embark on the road *now* and cross the bridges when we come to them. In vain did I argue that we had maps of the territory, and that successful troops *needed* a battle plan, a strategic goal. "He wants us to sit on our behinds and talk until X-day," they told "Bob", souring him to my advice. Oh, evil lust! How can we achieve Slack when the opportunists offer up Slackless plan after Slackless plan? Work, work, and nothing but work have they produced for themselves, and for those confused few who thought they had the secrets.

And so. My prescription? How do we seal the yawning chasm between the Word and the practice? How do we oust the sectarian opportunists and at the same time unify the remaining dispersed forces? *How do we rally?*

From the start I want it known that my plan is only one among many, to be weighed for its merits and judged for its demerits. "Bob" will make a final pronouncement, and no matter what, we must follow him. But I believe he will see hope in what I offer.

I offer this: Since a few have, through their high placement within the Hierarchy, already obtained sensitive mailing lists and codes, we have already begun breaking ground for the Society of "Bob". This organ should work to overthrow the present opportunist leadership and establish an **internal dictatorship of the SubGenius** that will mirror, in embryo, the external goals that we pursue. **Internal "Bob" world before external!** That shall be our slogan in this fight. The dialogue forming the context within which this paper is presented should be the *solid framework* for a new reapproachment among the disaffected members of the SubGenius community. After a short period of debate during which everyone gets to air their views and proposals, and subsequent power struggle, a massive witch hunt should be conducted. All dissenters should be defined as enemies of "Bob" and then declared "open game" for the vicious sublevenge organs of the Church. No matter what, our prime purpose is the exposure and vilification of "Bob" traitors.

The embryonic Society of "Bob" has already made successful outreach efforts and has established a working relationship with the violence prone clenchers. The pacifist SubGenii have also been encouragingly approached, and both groups are convinced that this plan has merit. The Society was integral in organizing participation in this very project, including this publication of formerly suppressed dissenting opinion. *A united "Bob" front! Slough off the Dallas Leaders for "Bob"!*

We have sent a delegation to "Bob"'s mountain hideaway with a secret ultimatum, and should have gotten preliminary results around the time this document has been released.

Perhaps the Dallas Leaders for "Bob" will come around. If not, we shall see what we shall see. *Adieu, then, for now.*

Toward a Revitalized Church! Internal "Bob"World Before External! To Unity Behind "Bob"!

Editor's Note: Gerry Reith wrote this article under the pseudonym "Ed Jones" in 1982. That noble and valued (if rambunctious, and perhaps confused) Warrior in the Faith died a year later by either a) shooting himself while despondent over a girl's rejection, and reality in general, or, b), being shot by some agency of the Conspiracy that had somehow recognized the power of his writing and his potential for serious literary rabble-raising. We suspect the former, because if the latter were true, we'd have been killed too by now. (We'd like to think so, anyway.) We trust that by publishing this heretical manifesto of rebellion and treason against ourselves, we prove that c) we didn't shoot him.

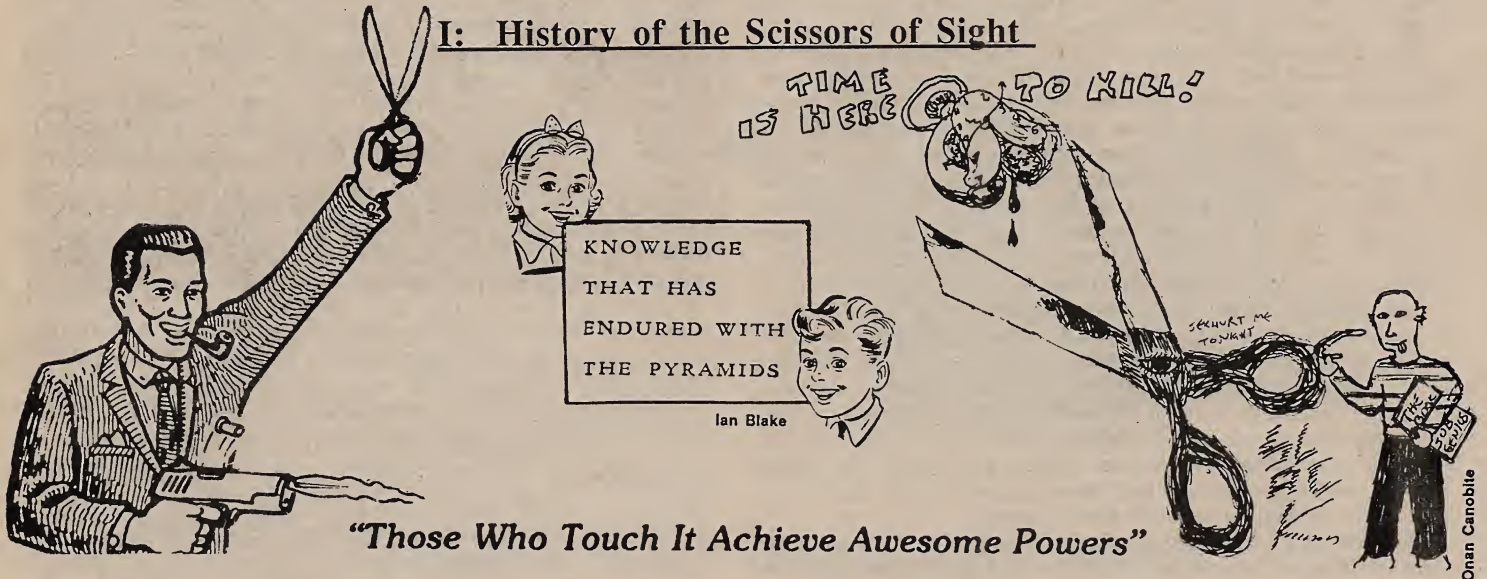
Yes — that's right — since this article was written, "Bob" was shot by Puzzling Evidence and Reith was shot "by himself".

So much for plots against the First Orthodox Stangian MegaFisTemple Lodge of Covenant People's Church of the Wrath of Dobbs Yeti, Resurrected!

The Scissors of Sight

by Rev. Dr. Onan Canobite, Order of the Avenging Cyclops

I: History of the Scissors of Sight



"Those Who Touch It Achieve Awesome Powers"

The sole exposure of most SubGenii to the enigmatic Scissors of Sight has generally been through Basic Church Pamphlet #1. Most are so entranced by the cleverly arranged spazword hypnographics of that tome that they take scant notice of the two brief remarks concerning this holy if mysterious artifact. Yet we of the OAC feel that the Scissors could be an important, possibly indispensable tool in the hands or glands of those SubGenii unafraid to cut through the veil of illusion surrounding this world. For this reason, a crack research team has prepared the following dissertation in the hope that other Church Members might benefit from the use and/or abuse of the Scissors of Sight.

At the bottom of Page Fourteen of Pamphlet #1 is a brief synopsis of the goals of the SubGenius Race (as opposed, and superior, to *Homo Sapiens*). Here we read, as one of the listed objectives, "...to find the Twins with the Scissors of Sight." The obvious question is, *what* Twins? What do they do? Where are they? One soon realizes that we know not who the Twins are, only that we *must* and *will* find them with these Scissors of Sight.

There are indeed a large number of potential candidates for the Twins' identities. Only one seems slightly more likely than the others. Hidden deep in the Chart of Time on page 135 of *The Book of the SubGenius*, "Bob" and "The Other 'Bob'" are referred to as "The Twins." Since we are given no definite clue as to the identity of "The Other 'Bob'", a shadow of doubt is thrown even on this prospect. We may not know the Twins' identities for certain until such time as "Bob" uses the Scissors during the largely unexplained *Omicron Epsilon* event, "when all hallucinations are externalized". Should your organization discover any evidence of the Twins we would appreciate your sending this information to us, that we may forward it to BuldaDa Time Control Labs for verification, storage, and, probably, dismissal.

Other possible Twins: The Upper and Lower halves of the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer; "Bob" and one of his many genetic spinoffs, such a Bib, Bub, or Dick; or, perhaps, the Scissors *themselves* are the Twins in the same way that a "pair" of slacks is actually one object.

Logically, the next step in our examination of the Scissors of Sight is to actually locate them and put them to the test. Again we are stumped. The True Scissors have been lost to Mutantkind for many centuries. In a private letter Reverend Ivan Stang told this outpost, "Noman today has those Scissors." He also said that the Scissors were most likely created from the remains of a

huge "Atlantean Crystal," the misuse and subsequent explosion of which caused that continent to sink beneath the waves. As the Atlanteans were major contributors to the gene pool that eventually produced the SubGenius Race, it does seem plausible that, rather than trying to rebuild their lost empire, the remaining Atlanteans would instead build a few Power Icons before tragically diluting their seed by crossbreeding with ancient Pink-Human slave-tribes they themselves had helped to create. It is from this distant epoch (80-79 Million BC?) that the Scissors, and many other powerful but little-known *Shordurpersavs*, originate.

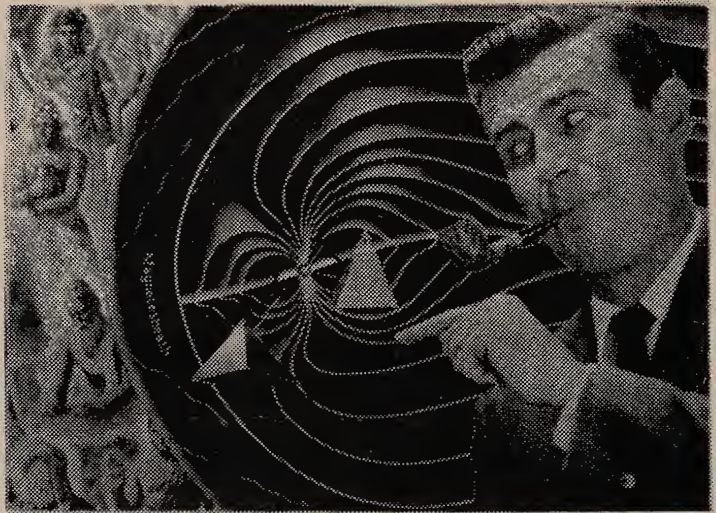
On the SubGenius Foundation's 1984 Sub-Arctic Expedition, several Atlantean outposts were unearthed; from these we are able to reconstruct many of their basic daily habits as well as their complex psychic abilities. One of the most prevalent Atlantean methods of divination was use of a scissor-like device to "see" the true form and meaning of things normally hidden in metaphors and symbolism. When Atlantis sank, a remaining tribe (located in what is now East Tennessee) used the shards of the Atlantean Crystal to construct a set of ÜberScissors by which they could not only penetrate the curtain of nonphysical un-objects — the veil of Maya, so to speak — but could also divine and even *edit* the cosmic worknet of events which we know as *The SKORE*. They could literally *change The SKORE*, and so knew true Slack in their lives.

But, all too soon, the "Mop-up Crew" of the Elder Gods' "Atlantean Demolition Team", the Xists, foresaw that, were the furry wild men allowed to continue using the Scissors, they might someday regain their former power. And so the Xists confiscated the Scissors from the West Eden tribe of Yeti. We have no theories as to what the Space Beings did with them; perhaps, in 'death', "Bob" may become an 'ultimate spy' of sorts and will find the Scissors for us. We can but pray.

II: In Search of the Scissors of Sight

Only recently, with the coming of Humanity's Second Great Chance — The Church of the SubGenius — have we been able to even consider trying to locate and employ the Scissors. It now seems logical that we, the dues-paying Members, should launch planet-spanning hunts for these Scissors in hopes that, once found, they can be useful in locating *other* lost Slack Generators created by Earth's former inhabitants. It is only the expense of such a quest that stymies us, and so we must pacify ourselves with the purchase of the "Fake Scissors of Sight" mentioned under the "Products and Services" list on Page Three of Pamphlet #1. While the actual manufacturing of these "Fake Scissors" has been limited to a handful of dangerous prototypes, we at the OAC LabRatOrgies™ (in conjunction with Foundation HQ in Dallas) have developed a *relatively* safe method for construction of Fake Scissors in one's own Temple of Dobbs.

Find a pair of common household scissors. Do not use pink plastic safety scissors; if you want safety in religion, then this is most certainly not the faith for you. Most other types of scissors will work. Place the scissors on your face so that the hand-holes go over your eyes like glasses and the blades point upwards. Note that the "eye" of the scissors exactly aligns with *your* Third Eye (or Third Nostril, depending on your choice of Mystery Schools). Now, *concentrate*. Have a friend photograph you using your Fake Scissors and send it to the Bulldada Time Control Labs c/o The SubGenius Foundation. Because photographs capture almost the same amount of one's *psoul* as, say, a \$1 bill one has carried, this will enable a trained Doktor to scrape off your Nental Ife contained in the photo (and the dollar(s), if you want to ensure the most effective possible operation). The Doktors will then make it available to the Spirit of "Bob". The "Bob" will use this power to help you "snip" a *Hole* in the very fabric of reality itself. The more of your psoul you contribute in the form of *money*, the bigger this *Hole* will become. So, calculate your level of interest against your available finances when sending contributions.

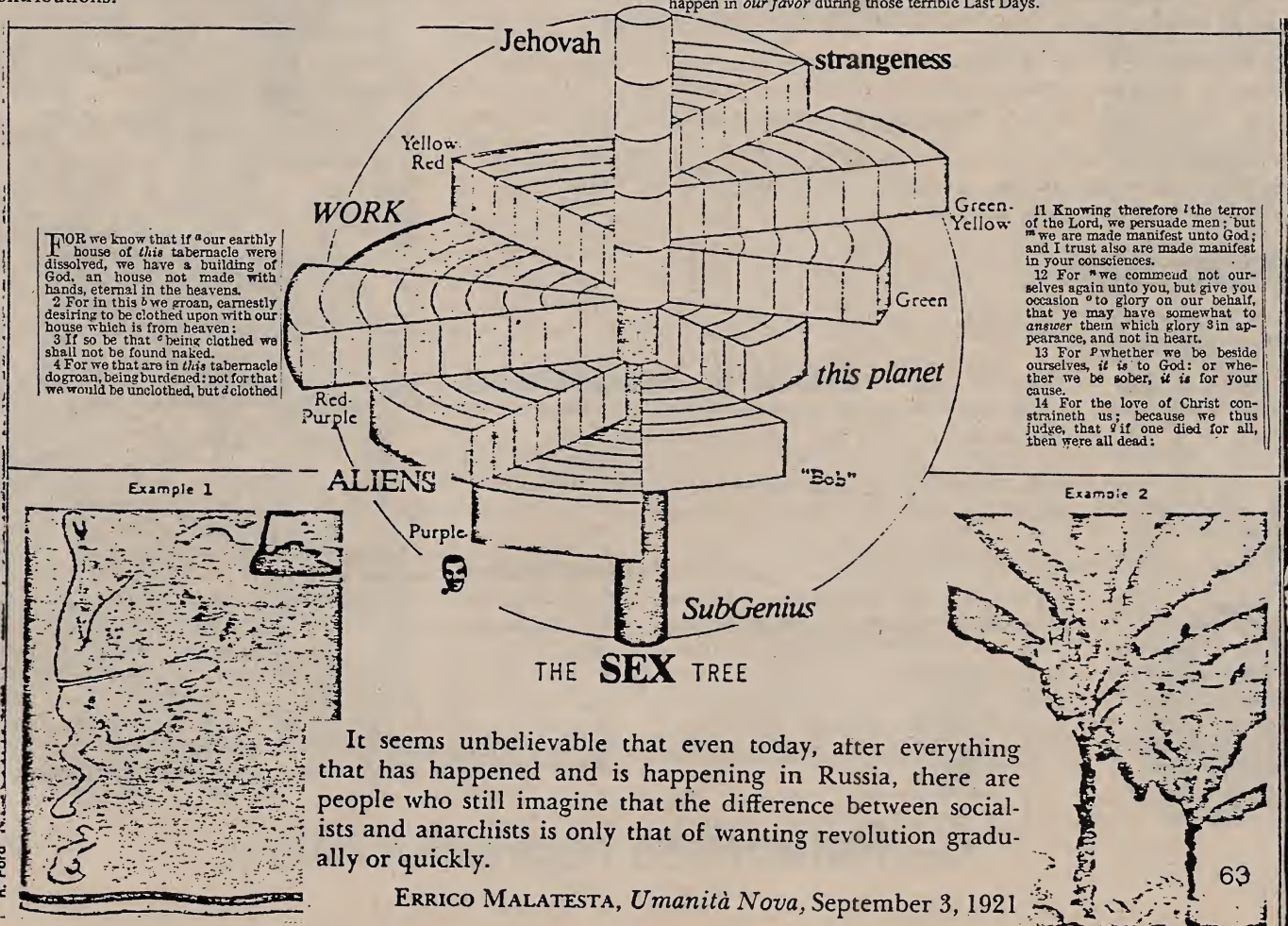


We hope you have enjoyed and been informed by this lecture, and that you will correspond further with the OAC, relating your own experiments along the Path of Least Resistance.

Order of the Avenging Cyclops
Reverend Dr. Onan Canobite
Pope of East Tennessee and Easter Island

Post Office Box 23061
Knoxville, TN 37933-1061

* Editor's Note: Since this article was penned, more concrete information on the elusive Scissors of Sight have been revealed to certain of us. However, we must not divulge it until the appointed time, that being the day a major publisher signs a generous contract with us for a prophetic novel or screenplay about the events after X-Day. A hint: the Scissors allow the user to distinguish between the Omicron Epsilon hallucinations and "reality," and to discern the *sources* of the individual hallucinations. Needless to say, such an ability will be absolutely crucial in making the Time Intersection happen in *our* favor during those terrible Last Days.



THE CULT OF TWINS

Tom Wilson



wings and legs.

The *loa* are not the only supernatural powers which men must take into account. There are also the Twins, who are extremely powerful,

Twins (*marassa*), living and dead, are endowed with supernatural power which makes them exceptional beings.¹⁰ In the Voodoo pantheon they hold a privileged position beside the *grands mystères*. Some people would even claim that they are more powerful

The twins are represented by images of Cosmas and Damian, the martyr twins.

I am making ready a meal for the Twins of Guinea
O—may they come!

A child counts as a twin when it is born with webbed feet, for this is a sign that it has 'eaten' its brother in the womb.

Dead twins are deified and their spirits are as formidable as they are made out to be—quite the equal of living twins—choleric, violent and extremely touchy.

His mother fell dangerously ill and would have died if the twins, as the result of family entreaties, had not acknowledged the wrong they were doing. They were offered a feast and a pig was killed.

IS THERE
ANY
INSANITY
IN YOUR
FAMILY?!



Maka Dudi



the latest technology



500 ns

DON'T SUFFER!

ADC
E.O.C.

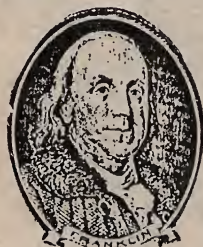
SIGNAL / NOISE

Inverted design

9 ¶ And the daughter of any priest, if she profane herself by playing the whore, she profaneth her father: she shall be burnt with fire.

16 I also will do this unto you: I will even appoint over you terror, consumption, and the burning ague, that shall consume the eyes, and cause sorrow of heart: and ye shall sow your seed in vain, for your enemy shall eat it.

SEPARATION
EXCITATION and FRAGMENTATION
SELECTION



But why worry?

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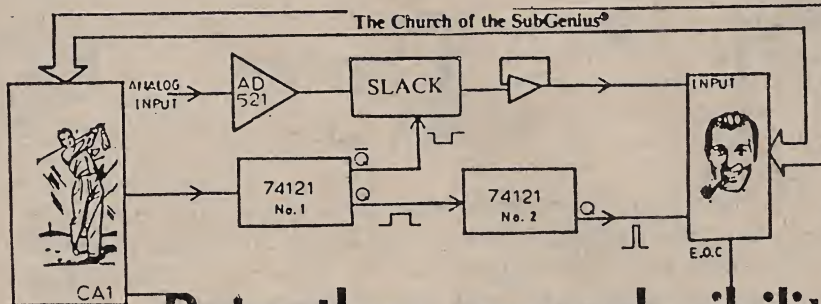
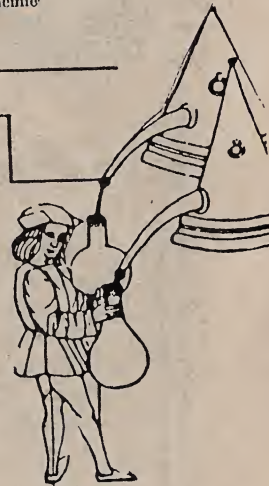


Figure 3

Relentless reproducibility.

YOU GET
THIS



R. Ford

Dot, Two Dot

A Tale of Duplicity

by

Dr. Maka Dudi, K. S. C.

Focal Passage: Matthew 18:18 — *"Wherefore, if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off. And if thy eye offend thee, pluck it out!"*

Prescriptures, Relevation X, Vs. 34 — *"And when thou hath tasted of the fluids of the glands of the worms of Mars, thou shalt wish it forever more."*

There is a worm in the sea; it is called the Planarium. Occasionally they are caught in fishermen's nets. This makes the fishermen unhappy, so they cut the worms into little bitty pieces. *And each one grows a new worm.*

"Bob" walked down the shiny white halls of the SubGenius Research Center. His able assistant, the African herbalist Dr. Maka Dudi, strolled beside him.

"By Gobbs, I think we're onto something this time, Dudi!"

"Truly, Slack Master. Your idea for cloning body parts was pure genius."

"And who would've thought the lowly Planaria held the key? Pure chance tempered by strict discipline — that's the ticket."

The two geneticists entered the laboratory. A fifty gallon aquarium dominated the room. Hundreds of worms swam within the glass container.

"Alright, Doc. Haul a couple out."

"Here you go, Chief." Maka laid two worms down on the table. "But I ain't squashing them."

"Stand back, Squeamish One." "Bob" raised this hand, clenched it, and brought that 'starkest of fists' down upon the worm. Guts flew everywhere. Maka brought a scraper, and heaped the viscera into a single slimy pile.

"Into the Psycho-Pslingotron." "Bob" scooped up the guts and gently placed them inside a metal gizmo. The machine stood six feet tall and was covered with dials and colored lights. Many of these were purely for decoration, following "Bob's" maxim, *"Looks are everything."* On one side of the contraption were two cables which led to stick controls similar to those on many video games. Maka flipped the switch and grabbed one of the handles. "Whoooooaaaaah." A gush of psychic energy flooded the herbalist's body. "Bob" seemed to light up like a half-charged fluorescent tube, flashes of brightly irradiated gasses jumping from his footgland to his Third Nostril. The machine hummed like cicadas in the summer. Then a bell rang.

"All done," "Bob" smiled.

"Yummy." Maka grinned and reached inside the metallic container. "Soup's on." On the metal tray lay a pile of shiny black crystals.

"The Sacred Worm has turned..." began "Bob."

"...Into something even *sacred*." Maka's ebony face glowed with pride.

The holy *Worm Essence* crystals had a deep purple lustre. The Slack Master gingerly placed them in an airtight chromium canister. "They should be safe enough here."

Maka carried the canister across the room and put it in his knapsack.

"Let's go get lunch, boss."

"Sounds like a plan, Dr. Dudi — we deserve a bit of celebration. Our first successful *Essence* crystalization!"

"Truly, Bwana Dobbs — 'we done good,' as you Americans are so apt to say." The two Doktors strode out of the white marble building and boarded "Bob's" red-, white-, and blue-striped Cadillac. The driver, Gung Ho, opened the doors.

"How's The Work going, Boss?"

"Splendidly, Gung Ho. Maka has our first test results. Maka, take out the crystals for Gung Ho." Maka removed one of the stones from the chrome can.

"Be careful. These are priceless." Gung Ho took the gem and held it to the light.

"It's beautiful. What does it do?"

"You happen to be holding the first substance that can **regenerate human flesh**." "Bob" smiled at his bodyguard. Maka restored the gems to the container.

"Let's eat! Gung Ho, drive us to Big Boy's, please." The SubGenius Flag Car rolled out of the parking lot. Gung Ho signaled right, and pulled out into the traffic.

They were nearing Big Boy's when the car in front of theirs swerved violently. Gung Ho slammed on the brakes, and narrowly avoided smashing into the errant vehicle, which had quickly ground to a complete halt.

"Caca and cabbage! What's the matter with that guy?!" "Bob" was provoked. He leapt out to see what had happened. A lady emerged from the other car in a panic.

"She just ran right in front of me... I tried to stop!" The woman's mascara ran down her cheeks.

"Take it easy, lady. I'm a *Doktor*. Have you found her parents?"

The woman hovered over the limp body of a little girl. The head had been severed by the car's tire. The woman was trying to put the head back on, her eyes glazed with horror.

"Bob's" firm voice shook her into reality. "Go find her parents. I'll wait with the child." She staggered off in search of the little girl's mother.

"Maka! Come here! And bring your bag." The herbalist was at his Slack Master's side in a flash.

"Oh my Gawd."

Maka paled — which was not easy.

"Shake it off, Dudi, and give me one of the crystals," commanded "Bob."



Maka handed him one of the stones. "Bob" crumbled a tiny pinch onto the oozing stump that had once been a neck. Before their astounded gazes, the flesh seemed to grow. The spinal column rose from the back, and a skull knitted itself into existence. Eyes began to fill the sockets; skin and hair emerged from the bare bone. In less than a minute, the child's face was complete. She began to stir.

"Mama! Mama!"

"You're okay now, hon. Now you make sure and look **both ways** next time!"

"Yes, sir. Thank you." The little girl hugged "Bob's" neck and ran off to find her friends. Maka scooped up the head and put it in the knapsack.

"Not the kind of thing one should leave in the streets. What should we do with it, Boss?"

"Actually, some good might come of this head, but I can't think what it could be..." "Bob" took the head, spun around, and shot for the Dempsey dumpster across the street. A perfect arc, and two points.

"Great shot, Boss."

"Thanks, Maka."

"At least we know the stuff works. We'll be the biggest thing since sliced Ugali."

In the next few months, Dobbs did indeed hit the medical big time. The crystals, it seemed, drew from the body's DNA code to replicate exact duplicates of any body part — missing or deceased. "Bob's" face was on the cover of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The AMA Journal*, and *Rolling Stone*. He controlled life and death. He could name his price.

And name he did.

"I'd like to be Big Brother in '84."

The United Nations had a general meeting, and voted to go ahead and make "Bob" Big Brother — if



he would show them the secret of the crystals.
 "The secret? There is no secret. I simply **do** it."
 "But what about the machine you have at your lab?" demanded the President of the United States.
 "It simply focuses my own innate abilities."
 "Can anyone do this?"
 "Mr. President, you may be head of the United States — but *Living Slack Master* you're not."

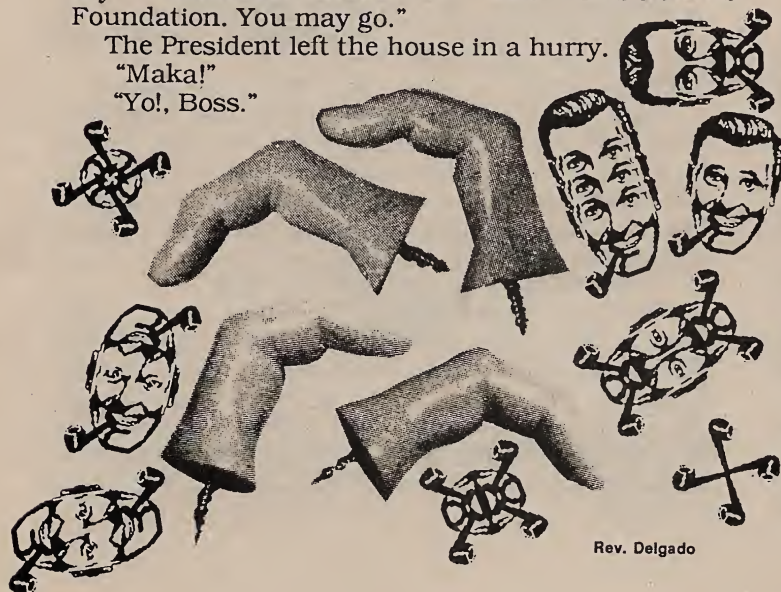
Several weeks passed before "Bob" received final confirmation. The President again knocked on the SubGenius Foundation's door.

"Hello, Mr. President! Won't you come in?"
 "No thanks, "Bob", I just stopped by to tell you that... well, we give in. You can be Big Brother."
 "So! The Pinks are willing to give up their pathetic illusions of 'privacy' for 'comfort,' eh? Or, at least, Their idea of 'comfort'?"

"Yep."
 "Fair enough. I shall engage my Snoop Machine; the crystals shall be available through my Emmissionaries in The SubGenius Foundation. You may go."

The President left the house in a hurry.

"Maka!"
 "Yo!, Boss."



Rev. Delgado

"Call Philo and Stang. We've big things to talk about."

Maka hurried down The Hall to find the Overman and the Sacred Scribe.

"Dobbs wants a conference. Hurry — this is Big Shit comin' down!"

The three X-men scrambled towards "Bob's" Overoffice. Stang knocked.

"Come in, boys."

Maka, Stang and The OverMan seated themselves at a long table. "Bob" was at the far end. The Slack Master pushed a button, and a globe rose from the table.

"Earth," "Bob" stated, "is **ours**." Music swelled from hidden speakers. The Globe began to glow with a golden light. "The Pres-boy just came by and said we can turn on the SNOOP. They won't be able to take a piss without our knowing what they ate for dinner. We shall *be* Central Intelligence. The humans will have to cooperate, now! By Gobbs! I've done it!"

Maka stood up and shouted, "Three cheers for the Slack Master — Hip Hip, **Hoorary**. Hip Hip, **Hoorary**. Hip Hip, **Hoorary**!"

"Thanks, Maka. OK, guys. I guess it's time to get down to logistics. It should be a snap to distribute the crystals in the U.S.A., since the Church is so firmly dug in there. Asia and Africa might pose a bit more of a problem... Maka, I guess you and Petro had best head back to Nairobi. I'll send Gung Ho to cover Asia and Australia. Gordon has South America; Gusto Plus can cover Europe from his Amsterdam vantage point. I suppose that's it; I would just like to say that, on this, our day of Complete Victory, that it all started with only a few, pushing in the right direction. Your tireless work for our cause has saved the Earth from being flushed down the Cosmic Toilet. Now, Man will finally 'get his shit together.' Nice going, guys."

"Bob" called a huddle. His Presence surged through the group. "May the Luck Plane slant towards you." As the men turned to go, "Bob" called out, "And make a buck!"

In but a few months, the world had indeed changed. "Bob" had created a form of the crystal that could be sprayed on crops. Corn kept making new ears even after it was picked. The bushels literally reproduced, even at the grocery stores. A single head of lettuce could feed a family for a year. As long as just a teeny bit was left, the next day a fresh head would develop.

Disease was eliminated. As the crystal entered the blood stream, healthy cells suddenly became super-charged.

For once, Man was *not* an animal. And "Bob" was to blame! He was, truly, The Missing Link. The SNOOP Machine (a prototype of MWOWM) had made crime practically nonexistent. The cops were out of jobs and were put to work gardening skulls no longer, but flowers! "Bob" was *The Big Brother*, the '999', the Super Savior, the 'OverClimax.'

Then the side effects showed up. It was discovered that after nine months the replicated

part developed a mind of its own. If the body wasn't fed a copious amount of the mineral, the replicated part would go on strike. The healed liver would commit *hari kiri* if it wasn't placated... **fast**.

Suddenly, need for the crystal jumped ten-fold. Africa was the first to feel the brunt. Maka was adjusting his Psycho-Pslingotron when Petro brought the news.

"There're huge riots in downtown Nairobi, Bwana. I don't think we'd better go to work today."

"Nonsense," Maka snapped. But then he looked at his SNOOP terminal. Petro was right! There were crowds of people duking it out for first chance at the crystal supply.

Another side effect was discovered. If crystal-sprayed food was eaten on a daily basis, it would regenerate inside the host's body. 'Lettuce abortions' became common. And God help those that ate watermelons!

Swelling, bursting humans.

"Bob" became a wanted man. Fortunately, as Big Brother, he had already destroyed all weapons. But bows and arrows soon made a resurgence. A mob of Pinks raided the SubGenius Mansion.

"Bob" had watched them gather. He sat on a bench in his Temple Garden and waited.

"Dobbs!! That rock shit you **made** us eat is killing us. Now we're gonna make you pay."

"KILL ME!!" "Bob" challenged.

"At 'im, boys." The air fairly whistled with arrows. "Bob" didn't try to block them. He was pierced many times through the heart. A Normal began hacking at "Bob" with a sword. "Bob" looked up. "Et tu, Fred?" The blade came down, *again and again*.

"Well, so much for that Slack dude."

The Pinks began to wander off.

But in the garden, a miracle was taking place. From each tiny, mutilated morsel, a whole new "Bob" appeared. Soon the garden was filled with "Bobs".

"I thought they were going to KILL ME," "Bob" 7 laughed.

Maka had watched the grisly scene on the Snoopotron. With awe, he realized there were now 72 Slack Masters; "Bob" was 72 in 1! "Now that's polytheism," he chuckled.

That night, the major nations of the planet banned the use of the *Worm Essence*. They also agreed to start killing each other again. And who did they *most* want to kill? **The SubGenii**. "Bob" had marked the foreheads of his chosen MetaPrimates with a special dye that could be 'whiffread' only by other SubGenii... until the Pinks developed an insidious machine capable of smelling traces of the dye passed in urine. "Subs" were hauled in by the truckload, and incarcerated in concentration camps.

Nothing could've helped the SubGenius cause more. As all the mutants were forced together, a huge party broke out. The Pinks were pissed.

"Hey! You in there! Stop having fun!" shrieked the commandant.

"Fuck off, asshole. I'm one of the **Good Guys**," Philo Drummond retorted, waggling from his



"MISTER BIG"

via Jay Ten Hove

forehead an enormous dildo, thence afixed with big RED straps.

The general took a shot at the Overman. Philo was hit. Ivan Stang rushed to his aid.

"Philo! Hold still. Don't try to talk." Stang loosened Philo's shirt. Blood gushed forth.

As if from nowhere, a manly voice intoned, "Maybe there's something I can do to help."

Stang turned.

"Bob"! Praise Dobbs you're here!"

"Actually, I'm "Bob" 38."

"Huh?" The Sacred Scribe was baffled.

"There are 71 other "Bob"s roaming the planet, seeking to right wrongs and catch a buzz."

Stang gasped. "72 true party animals!"

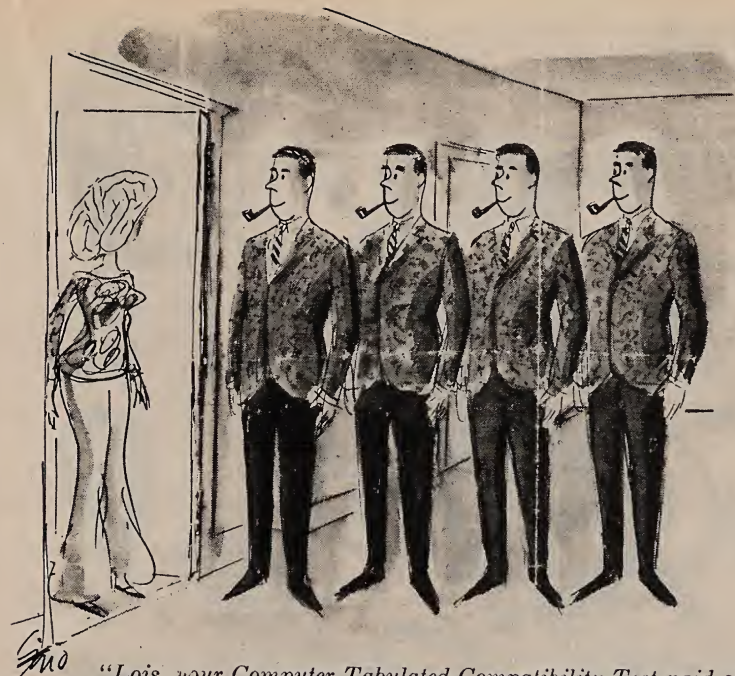
"Bob" 38 leaned over Drummond. "Philo, can you hear me, old friend?"

Philo opened his eyes. "My "Bob", he gasped.

"You're going to be alright, pal. Just hang on." "Bob" 38 took a razor blade from his coat pocket. He made a slight incision on his own wrist and let his blood flow down into the Overman's wound. The bleeding stopped instantly. The skin closed around the puncture, and Philo sat up.

"Whew! That's better. Thanks, "Bob".

"No prob'. Fellow SubGenii, I have come to give you the *best* news: **you cannot die!!** I myself was killed and hacked into little pieces, and... now... from one, there are many! I taunted them to KILL ME — and, instead, they have *made me strong*. Our Yeti blood is the perfect combinant with the *Worm Essence*, yet it fucks up the Pinks! We *shall* overcome."



"Lois, your Computer-Tabulated Compatibility Test paid off!"
via Puzzling Evidence

"Bob" 38 strode fearlessly towards the guards of the camp.

"Don't come any closer, Slack Man." The sergeant aimed his bazooka at "Bob". His finger tightened on the trigger. "Bob" paid no attention.

"Buzz off, Normal."

BOOOOOOOOOM. "Bob" was blasted into a thousand pieces.

"OK, who's next?" taunted the sergeant.

Within the compound, hundreds of "Bobs" began to grow. The sergeant was horrified.

"What the..."

"You can't kill me. I am the Living Slack Master." Twenty of the newly-formed "Bobs" began pushing against the camp gates. CRACK. The way sprang open. The SubGenii poured out. "Bob" 38-7 took control.

"Fellow mutants! We must fight a guerilla war. Yet SNOOP is still in operation, so it will only be a matter of days before our financial empire is rebuilt. Hold the faith hot in your breast!"

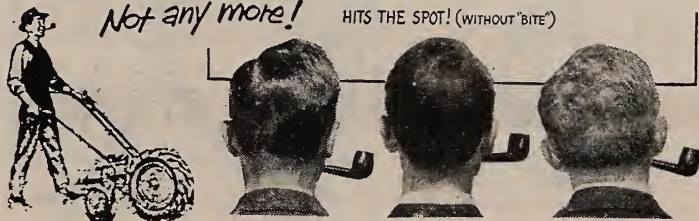
The SubGenii scattered throughout the countryside.

In Africa, Maka was in deep bush. He had managed to carry his mini-terminal, so that he was able to observe the occurrences at the concentration camp. By his latest count, there were now at least 1,288 "Bob"s. The screen sparked to life with the image of The 'Frop Master.

"Maka, have you got our eyes on, good buddy?"

All work and no play?
Not any more!

HITS THE SPOT! (WITHOUT "BITE")



"Ndiyo, Slack Master - I read you loud and clear."

"How goes it in Africa?"

"The SubGenius followers are the toughest in the land. We swore a Blood Oath. We shall not go down, Bwana "Bob."

"That's the spirit. Personally, I'd just as soon remain underground anyway."

"I hear that, Bwana. A whole buttload of Pinks and False Card Carriers were generated by our whimsical altruism."

"I'm reminded of another BushMan, Maka - Henry Thoreau. He once asked me, "What possessed me, that I was so good?"

"The nicer you are, the more they want."

"It's a greedy world. And to think that I was stupid enough to believe I'd fixed it!! What a laugh. But, with nearly 1,300 of me now, I should be able to make faster progress."

"We'll hold the fort in this Dark Place, Bwana."

"Dobbs 38-7 out." The screen winked back to darkness.

In ten days, "Bob" was back on top. His intimate knowledge of the Luck Plane and the stock market enabled him to corner the whole petroleum market. Dobbs was filthy rich. And with money, power returned. Laws were repealed; SubGenii came back from the forests and swamps. They had been made tougher by their experiences. Hard lines chiseled their foreheads. Having to rely on their Third Nostrils for their daily bread had turned them into psychic Schwarzeneggers.

Faith is a muscle.

The Conspiracy allowed the SubGenii freedom, in return for fuel for their Death Machine. "Bob" let them have it.

He believes in Free Will.

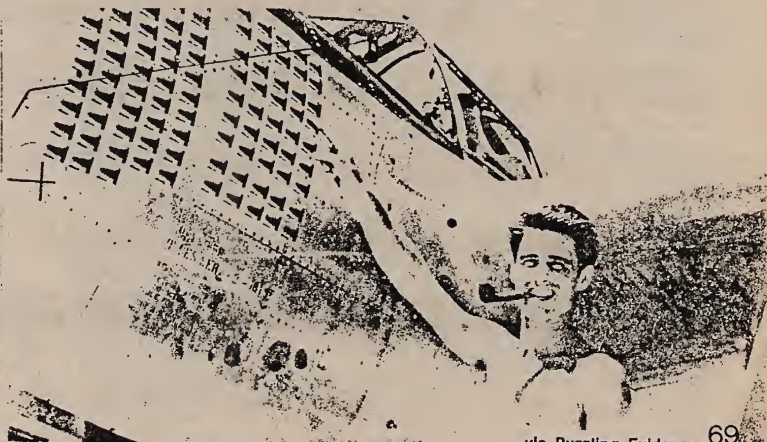
- Free, but not cheap!

We are living in the last DAZE. We are living in the last DAZE. We are living in the last DAZE.

Job 21:5 - "Mark me, and be astonished, and lay your hand upon your mouth."

Ezekiel 1:6 - "And everyone had four faces."

This Bible study was made possible by a grant from Maka Dudi's Super Science Kitchen.



via Puzzling Evidence 69

On The Nature Of The Elder Gods

by
MR. ZED

(Hildago Trading Company; FisTemple of the Wrath of Popeye the Sailor Man
Church of the SubGenius)



Emmons



(1) (2) MOVIE (CC)—Science Fiction
Close encounters of the third kind
stun the earth in "V," which begins, in
Part 1, as 50 spaceships hover omni-
busly over major cities worldwide.
But the aliens' leader is reassuring:
they've come on a peaceful mission.

(1) TWILIGHT ZONE—Drama (B)

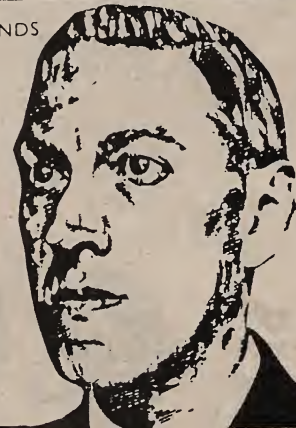
(20) MOVIE—Thriller (B)
"Beginning of the End." (1957)
Atomic radiation gets the blame
again as monster grasshoppers make
a shambles of Illinois. Peggie Cas-
tle, Peter Graves. (2 hrs.)

The Elder Gods (so named by H.P. Lovecraft) are a race of multidimensional beings who intervened in the processes of the material universe until they were rendered nearly inert by a catastrophic accident in the remote past. Mankind possesses the means to reanimate them, but as their goals and interests are not compatible with our own, this is an inadvisable course of action. Nevertheless, the Elder Gods are continually being invoked by agents of what has been called the Conspiracy, the Black Iron Prison, the Man, the Empire, etc. This invocation is not necessarily performed on the conscious level; it is normally done by people who have no idea what they are doing. The invocation takes the form of subliminal clashes of wills and ideologies — in language, the media, physical activity, etc. In a sense, the Elder Gods are composed of *information*, and can be given strength through the right combination of symbolic imagery, emotional energy, and temporal control.

The primary danger posed by the Elder Gods stems from the fact that they are highly abstract in nature. The apparent complexity of their actions is an illusion created by their interaction with the physical universe. They may manifest in the mind of a contactee as simple, obsessive concepts and Gestalts such as Power, Law, Fate, Willful Perversity, etc. Human contactees tend to receive information and plans through their encounters, but when they attempt to make use of this information it leads to destructive actions because the underlying intent of these plans is incompatible with the normal course of events in the universe. In order to carry out the directives of the Elder Gods, the 'tools' must be made weak enough not to resist. In 'human' terms, this results in dehumanization, both figurative and literal. Other results in the physical and cultural worlds include wholesale destruction of all kinds, pollution, rigidity, standardization, and polarization. The Elder Gods deal in absolutes, since their nature is monolithic, but when humans adopt these attitudes, they begin to see *all* choices as all-or-nothing decisions, which do not exist in this universe. This leads to extreme action 'against the grain', i.e. destroying the opposition, brainwashing, and the use of offensive force. Such actions are destructive, both immediately and over the long haul,

and eventually lead to genocide and Armageddon-like showdowns. This may have been the cause of the fall of the Elder Gods, as Dobbs and Lovecraft suggest.

THOSE FAMILIAR HANDS
VAST AND SILENT
AGAINST
A DARKENING SKY—



ythill

Ian Blake

THE GODS MUST BE UGLY...



I DON'T REALLY LOOK LIKE THIS, MILES! TO YOU, I'D SEEM HORRIBLE BEYOND DESCRIPTION. BUT I PROTECT YOU FROM SEEING WHAT I REALLY LOOK LIKE WITH A HYPNOTIC SCREEN. WHEN WE START COMING HERE, WE'LL ALL USE THE HYPNOTIC SCREENS! AT LEAST ON YOU WHO WERE ALIVE BEFORE WE CAME. THE BABIES BORN AFTER OUR ARRIVAL WOULD BE USED TO SEEING US AS THEY GREW...



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The Elder gods do not 'act' the way they do out of moral (or immoral) considerations; the concept of morality is foreign, and possibly unknown, to them. They are blind and deterministic (see Lovecraft's references to the 'blind idiot god' Azathoth); a human in their thrall sees himself caught up by an impersonal Fate that forces his hand. In fact, he has been neutralized and has become a tool. The intentions of the Elder Gods are 'evil' as far as we are concerned because of their incompatibility and their superior power. It may be that we increase their power by increasing our own; if they need us as a medium through which to act, it may be that they *smote themselves* by smiting *us* once too often, reducing our numbers to the point that we were no longer useful to them. The fact that the population of Earth has regenerated itself does not insure an automatic takeover by the Elder Gods; it merely restores the initial conditions necessary for such an occurrence. A large-scale informational assault is still needed in order to summon them, and the mass electronic media now have the potential for doing so. An important advantage the media now have over more 'primitive' magickal techniques is that it is now possible to synchronize the mental processes of hundreds of millions of people at once. Fortunately, such electronic invocations have *so far* been on a minor scale — but there is no guarantee that more effective invocations will not be used in the future.*



Nanzi Regalia



It would be a mistake to believe that only traditional, formalized rituals can be used to summon the Elder Gods and/or lesser 'beings'. The important element is the specific mental trigger, which can be imbedded in anything from a 'mainstream' book to a television commercial. Television will be the major invocational medium of the future, as the Conspiracy clarifies its goals and gains mastery over the new technology. Most of the more direct anti-Conspiracy campaigns are destined to fail, because they will use force rather than information. The audience must be won, and if the Conspiracy controls the media, the audience will perceive only what the Elder Gods require them to perceive. The Conspiracy took advantage of the political assassinations of the 1960s to experiment with propaganda/historical-editing techniques, although the assassinations were performed for other reasons.

Whereas most practitioners of invocation attempt to summon the Elder Gods and their minions, the SubGenius calls on the Rebel Gods (JHVH-1, THE FIGHTIN' JESUS, ERIS DISCORDIA, NUNU, etc.), who are much more "down-to-earth" — more alive and sentient — than the Elder Gods, and whose intentions are least inimical, and perhaps even helpful, to the population at large.



*Many people equate invocations with other forms of sympathetic magick such as money magick, sex magick, and the various forms of induced PK. Although invocations do produce some PK effects, the mechanism of invocation operates on a different principle.



BUT SERIOUSLY, NOW, FOLKS ...

How I Finally Learned to HATE THE BOMB



Erwin Bergdoll

©1987 BY REV. IVAN STANG

"Having *three flat tires* in one day, oh, yeah, that's *HELL*!"
-- Hypercleasians 14:6.

"The only ones who have a right to live are those not yet born."
-- Yossarian, Rio Bisbee Band

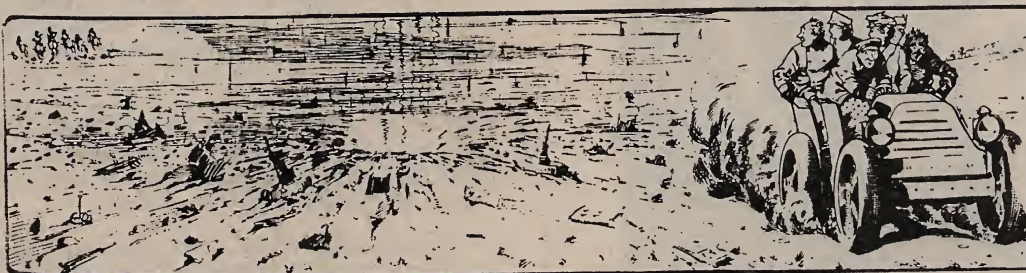
I am the proud owner of two little kids, both of them old enough to read, yet young enough still to believe in Santa Claus. It irks me that I can't tell them certain things, but it almost shames me to have to tell them other things at all. For instance, the monstrous truth about Santa Claus --*that* they don't need to know. But other monstrous truths don't slide by so easily. One day, I had to warn them about certain grownups who were so twisted by their own messed-up parents that they want to "do bad things to you." Breaking such news to a child feels awful -- and it's chilling to think what they're prompted to imagine about the world, no matter how you soften it in the telling.

And I never *could* bring myself to tell them about The Bomb... or about The Germ, or The Gas. I knew what would happen if my kids started thinking about those all the time: they'd end up like

me. Throughout high school I was *dead sure* the future would see us back in the caves. As Einstein, or somebody, once said, "I don't know what World War III will be fought with, but the one after that will be fought with sticks and stones."

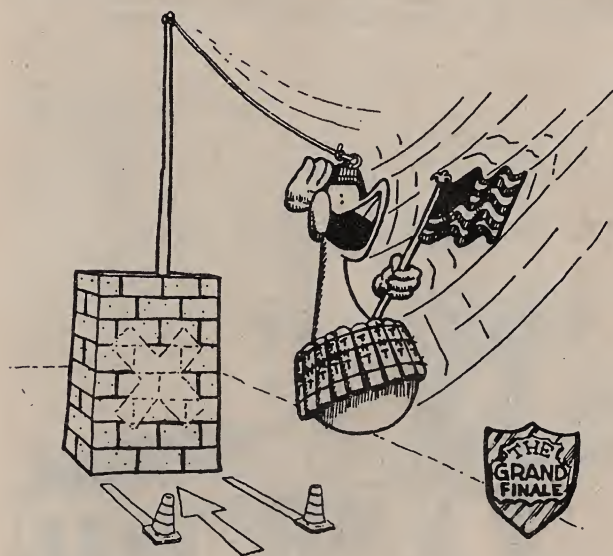
And now, we don't even have *that* to look forward to. There would be nothing. NOTHING LEFT if the Big Mistake happened. (Incidentally, my children figured that out for themselves, without my having to say anything. Between TV cartoons, news, and overheard conversations, they were able to put two and two together before First Grade. You'll be glad to know they have adjusted better than I ever did.)

Most people can't really conceive of worldwide extinction of all higher life forms; they have a lot of trouble, for that matter, conceptualizing so much as a rape or a car wreck, at least until it happens to them. "Positive thinking" and escape into affluent



Winsor McCay

isolation have become so socially desirable that the idea of preparing for the worst is seen as a bad habit indulged only by survivalists and other 'kooks.' To most Americans, a 'big mistake' is, say, forgetting to photocopy that textiles contract before the board meeting, or burning the roast when guests are coming for dinner. They won't build themselves a fallout shelter, yet they'll donate to save the whales.



KDV

Most human beings have no idea how *real* they are -- nor how smart, for that matter; yet, at the same time, they grossly underestimate their own stupidity! They could permanently wreck the planet for the rest of us just by not giving *themselves* enough credit for either brains or their lack. (And if they distrust themselves so much, think how much they distrust you!) They assume they wouldn't be good enough at anything important to take a stab at it -- and in *all too few cases*, they're right -- so they cling to the safe and the meaningless. They wish everyone else would, too. When someone tries to warn them of a danger of which they weren't already aware, they take it as an insult.

"If they all thought they were as great as I think I am, everybody'd get along just fine -- even though they'd all be wrong!"

-- "Bob" Dobbs to a Sunday School class in 1955.

How much do you tell your kids about the future? About pollution, about overpopulation, and war and crime, and where the statistics point? When does it go past survival training, and start making them suicidal?

How much can you afford, psychologically, to tell *yourself*? Possibly, a lot more than you think.

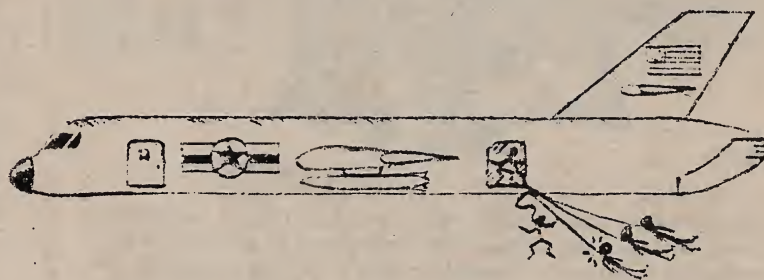
People tend to take things for granted, to forget how resilient their minds are. Unfortunately, that's one of those processes which snowballs, and by which privileged people, despite being given every opportunity to become self-reliant, nevertheless degenerate into big pink crybabies.

"NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO HAVE NO EYES."

-- Philo the Essene.

If people are less alive than they used to be, it's only because, for them, there's less *to* being alive. The line between life and death can become blurred and indistinct. A truly dedicated worker can keep making an income, or cooking dinner for the family, *long* after his or her mind is dead. Any sensible belief in life after death should include the hideous plausibility of becoming a sick, invisible ghost that keeps shuffling back to the office or the kitchen. What else happens to "dead" people whose instincts are so ruined that they can no longer differentiate between the so-called "Light" and the so-called "Darkness?" Might not that "Light" thing, that ALIVENESS, get overdrawn just as easily as its body's checking account? After all, its checking account was probably its top priority in life.

It's all too easy for us to desoul ourselves by overdoing just what we thought might save us -- work, drugs, religion, etc. We continue to plan and calculate, which don't take many brain cells, but we cease to feel. In trying too hard for things which turn out to be unsatisfying, we wreck the very instincts we need for walking that thin line between self-lobotomizing lethargy and neurotic burn-out.



Threadbare

People are compelled to "own" more and more things, which would be fine, except that constant gain becomes a sick compulsion that can scramble *anyone's* ability to distinguish between LIFE and THINGS at all. *Everything* becomes part of an endless series of THINGS for THINGS. Humans forget that they're *animals*, and start playing dangerous games with their own bodies and with all of nature. It's fine to learn by experimenting; a child usually has to get burned a time or two before it learns to take its parents' advice about the kitchen stove. It's just that *this* time, the "stove" is 50,000 nuclear warheads and unimaginable germ warfare viruses. We only get to 'try' it once.

It's a damn shame: snuffing all life except lichens and deep-sea heat vent worms is EASY, whereas feeding humanity is HARD WORK. No use crying over spilt plutonium; just don't spill any more!



Amberlight Photography



4th 12/1985

Erwin Bergdoll

Human brains can be terrifying to examine closely, especially by their owners. Ordinary people, conditioned to limits on every hand in the real world, become so scared of the immensity of their own brains, of the obvious fact that the inside is so much bigger than the outside, that they routinely run absolutely *insane* risks. Their desperation then requires all manner of half-assed justifications, and ineffectual but (more importantly) *simple* formulas by which to remain uninformed -- avoiding the complexities of their responsibility for themselves. Driving to work on the expressway, for instance: how often do we concretely visualize what we're doing then? *Can* we realize that we're little wads of delicate meat, crouched inside flimsy tin cans, hurtling along at incredible speeds with death no farther away than the next driver's last mixed drink -- *and drive safely*, at the same time?

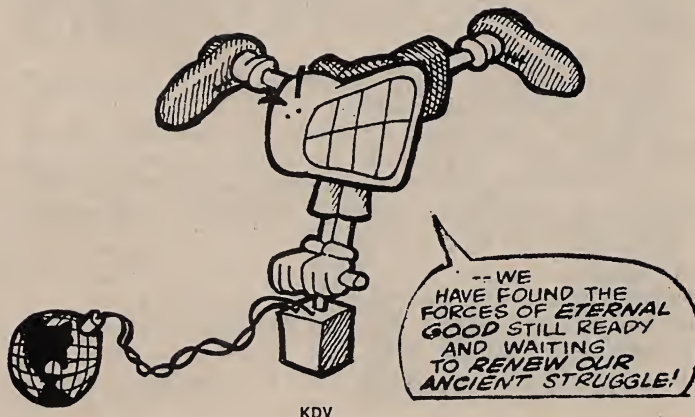
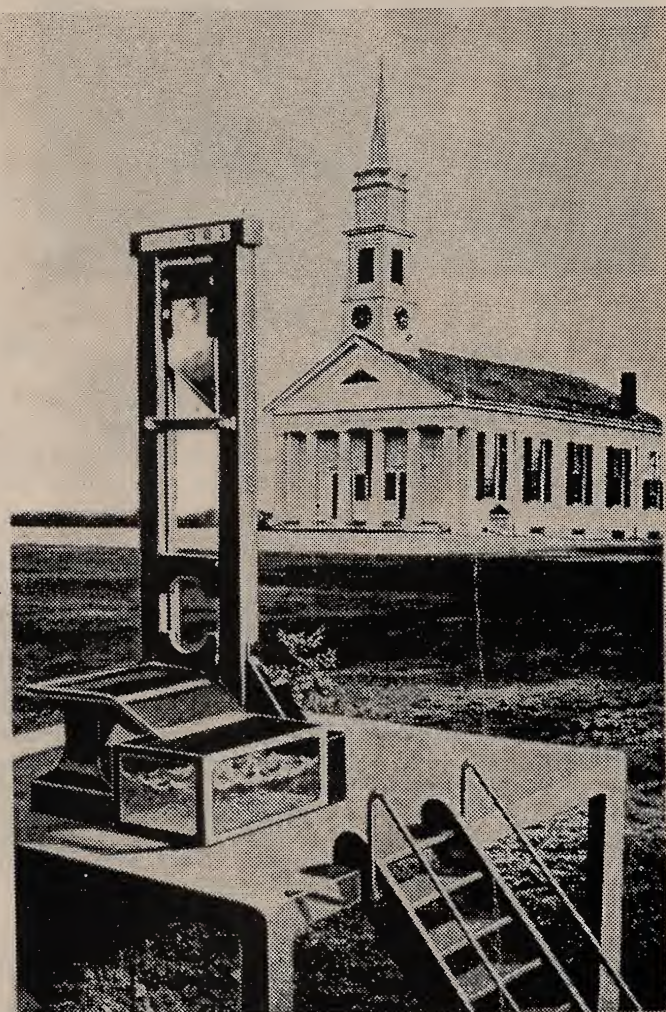
We see this chronic denial also in the differences between "religions" and "cults." A religion exerts itself in improving psychological and physical conditions within it and without it; a cult just keeps jacking itself off, though it might go through the motions of 'food outreaches,' etc. Most so-called Christians aren't religious; they're cultists. So are most SubGeniuses!

America is a cult. We are cult zombies. If the ruling elite can get away so easily with dumping unimaginable quantities of poison into our air and water, meanwhile withholding safer technology because *they* don't currently sell it, how is that any different from Jim Jones telling 900 people to commit suicide? In both cases, the zombies do what the cult leader says. The Rev. Jim Jones was simply more honest about what he demanded from his devotees.

The real function of religion is to circumvent that creeping acceptance of hopelessness, to constantly remind you how alive you indeed are, so that the logical, practical side of yourself can't keep hammering you down. You're being hammered at from all sides -- including the inside -- but as long as you know what's going on, you can HAMMER BACK.

If life was easy, everybody would be living it. But it isn't, so some die instead. Many of our more brainy citizens kill themselves. The more a person knows, the tougher it is to maintain a sense of balance and fairness in the universe; the inventive mind is tormented by visions of how much better things *might have been*. On the other hand, common sense -- particularly the common sense of humor -- can reveal a sustaining beauty, and a level of meaning (even if only imagined!) that makes life just as much more fun as it is more threatening.

Sadly, such an outlook is incomprehensible to the self-desensitized. If you're of a minority religion, or race, or sexual proclivity, or even business, then you have probably clashed with people who seem to oppose you -- but won't come out and admit it -- for absolutely no reason at all. Hopefully, you realized that such people are simply jealous of your ability to make the best of a bad situation. They want you to be as unlucky as they are. Otherwise, their entire world view wouldn't make *sense*. Religions are particularly easy to warp into disguises for jealousy, justifications for 'hate'. In modern America, a "Christian" preacher can make himself very rich by acting as the carrier of some contagious neurosis, some form of mental illness in which followers can hide from their own shortcomings.



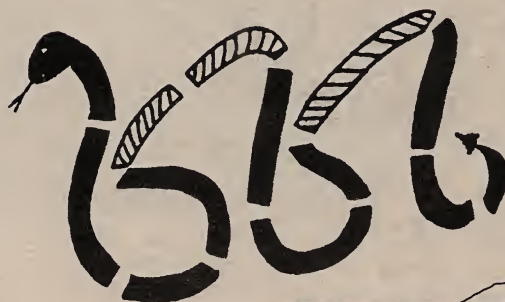
KDV

Being informed, knowing better, doesn't always help. "Expanded consciousness," if it's the real thing, should go hand in hand with an awful realization of responsibility. But we've all had 'hip' friends who drank enough beer *every night* to nourish a tribe of Ethiopians for a week -- and who put enough up their noses in a day to buy vaccinations for half of Kenya. There are literally millions of people starving to death right *now*, and we "aware" people of the developed nations are the only ones who can really do very much about it; we talk or sing about it *eloquently* before blowing it off. We remember our rights, but forget our responsibility as... well, as the only responsible life forms. A tough responsibility? It isn't half as tough as watching

fantasies may turn out to be "best possible" scenarios! Those nasty, low-tech caveman future worlds might come about without *any* wars! At least they're inhabited worlds; the real post-nuke landscape wouldn't support such exciting luxuries as roving bands of bloodthirsty killer survivalists. Not even hideous, mutated monsters would stand a chance.

The chain of life is astoundingly adaptable, but frighteningly fragile at the same time. Like a delicate glass ball, it's easy to break, and easy *not* to break. We've already racked up quite a bill on our ecological charge-card, but our kids and grandkids are the ones who'll have to pay up. Evolution proves every day that it's a blind machine, without sympathy or aesthetic sense, that will snuff us out automatically if we blow it. There was at least one other race of humanoid bipeds not so long ago; remember the Neanderthals? Guess who exterminated them? (And we did it without even *one* nuclear device!*)

If we do screw up, in the BIG way, it won't be just a couple of the big-league countries -- it'll be everybody. Extinction is just as hard on an innocent baby or a cute little bunny as it is on a murderous asshole of some despised nationality. Ask any dinosaur, or any Mandan Indian.



WE TREAD
ON THEE!

Tom Prince



LIES

your whole family starve to death because there is **no food** for miles around.

Everyone has a right, even a duty, to enjoy themselves. However, to a man getting off a hard day's work, having fun means ignoring those who aren't -- just as those who possess no sense of humor automatically dislike those who do. Indeed, fun for many people **requires** seeing others in misery. Until work and fun are no longer opposites, this won't change. Work must become more meaningful for fun to become less an act of desperation; only then will the semi-leisured class (such as those who found themselves reading this) be able to appreciate what leisure they have. When that happens, the jealousies will evaporate and people will *want to share*.

We can probably look for this to happen in, say, ten thousand years.

In the meantime, a minority of the two-legged animals will be stuck with keeping the whole chain of life intact, almost despite the wishes of the rest of the two-legged animals. Since two-legged animals are the most dangerous creatures on the planet by far, this may prove to be a risky job!

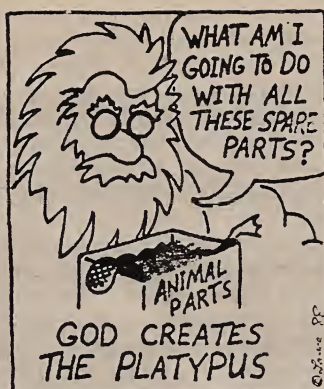
And it really is all life. All. That's how high the stakes have risen on the nuclear gameboard. We are actually *placated* by movies like ROAD WARRIOR; such popular post-holocaust

We well-fed people have a dream: the dream of acquiring **MORE CRAP** for **LESS WORK**. The rest of the world -- the other three-quarters of it -- has a dream too: the dream of enough to eat. The hungry ones surround us on all sides; they live right down the street, in fact. We, *and* the wretched, and the normals who couldn't care less, are all in the same rickety little boat together, in a cold, cold sea. And someone is *fooling around* with that little **PLUG** at the bottom of the boat. Our leaders act like they don't even believe that plug is there; obviously, **NOBODY** is giving us "instructions." We have to figure this situation out for ourselves. And we'd better do it fast, just to be on the safe side.

Nor will God help us. That's right, **NO BIG MAN IN THE SKY WILL SAVE US.**† We smartypants bipeds chose to take it upon ourselves, to take it out of "God's" hands. We have the ball ... now where do we run with it? Do we run with it at all?

*SubGeniuses may be their revenge.

† "God" is what you *remember* when you *die*. Look, you've made it *this far* without having any idea where "God" came from -- so, no hurry, right?



For all intents and purposes, WE are "God" now... yet some talk about a "nuclear judgement" as if it had been *decreed* for our own *good*. Someone in THIS life might beat you up or throw you in jail for your sins, but it won't be God. If there is a nuclear judgement, it'll be OUR fault alone. Having the responsibility also means we have choices.



No "church" will save you either, especially not the SubGenius Church. However, we would at least encourage you to **SAVE YOURSELF**, which is better than most religions can say. What are we saying you should do? Well, we know, but, *just to be*

assholes, WE WON'T TELL YOU. That would be *cheating*! It's between you and "Bob," and Mom, and apple pie.

It isn't just the prospect of an irreversibly contaminated foodchain that should worry you, either. It's the thought of what the pissed-off ELDER GODS will do to our ETERNAL SOULS as PUNISHMENT for stupidly ruining Their expensive chessboard, Earth.



There's not a whole hell of a lot that any of us CAN do with any major, immediate results. Violence and sabotage? That's exactly like a cockroach attacking a can of Raid™ with its fists. The Bomb, and starvation, and etc., are here to stay until people change not just the way they think, but *what* they think about.

Any lone person -- even you -- can aid and abett that process by becoming one more voice howling in the wilderness, or howling from atop a carhood in the city, or howling on a radio talk show... or in conversation with a friend or relative. We must howl in all our different ways. It can make a difference: 2,000 years ago, Christianity started out as a couple of maniacs ranting in the desert, and look how far it's come!

On second thought, forget that example.

I, or any subversive character like me, will gladly tell you to **do something...** but we sure as hell aren't going to try to tell you *what*. The ruling elite, however, tell you *exactly* what to do, every chance they get.

It's easy to do what they want; they desire but one simple thing from you. They'll let you have anything you want, if you'll just do this *one thing* they ask.

If you'll just **GIVE UP**.

Think about it. Wouldn't it be so much *easier* to just stop *worrying*?

You're not stupid, though. Even though you can't just suddenly up and save the planet, there are still a million "little" things to be done. There are groups out there, countless clusters of knowledgeable people, all underfinanced, that specialize in protecting the water, the animals, the people, the plants. They need your money and time.

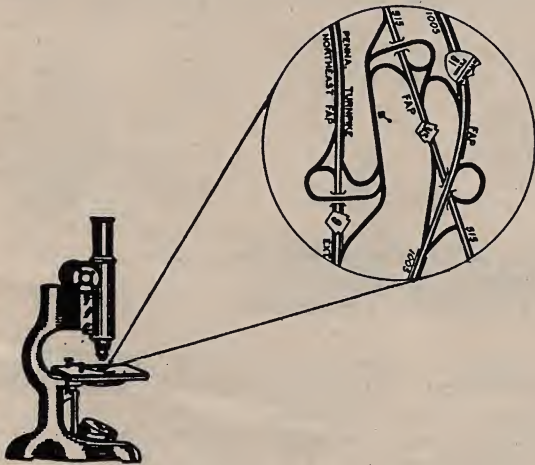
Or maybe, for now, all they need is your attention. Perhaps, even more than that, they need you only to hang on to your instincts, to preserve your intuition, until you're in a better position to use them. That alone would be better for them, for the time being, than losing you entirely.

It's up to you to find the ones you can work with in your own town, and/or the national organizations that happen to agree with your personal politics. You have to decide which ones are naive do-gooder fools, which ones are crooks, and which ones are effective. We could point you in a few general directions -- but who's kidding who? You've known all along what to do. This article is just a 'pep talk' to help convince you to go ahead and actually do it. Whatever it is.

We're the first animals on this planet to have to start guiding our own evolution -- at least, until we're outdated by the new models *we'll* create! Only the relative few who know about this ever feel the burden, but it can be a heavy one. For some, fatally heavy. The crucial, immediate thing is to keep it *FUN*. Our job right now is to make the responsibility more clear and yet to keep it in perspective, to maintain some slack: to make the crap *worth it*. To make it possible to preserve at least a good *approximation* of nature on Earth, while keeping humans reasonably happy. (You can't have everything.)

LOOK AROUND YOU NOW

Everything you can see was called "impossible" at one time. We must make the damn-near-impossible *seem more possible than it really is* -- for, if we knew how tough it was actually going to BE, we'd give up entirely. We must continually *fool* ourselves into *helping* ourselves, because another part of us is always trying to fool us into *hurting* ourselves. The part that hurts has acquired a glamorous rep of late, while the part that helps has been made to seem boring BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN PORTRAYED SO INSULTINGLY IN NETWORK TV AND IN CHURCHES, AND BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN LEFT IN THE HANDS OF "EXPERTS" WHEN WE SHOULD HAVE PRESERVED OUR INSTINCTS OURSELVES, HANDING THEM DOWN FROM PARENT TO CHILD LIKE PRIMATES ARE SUPPOSED TO DO, RATHER THAN PAYING SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT. It's easy to assume that the person with the loudest voice and most credentials knows what he's doing, but it's surprisingly difficult to learn the truth. (To this day, "The Hard Way" seems to work best.)



PO BOX 33 STILLWATER PA 17878
dadata

MICROSCOPIC ENLARGEMENT OF VIRUS LINKED TO THE SPREAD OF PROGRESS

he prescribes a basic "nuclear survival kit" that includes a good raincoat, air rifle, vitamin C capsules, a ball of string, a cake of soap and maps.

Cigarettes are included in the list, with the notation, "If you are a smoker, sudden deprivation under stressful conditions may be difficult to cope with."



In some misfired way, our puritanical ancestors were right -- it takes **REAL WORK** to be **REALLY ALIVE**. Not the meaningless toil they pay you for, and not the torture you decided your god would inflict on you, but *real work*, like whatever that thing is that you *enjoy most*. Keep **THAT** alive, and you won't squander your energy off into rancid pools of hate and self-pity. If you're religious, look at it this way: when you have fun, so does God. When you're miserable, God is miserable. Or is that too much for you?

It isn't just the system that keeps you down -- it's **YOU, TOO**. **SNAP OUT OF IT!!** Shed that skin of habits! You're ancestors **PAID** to make sure you could really think... now **THINK, DAMN IT!!** If you had any **INKLING** of how far you've come, you would **NEVER** slip back, not for a moment! There **IS** a reason to keep going; **WHY DO YOU THINK IT STARTED UP IN THE FIRST PLACE???**



Rev. Kreg

The main thing, in any case, is simply to *remember*. Remember the air, the ocean, the people just out of eyeshot, the strangely delicate balance that can't function under Dioxin and radiation and a burnt ozone layer. Remember where you are, what you're going into, what you're leaving behind. You don't have to dwell morbidly upon these things; indeed, you *mustn't*.

Just *remember* ... and sooner or later you'll know exactly what to do. At that point, if it didn't before, everything will make sense once again.

"With a Cause, nothing is crazy."

-- J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, 1976; to Philo Drummond regarding his plans to go public with the SubGenius Church.

* Not that that really gives you any clue as to what the reason *is*.

ADDENDUM to the "BUT SERIOUSLY..." rant:
FOR DECLARED SUBGENII SPECIFICALLY:



Unfortunately, it isn't as easy being a Good Guy as it looks in the movies. Most people desperately *want* to be Good Guys at first, but they blow it off when they realize that *there really are* Bad Guys too. Bad Guys with *super powers*, in fact!

Just because you aren't "bad" doesn't mean you're "good." If you aren't *DOING* anything about the Bad Guys, you're nothing but a "plot device" that the Bad Guys *or* the Good Guys are going to *use*.

Don't feel like a lone kook just because nobody around you seems to know what the word "ecosystem" means. They won't know what *DEATH* means, either, until they've learned to appreciate life. They take the universe for granted, and are stuck in a world of "goals" which are as worthless as they are easily attained.

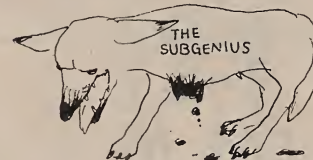
Normal adjustment to society seems to demand this "blinkered" consciousness. On the other hand, maniacal SubGenius style mental health, although illegal, can create an immunity against future-shock apathy. If you can "take a joke" even as *HORRIBLE* as modern reality, you can't be blinded to its horrors *or* its joys.

The Bad Guys have a funny way of twisting all this around, though, and making whole planetary populations fall for it. Ever notice that the Conspiracy is *composed* of "TOUGH MEN?" TOUGH MEN. They're *MAN* enough to watch a football game, alright, but not *MAN* enough to change their kid's diapers. *MAN* enough to let the President bury nuclear waste in their backyard, *MAN* enough to pay taxes, *MAN* enough to wear an itchy business suit even in summer (because they're *MAN* enough to pay the electric bills for air-conditioning), *MAN* enough to send their kids to fight overseas, *MAN* enough to be *BLANK FOOD TUBES* that "WORK" to pay for *MORE FOOD...* *MAN* enough to tell *NIGGER JOKES*, or to gang up with a bunch of other TOUGH MEN to beat up lone queers or even just little nerds with glasses... but not *MAN* enough to *stay human*.

Does that enrage you? Does that make you want to gang up with a bunch of other tough SubGenii to beat up lone Normals and Rednecks?

One of "Bob's" Secret Doctrines, as you'll remember from your studies of BoSG Ch.20, is that *there are no Normals*. It's a matter of degree. The only "SubGeniuses" who seriously think they can tell a 'normal' from a 'Sub' are the "Bobbies" -- the slimey anti-social Normals who are *so sure* they're True Children of "Bob." (A thousand average normals aren't half the threat to the Church that three "Bobbies" are.) Revealingly, most of these still live off their parents. Naturally, we find "Bobbies" who declare themselves "better than normals" because they don't have to hold down jobs. That's supposed to mean they "have Slack."

Almost everyone has to work for the Conspiracy, just to survive -- but how many of you are really sufficiently true to yourselves to *PRESERVE* your *CRAZINESS*, to *STAY* "SUBGENIUS" in the face of a squaling baby, unpaid heating bills, and the promise of wealth if you'll just "buckle down"??



Commandment

Cosmo Euthanasius

How many will be capable of the *NOBLEST* chore, of *SUBVERTING FROM WITHIN*, of *remaining teenaged* while mastering the *appearance of adulthood*?? Getting Slack, in its truest sense, can sometimes be *MORE WORK* than *WORKING* ONESELF to STUPIDITY!



THE NEW AGE



An idea whose time has come.
And gone.

Chris Gross

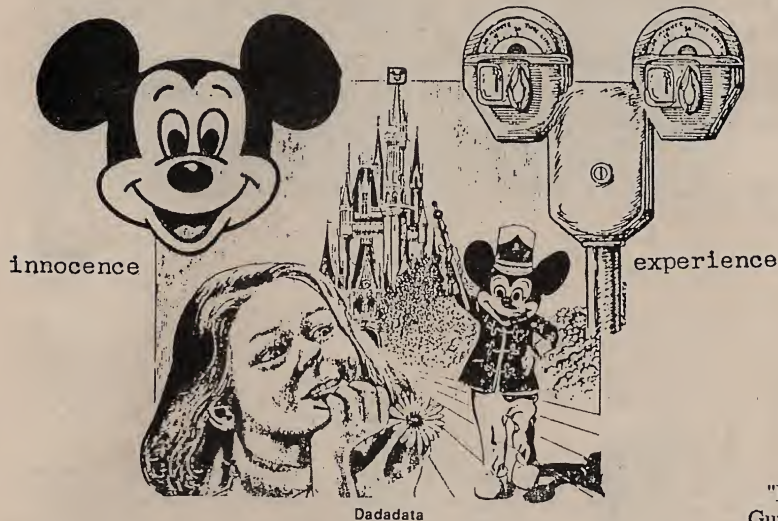
In the eternal battle, Slack *will* eventually win out, as long as it cannot be bottled or sold in its pure state. However, thanks to the Conspiracy, abnormality in the current ruling civilization usually demands sacrifice. "FINE," you say, "I'll sacrifice my NORMALITY!!" Okay.. but what if being a Good Guy means being treated worse than the Bad Guy half the time? Think you're "man" enough, Pink Boy? Ready to spend 20 years proving it?

The terms "SubGenius" and "Slack" don't mean a cluster of "Bobbies" thinking that a shared "in joke" proves they're better than everybody else. SubGeniuses are people who, even if for one second, or one instant, recognized the *value* of their lives. If the rest of humanity could *lock onto* that, the assholes of the world would be CURED INSTANTLY and all crime and war and exploitation would CEASE FOREVER.

That's what the Church is here for.

(Well, that, and lots of swingin' times for the few Chosen!)

VISIONS OF THE MAGIC KINGDOM



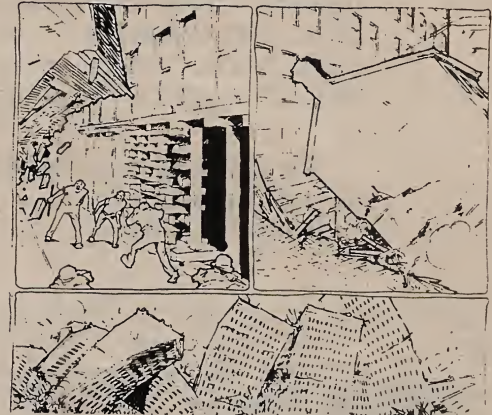
Someday, 10,000 years from now or so, we will no longer have to sacrifice; we will have our cake and eat it too, for we are *owed* it. "Bob" *has* promised us Something for Nothing. But, in the meantime, the only form of PURE TRUE TIME CONTROL now open to us is PATIENCE to put up with all the shit and torment that being one of the Good Guys means... *to party ANYWAY...* because WHATEVER IS CLOSEST TO REAL SLACK WILL PAY OFF THAT MUCH BETTER IN THE END.

The Conspiracy wants you to party and work, party and work -- Their way. "Bob" wants you to *really* party and *really* work. "Don't just launch that Bleeding Head... launch the HELL out of it!" -- *Sternodox*.

"Bob" lived his life the way he did to prove that you can be a Good Guy and still be Cool...*just like Mr. T, kids!!* The Conspiracy (and the "Bobbies!") promulgate an EZ-2-Digest Canned Hipness; the kind of hipness we're talking about isn't like anything shown on TV or sung by rock stars. It isn't Punk, nor old-timey, either. It simply IS. It predates fashion, it predates CLOTHES, it predates DATING, it may even predate bipedal locomotion and the opposable thumb, and it's more important than any lifestyle with a name, including "SubGenius." FUCK the assholes that keep trying to replace it with cheap thrills. It's possible to have a more swinging time at home with your family, just sitting around, than the "bad guys" would *ever* want you to think. That would RUIN Their system.

Slack, strangely enough, has a lot to do with commitment and love and responsibility and such, things which haven't been "hip" lately, but will be again someday, no thanks to either the Moral Majority or the New Age... Slack is *ultimately* what it will take for, for instance, nuclear disarmament to ever happen. But **EVEN NATIONS MUST HAVE SLACK.**

Any religion is just one big PEP TALK, but -- screwy as it may be -- the basic *gist* common to most religions is **THE FUCKING TRUTH!!** But that inevitable loss of perspective keeps creeping in, no matter what absurd measures the 'guru' takes to prevent it, and pretty soon the pep talk becomes repetition. Then, a completely new form of "pep talk" is created to fill the need, to *remind people of themselves.*



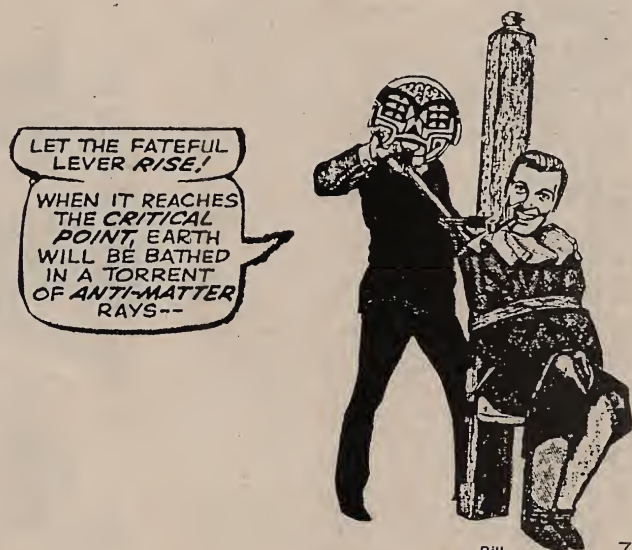
Winsor McCay

"BOB" COMES AGAIN and AGAIN to prove that being a Good Guy is *worth* it in KICKS and SLACK.

"Bob" asked WOTAN if we *could* party, and IT said that we *had* to.

Of course, you can't enjoy yourself if you're an evil shit who thinks that hurting other people is enjoyable. That cancels itself out -- which is exactly why it's so hard to tell the difference. Slack for thyself and Slack for others, then, are not *interchangeable*, but definitely *interconnected*. To keep all Slack for yourself actually depletes Slack; not only are you rendered unable to appreciate it, but you also lose brownie points in society AND Heaven, and will eventually be branded an asshole, and so fry in Hell. Being a Slackful Asshole gets you nowhere. On the other hand, a fine person with no Slack won't be a fine person for long. It'll become a stupid person and kill itself.

Many don't even know when they *do* have Slack to begin with. When people can barely count past ten anymore, how can they accurately count their blessings? Yet, as Slackless a land as this is, Hell has even less Slack. *You could die and go there at any second.*



Bill

There is no justice, no answer. If you can save the world singlehandedly, GREAT. If you can "just get by," then THAT'S GREAT TOO.

Just don't QUIT.

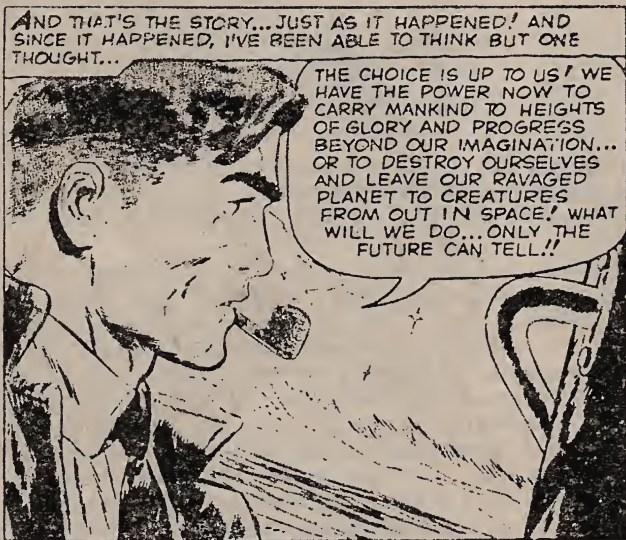
SET AN EXAMPLE as a LIVING ENTITY that HASN'T STOPPED LIVING. You won't really know what it's all worth until it's been taken away -- so just TAKE "BOB'S" WORD FOR IT!!

On the surface, that may not be a sane approach; but nothing really important that ever happened was a "sane" event. That is why the Conspiracy suppresses abnormality. It doesn't want anything *important* to happen.

They have 50,000 nuclear weapons, and we don't have ANY. *Yet, we dare to fight 'em anyway!!* Sure, it's a lost cause -- but as Jimmy Stewart's old Pa said in MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON, "The lost causes are the only causes worth fighting for." SURE we're CRAZY -- hasn't it ALWAYS been the crazies and the misfits who were STUPID and BRAVE enough to STAND UP AGAINST THE CONSPIRACY?

The decks are stacked, alright. But WE have the JOKER... the Joker *and the Batman* all rolled into one!

Is it not ... "Bob?"



via Young Technocrats

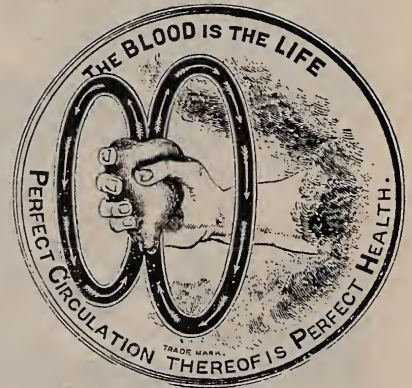


via Sarita Crocker

"I walked into Hell the minute I stepped outa my Ma's pussy."

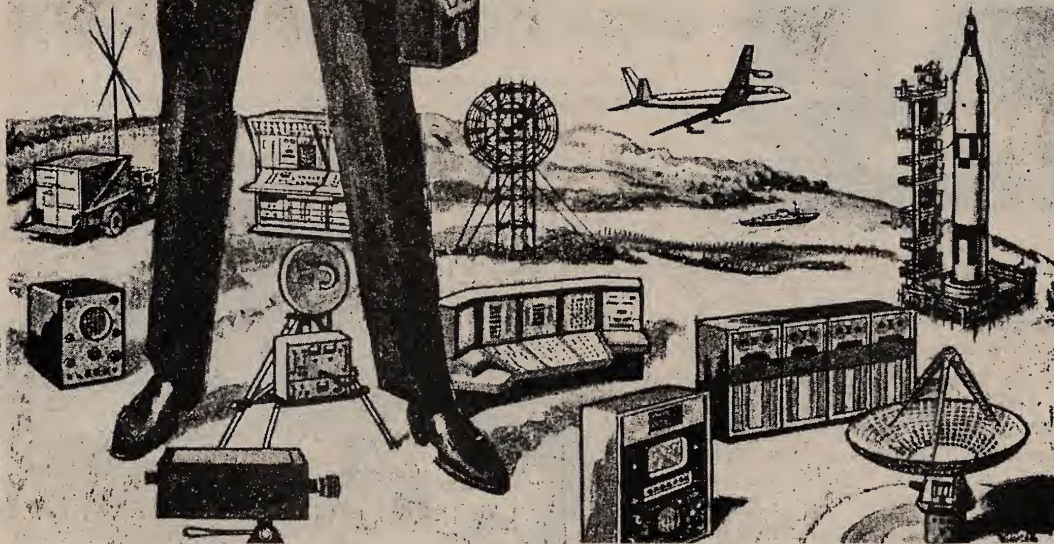
— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, 1946, recorded in a bar while despondent over a fight with his new wife, "Connie."

Sometimes, as Bob wound up teaching me, things really are as simple as they seem



"I have decided today to staunchly believe in the afterlife. However, I am not crazy. I know that I have no proof whatsoever of its existence — I *choose* to believe in an afterlife because it is too horrible to think that such a cool stud as myself could be allowed to disappear from the Universe."

— "Bob" at age 15, in his diary



via Emmons via Nanzl



"BOB" is DEAD; LONG LIVE "BOB"

People don't want to hear the Good News. They don't want to believe that "Bob" Dobbs was shot on stage in San Francisco that night of Jan. 21. They don't have FAITH enough that **that** man "Bob" could have his stomach perforated, his head turned to HAMBURGER, and then COME BOUNCING BACK. They don't have enough faith in humanity; they don't have enough faith in *themselves* to really believe in "Bob." They secretly suspected "Bob" was a "joke," a "metaphor," a "literary symbol."

Ha ha — very funny. The last chance for survival of mankind and Slack on Earth... too bad for you he was a *fake*. I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THE CONSPIRACY IS A FAKE TOO, EH?? And SLACK??

If "Bob" is dead, then why the hell are *you* alive?

If "Bob" is dead... does that mean that The Bullet is the One True God? That King Slug reigns supreme??

NAY!! NAY, I ANSWER, NAY!!

Whether or not "Bob" was actually killed, whether it was by the hand of one lone nut or a million SubJudases, DOES NOT MATTER. Because, whether you kill him or NOT, "BOB" just plain *IS*. He is "the Isness of the Business," in the most literal sense.

Yes, "BOB" BE COMING!! — for "Bob" has *always* been, perpetually, *coming*, even in death. "BOB" IS A SEX GOD, and no matter what other so-called "churches" tell you, this is no clockwork reality, but a universe powered by cosmic sexual tension — A SQUIRTING & OOZING UNIVERSE!!

So, then, when "Bob" comes with his transformed new Seed-Word, America had best be standing by to GULP IT DOWN LEST HE BE DISPLEASED; for he hath suffered a head wound and lived; his powers shall be multiplied an thousandfold; he will be enabled to easily escape hordes of invisible attack-demons while simultaneously watching over all SubGeniuses, individually, from afar, *while winning at Pac-Man at the same time!!* Already, "Bob" is exercising authority over the demon; living SubGenii the world over report their Luck Planes skyrocketing: album deals, astonishing raises, long-overdue divorces achieved, True Loves found... *it is a harbinger of the Twilight of The Conspiracy!!*

And when "Bob" hath come, he shall be sorely PEED. PEED!! For there are MANY AMONG YE who hath FALLEN FROM GRACE, drifted FAR from the e'er-meandering Path o' "Bob," who have been *given over* to Conspiracy lifestyles ... "going to the Pinks" because you *thought* he wasn't LOOKING anymore! Oh, "Bob's" been keeping *tabs* on you, alright. "Bob" *knows*. And



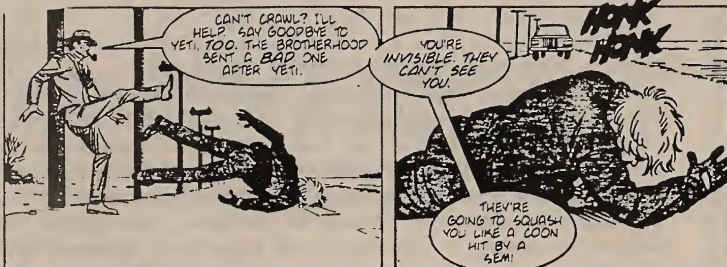
But there's something you can do. You can *GET RIGHT WITH "BOB!"* You can *keep* that abnormality AFLAME and HANG ONTO THAT SLACK! Bulldog it tenaciously! — for Slack is what the Conspiracy WANTS, it's what the Conspiracy TAKES, but, just because it IS the Conspiracy, and probably doesn't even know what Slack *is*, it can *never* get enough! *The Conspiracy can never get enough Slack* — but that ignorance won't stop it from taking YOURS, bit by bit, piece by piece, until suddenly you wake up and think, "*Hey, wait! Here I am up to my neck in false goods, false drugs, false money, false SEX — but... WHERE'S "BOB"? WHERE'S "BOB"?*" Life on Earth will truly be Hell, for you will no longer have "Bob" in your life.

These harsh statements may not go down well on the polished sensibilities of the rationalist, the modernist; but “Bob’s” trying to get you to *invest wisely* in THE GREATEST COMMODITY — the potentially most *profitable* aspect of your entire being: the ETERNAL SOUL GLAND in your foot that is powered by ALL NATURE! *That’s what this is all about...* it isn’t POLITICS, it isn’t NEW WAVE ART SHIT, it isn’t POP PSYCHOLOGY CRAP; what “Bob’s” talking about is the ETERNAL “SLACK-FORCE” OF THE SUBGENII OF THIS PLANET, and it is WORTH MORE than everything *else on* the planet! “Bob” Dobbs is here to “broker” the transactions over *your soul* which *will* occur when the Elder Gods begin to hunger for even *more...* to see that you do not sell it for *LESS THAN MARKET VALUE* just because you are IGNORANT OF WHAT IT AND YOU ARE WORTH!! To see that you don’t let it GO TOO CHEAP — because HE knows where you can redeem it LATER at a MUCH, MUCH HIGHER PRICE. YE SHALL BE REWARDED AND HAVE SLACK IF YOU BUT HEED IN DISCERNMENT THE MIGHTY WORD OF “BOR.”

Praise "Bob"; Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise
"Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob" Praise "Bob"

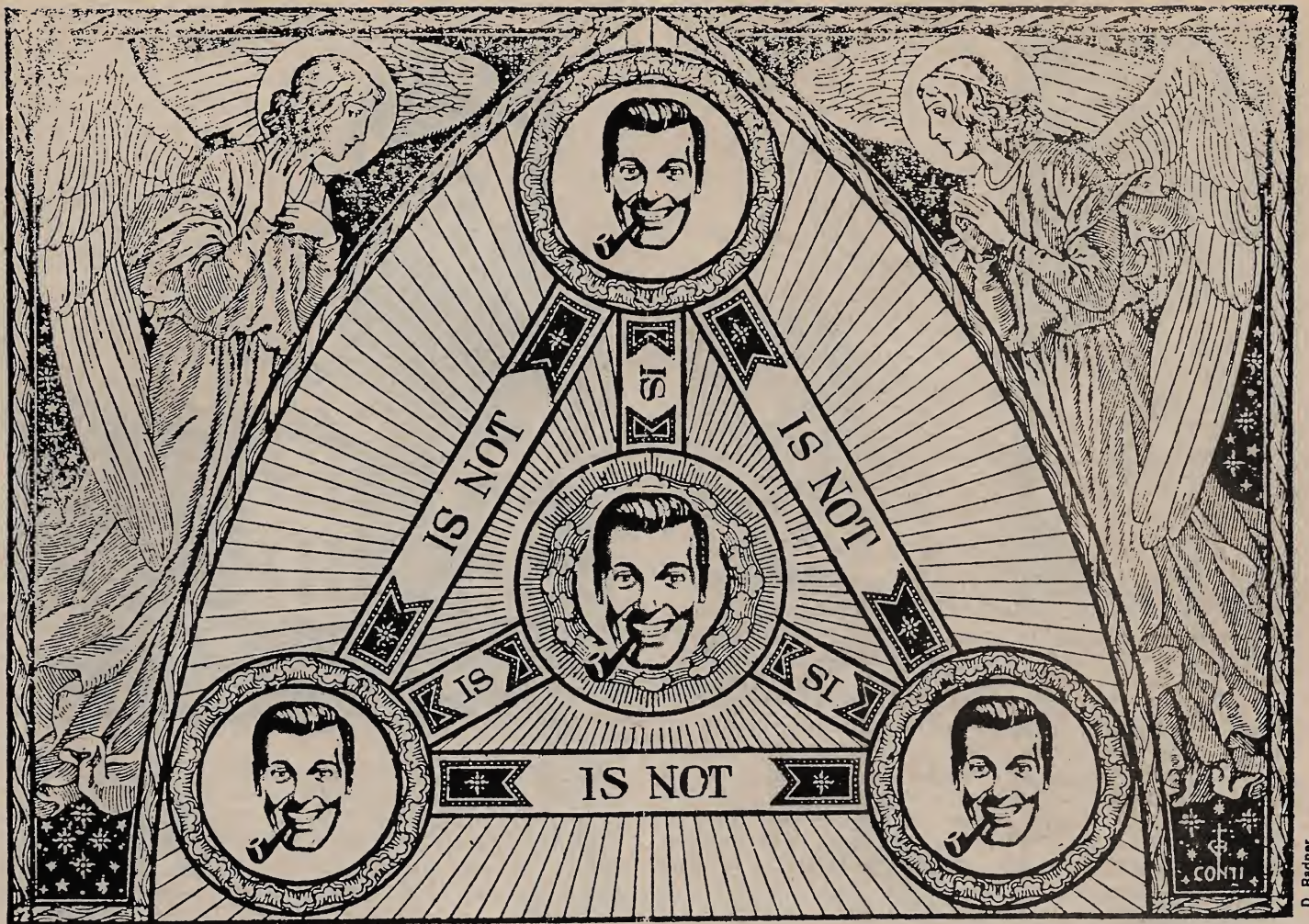
YOUR SOUL will be *LAID BARE* to the JUDGING EYE of the *REAL FIST* THAT'S HOVERING OVER YOU RIGHT NOW; when descends that Angelic Host, the Xists, in terror and glory, you'll be *NAKED* to *WOTAN* — and HE'LL KNOW whether you believed in “Bob” Dobbs or not! Because your *belief* in “Bob” — or your *LACK* of belief — will be *ALL YOU HAVE LEFT*. You'll be *QUAKING IN YOUR BOOTS, PISSING IN YOUR PANTS*, with a skyful of flying saucers overhead and the Tribulations of the End Times erupting all around you, and you'll know *THEN* whether you ever *believed* in “Bob” or not. You'll *PRAY* for a *CAR WRECK*, but there will be *NO CARS*; you'll *BEG* to *DIE* but there will be *NO DEATH*.

GOOD FUCKIN' LUCK.



Norman Conquest





Can you not feel the unceasing, crystalline LOGIC that pulsates within these printed words?? To some, it may be terrifying; to see the *Truth within themselves* frightens them; they can almost see it as a visible force pressing outwards from the body, straining to escape. Yes, it *blinds* some, to see the sheer POWER of total, complete, irrefutable *logic*, unimpaired in any way by Conspiracy taint or Pinkish programming... just the simple *Truth* of the mathematically *perfect* yet organically random permutations of the Superior Rational which shines on us all through "Bob." Some it scorches; some it feeds. **THIS WE KNOW LOGICALLY;** by *definition*, it *cannot* be argued. We have discovered, through a complex series of experiments, various *formulae* which PROVE that IF "BOB" EXISTS, THEN NOTHING WE SAY CAN BE UNTRUE. Our faith is unshakeable; it is as a whirlpool, a maelstrom which sucks in all evidence to its own contrary and spits it out cleansed, reshaped into PROOF — not vague scientific guesswork by earth-primitives, but THE PRECISE CODE SEQUENCE THAT TRIGGERS IN THE RECIPIENT THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT "IT" "IS."

This may be *unacceptable* to some less *flexible* minds, those immune to the imagination virus; the antibodies of would-be "rational thought" may try to *consume* these revealed truths, but, *logically*, because of the context in which we are speaking, there is *no such thing as rational thought*. We believe this *logically*... without remorse. There is no rationality; there is only pure emotion, pure superstition, pure *suggestibility* on the part of the human dogs. But "Bob" wants this. He wants this to *continue*. He wants JEVOVAH-1, THE GREAT MUTATOR, to *know* we know He's *there* so that we are not SMITED FOR OUR PRIDE. He wishes the tape of the universe to forever roll in the *NATURAL* way, not "edited" by evil TIME GODS.

And he shall do it. "Bob" ... shall save our souls.

Yes, Of Course This Sounds Insane To You.

Logically, then, we know that "Bob" *cannot* be what we call "dead." His body *may* be rotting, and his soul *may* be running loose in Hell, but he *must still exist* or we wouldn't even *be* here. Think about it — if he was who he *said* he was, **FOR ALL WE KNOW, "BOB" DOBBS MAY ALREADY BE WORLD OVERLORD!!**

You see, "Bob" is like ONE BRAIN CELL, but he's the very one that **MUST NOT BE DESTROYED**. If "Bob's" life force were to disintegrate, it would mean the end of the *memory* of the human race. For "Bob" is a great "RECORDER"; his genes can be "played back" by aliens to reconstruct our entire world — to recreate history on a physical level.

The world of the past can come again through "Bob's" Sperm!!

The **THIRD COMING** is **COMING**, and this Church will explode outward with the Love of "Bob" and the Love of True Slack; eventually this great One World Religion will *burn away* the **HATE**, *burn away* the radiation, *burn away* the **FIRE**, while shining the True Scathing Logic and Love of "Bob's" Vengeance on an unrepentant world. A few innocents *may* get caught in the crossfire, yes; but is it not "Bob's" Will to move *randomly*, to bequeath his mighty **JUDGEMENT** to friend and foe *alike*? Answer *EyiyiyeYEA!* He is **ABOVE** pathetic human considerations of "justice." The future will bring a New Way: "Bob's" New Way, a Better World for the Mutants!

Friends, even though D. Woodman Atwell *may* have killed "Bob" for your sins, "Bob" **DID NOT DIE FOR YOUR SINS** — because he's **NOT** the **MESSIAH!** "Bob" doesn't give the *least shit* about yours sins. For "Bob" came, and comes, *and comes*, to **JUSTIFY** your sins — to **RATIONALIZE** your sins!

NOTE: IT IS STILL RECOMMENDED THAT ALL SUBGENII REPENT ON THEIR DEATHBEDS, JUST IN CASE.

Your salesman's
dealers or his
competition...

can't sneeze

without his
knowing it!



HIS BLOODY RETURN IN TRIUMPH could happen at any minute! And some of you sinners there had best start planning to *shit your britches in lip-gnawing fear*, because **THIS** time, "Bob" comes to **JUDGE**. When his mighty Seed again arises, Earth will **SWALLOW WHATEVER HE'S GOT FOR IT!!** "BOB" will reappear on Earth *fresh from the flames of Hell*, it **SAYS** so right there in *Prescriptures 6:14*, and you and **YOU** and **YOU** will have to **stand accountable** for what you have and haven't done! "Bob" said we **HAD** to **PARTY**. Well, **DID YOU PARTY??** "Bob" said not to defecate on Saturdays. **DID YOU DEFECATE ON SATURDAYS??** Did you "go to the Pinks;" thinking he wasn't **LOOKING??** Oh, Mr. Dobbs has been looking, all right — *looking and booking*. He sees all, knows all... his **HIDEOUS INCARCERATION IN HADES** has served only to **INCREASE** his **SUPERNATURAL POWERS!!!**

Was the Devil able to **KILL** "Bob"? Oh, maybe he **BLISTERED** his **SOUL** with nightmare visions of **ENDLESS ANTISLACK**, but "Bob" Dobbs kept **ELUDING THEM** long enough to speak to his Children — and he *hath spoken* through the weather, through late-night TV, through computers, through the enstupification of 'Frop... and **HIS WILL hath been made known**.

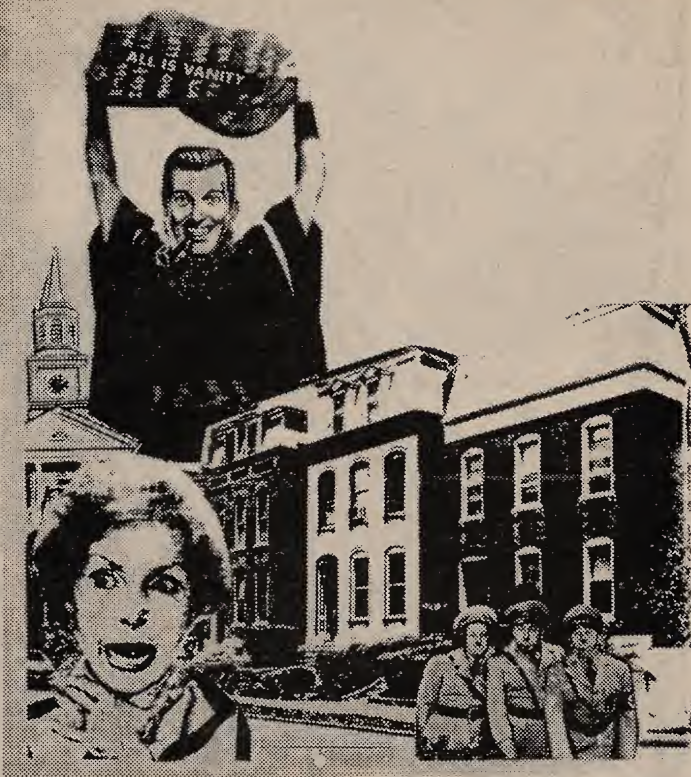
You'd better hope your Slack hasn't been **FALSE** Slack, Mr. *Pink Boy*, for the Love of "Bob" can **KILL NORMALS** — unless, that is, you are *parted with that which has enslaved you*. That's right, we're talking to **YOU** — **YOU THERE**, Mr. "Gimme-Bob," Mr. "Halfway SubGenius," Mr. "**MONEYBAGS**"!!

When **PINK BOYS** finally discover "Bob," it's either **TRUTH** or **DEATH**; "Bob" has a **WHITE-HOT BURNING STEEL STAFF** that's **RIPE** to **FUCK YA** if you *ever once* denied His **SWEET NAME**. He bears the **SCALDING POWER** of **JEHOVAH-1's DEATH-DEALING MERCY**, he has the **Mojo Bag**, he carries the **Seven-Bladed Wind-Breaker**, and he's *hot on the trail* of The **Twins** with the **Scissors of Sight!!!** That's right, the **TWINS!!** You always **WONDERED** about *them*, **DIDN'T YOU**, Mr. "**BOBBIE??**" Well, that's for "**BOB**" TO **KNOW** and *you* TO **FIND OUT, ASSHOLE!!!**



84

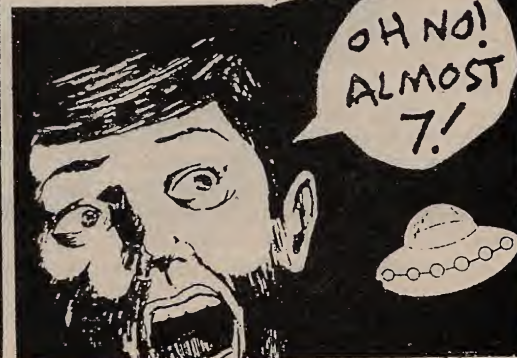
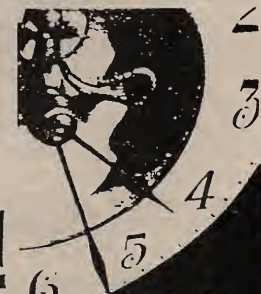
Impact Action



AAIIIEEE... the terrible spittin' **VENGEANCE** of "**BOB'S**" **MIGHTY STAFF** shall **SCOUR CLEAN** this planet in the **ALL-PERVADING RADIOACTIVE PSTENCH** of his **BOUNDLESS SUPERNATURAL LOVE!!!** **WAKE UP!** Open your heart, drop your pants, close your mind and **BEND OVER**, because he'll be kicking asses and taking names, dear brothers and sisters.

**IT'S
LATER
THAN
YOU
THINK!**

JULY 5,
1998

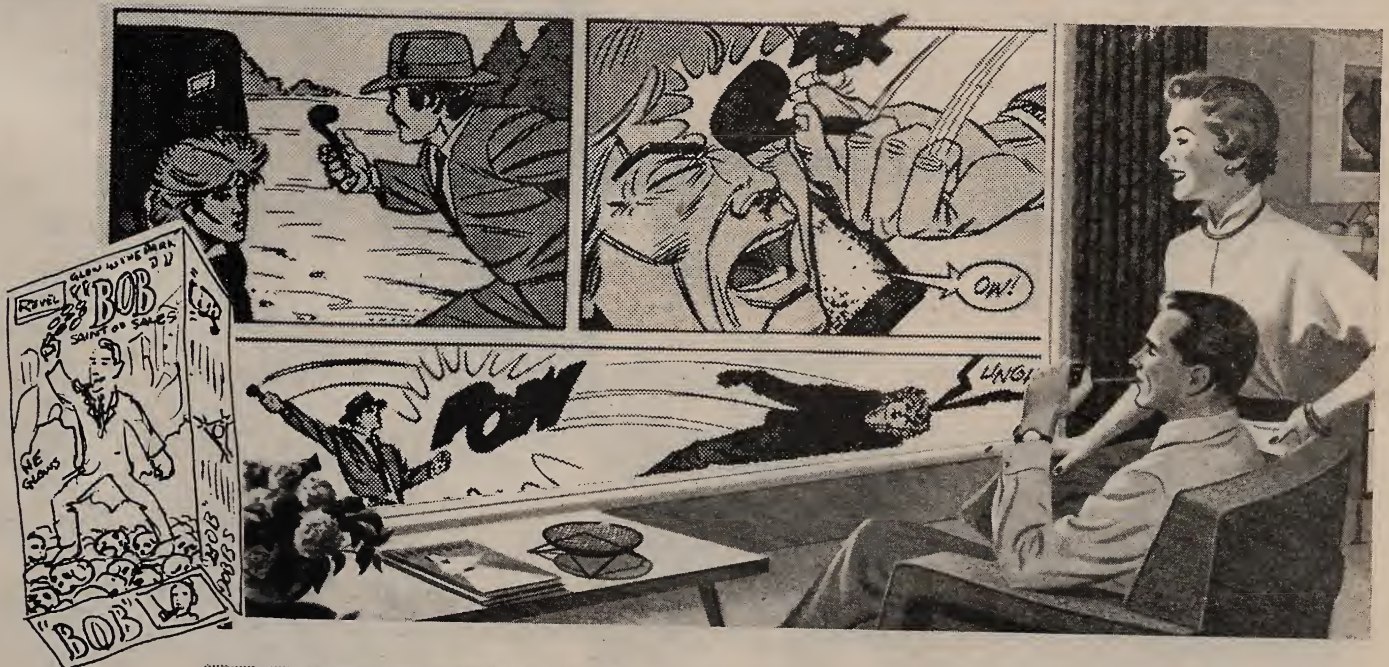


HEADLINES

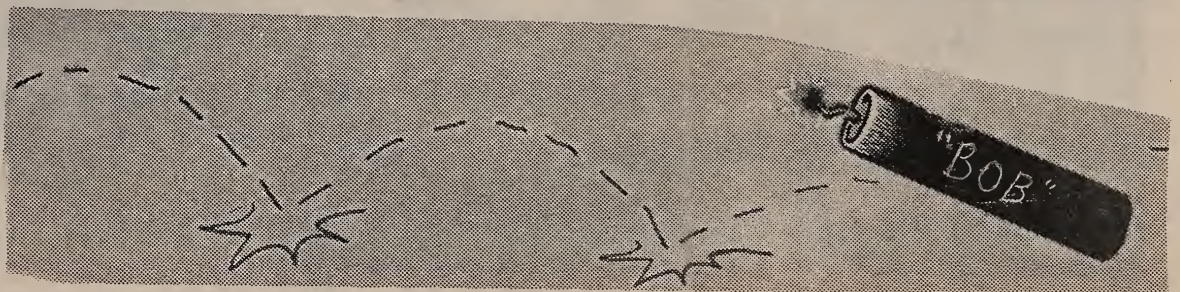


But ye **TRUE SUBGENII**, sons and daughters of the magnificent Yeti, **FUTURE OWNERS** of the **HOLLOW EARTH** — ye who hath **CLEAVED UNTO "BOB"** and hath martyred yourselves **ONLY ACCIDENTALLY** in his Service, ye who **BESPEAK** the **WORD** and urinate *freely*, in *good faith*: **YE SHALL BE MADE AS OVERMEN** and **UBERFEMMES**, and shall **RIDE SKYWARD** on the Saucers of the **COSMIC SEX 'FROP-BEINGS** to achieve **HIGHEST SLACK-DOM** in the **NEW DOBBSTOWN**, **YEA**, ye who *peed not shyly*, and let **Slack** flow down your leg in **Abundance**, shall be **REDEEMED** The **Squirts** That Were Stolen; for *the living* that *the world owes ye* **SHALL BE THINE**. O YE **HIGH UNPREDICTABLES**, through whom "**Bob**" speaks and drives and sexes, **TIME CONTROL** SHALL BE THINE!! Ye shall be **RICH** beyond your **WILDEST DREAMS** — rich *not* in *spiritual* gold alone, **NAY**, but also in **REAL MONEY**, *without working!* "**Something**" will continuously apport from "**Nothing**;" and the **Tribulation Dollars** shall fall from the sky on that day when "*The Clouds Become As Pipes And Hover Near.*" We shall all **CROSS** that **River Jordan** and scale the **Banks** of the **Promised Land** of **LIMITLESS SLACK**, **LIMITLESS SEXHURT**, and **LIMITLESS PILES OF YOUR FAVORITE COMICS, LOVE PARTNERS, ALBUMS and PILS!!!!** Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Dick**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**" Praise "**Bob**"!!!!

Those **End Times** are coming up, alright — make no mistake about that. There shall be volcanoes and earthquakes in the middle of the suburbs; the earth shall tilt on its axis; men will gnash their brains and think backwards; dead Christians will rise from their graves rotting and shambling and lusting for the flesh of the living, like vampires with rabies... but **THROUGH** it all, and **PROFITING** from it all, will be that *one mighty link* between **HEAVEN** and **EARTH**, that "**BOB**"! Oh, the miracle of the "**Bob**"World is *unfolding!* We'll be *wading up to our knees* in blood, but it'll be the blood of the *baptism* of the **MIGHTY FIST-FACE OF "BOB"** — that **FACE** that can pile through 8-foot-thick **Titanium steel Fort Knox doors** with His mighty **PIPE!**



LIES



In the long run, though we may be broke or drunk or neurotic, though we may have to fight the Conspiracy at every turn, **WE'VE GOT "BOB" and THEY DON'T!!** And for *that*, we can **HATE** them. **HATE** them. **HATE** them!! (You must *never* let the Hate overpower the Slack; Slack comes first; but *then* you can **HATE!!** You can **BURN!!** You can **ANNIHILATE!!**!) That **HATE... is our Power.** Oh, the Pink Boy has plenty of *diddly-shit* hate: "I *hate* President Reagan! I *hate* my job! I *hate* myself!!" That's the **SICK** hate. Ours is the **ALL-INCLUSIVE** kind of hate, the *Hate Essence... the LOVE of the Hate* which grants us the excuse to **act!**

So you must **KEEP** the Love/Hate **BURNING — BURNING** in your heart and, yes, in your **checkbook.** For look what it **GIVES** you: an **EXCUSE!!** A **PERFECT EXCUSE** for **EVERYTHING!** An **EXCUSE** to finally **REPENT, QUIT YOUR JOB, and SLACK OFF!!** And, sooner or later, you'll realize that you always **HAD** the Excuse, **ALL ALONG!!** You didn't *need* "Bob" — yet, *all along, he was showing you the way without your ever knowing it!*

"BOB" IS THE GUN... but YOU ARE THE BULLET.

Aku Hazard's disciple, questioned, "What is the essence of Sub-Genius?" To which the Wizenod Master replied:

"It is, my son, the seeking of the answer to these three questions:

If I am not for myself, who will I be?

— But if I am for myself alone, what then am I?

— And if not now, when?

My son, the rest is Study; now **FUCK OFF."**

You don't have to *look* for "Bob"; just *look out* for the **OTHER GUYS.** Don't trust *anybody* who "follows" "Bob." **TRUST "BOB"** — and **"BOB"** will follow.

Yes, **"BOB"!! BE BACK ANY MINUTE— AND MAYBE THIS TIME YOU'LL KNOW WHO HE IS.**

Pick up where "Bob" left off! Strip off that habit-suit! You've paid to know what you really think — now THINK, GOD DAMN IT!!

Help bring life to the image of the best.

Praise "BOB", or die trying not to...

In the Love of Our Thrice-Slain Epopt, the **"Bob"**
YOUR PAL

KING STANG

ULTIMATE BITCH-FUCKING STUD, GROUPIE-ATTRACTOR AND MYSTIC PSYCHIC POWER MONGER, THE VERY LEFT BRAIN OF DOBBS, THE CHOSEN BRINGER OF TERROR AND LAWSUITS, OWNER OF THE TRADEMARK OF GOD ON EARTH, SLAYER OF WOULD-BE SCRIBESHIP USURPERS, SUBJECTOR OF ALL "BOBBIES," DECIDER OF DEGREES OF FAME OF SUBGENIUS MORTALS, SECOND-CHOSEN OF THE FISHERS OF WALLETS, BIGGEST-DICKED and SEXIEST-VOICED ENTRAPPER OF RADIO GROUPIES, SUBDUER OF HECKLERS, BUTT-SPLITTER OF MOONIES, EXPLOITER OF COMEDIC IDIOT-SAVANTS, MASTER OF THE SARDONIC OVER THE "CUTE," VIOLATOR OF POSTAL PRIVACY, ARBITRATOR OF HIPNESS, DOWN-PUTTER OF TALK-SHOW HOSTS IN HIS MIGHTY GLIBNESS, SON OF THE KING OF BULLSHITTERS, HE WHO HATH BEEN COPIED BY DAVID BYRNE and GARRISON KEELER, PAYER OF ROYALTY CHECKS TO TIGHT RUNNING BUDDIES, CONTRACT-SIGNER OF ALL PAYING SUBGENIUS PROJECTS PRESIDENT OF THE CORPORATION OF ALL DOBBS P.R., 48% OWNER OF THE JANOR TONGUE, FIRST INTERPRETER OF DOGMA, ENRAGER OF PINKS AND LESSER SUBS ALIKE, LIVING EMBODIMENT OF HATE-SLACK UNDER DOBBS, KEEPER OF THE ORIGINAL DOBBS IMAGE, CARROT-DANGLER OF LONG-PROMISED MAGAZINES, and — EH EH EH — "RETURNER OF COMPLIMENTS" —!

BE READY.



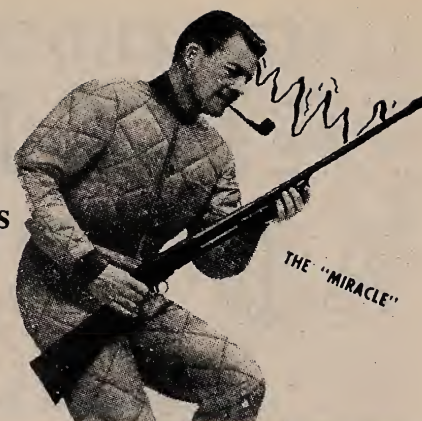
Mickey Malice



I'm Coming, Too, "Bob"

A Farce in Three Unnatural Acts

by
G. Gordon Gordon



Scene 1:

(We open in a stone-walled Viennese cellar. The room is dark. A kerosene lantern at one damp end illuminates only a cheap lath chair & table. There is a figure in dark, shapeless clothing seated at the table; he is perched on the edge of his chair, cigarette hanging unlit from the corner of his mouth. He is cradling a long-barreled "broomhandle" Mauser machine pistol equipped with a 50 round "snail drum" magazine. He is unshaven but serene.)

Gordon: *Alone, the sole survivor of a good team. Here in a last ditch hole, like the familiar rat in a trap. (He looks up at the sound of distant hammering.) Now it begins. The representatives of the newly arrived brotherhood of harmony. Yes, here to bring us The Word.*

(There is a loud crash overhead as the door caves in and heavy boots rumble back and forth. Gordon gets up and takes the lantern over to the stairway, where he hangs it high.)

Gordon: *You hear it now, loud and clear. (He goes back to the far end, where we can vaguely make out his form) The tyrant's boot, the same damned thump that dragged the Jews off to Buchenwald and the sons of Mother Russia to the Gulag. They are the footsteps of fear, the sounds that roused millions from their weary rest, thence to march off to some utilitarian end. (More thumps, clumps, and crashes as the stormtroopers upstairs trash the building) And even when the blood clots the gutters there's always those few who say, "Go peacefully." (Laughs like a cold, homicidal machine.) Look, all I've got is what lives behind my eyes...that intangible that's me, no matter what. I'm better than those thugs up there, but I can't tell you what to do... (We hear him cock the machine pistol as the upper cellar door begins to boom with the blows) ...all we have is what we are, and perhaps what we can borrow and steal, so... (He moves behind the table as the door splinters and crashes open, and feet come down the stairs) Make you ready! I'll pin the bastards where they stand! And never, never go like a bloody dumb animal! (The last is a scream, and on the final word he begins shooting at the figures on the stairway. His first two bursts bring a half dozen collapsing down the stairs and dying.) Fish in a fuckin' barrel, come on down you smarmy bastards, and see what the Doktor has for you!*

(There is an incredible exchange of automatic weapons fire, slugs howling everywhere, ripples of muzzleflashes, but suddenly there's a cessation from Gordon's end of the cellar. The stormtroopers move slowly down the stairs. Their officer takes the miraculously unbroken lantern from the hook and holds it up high. We can see a dark shape, huddled on the floor in a big lump against the back wall. One of the soldiers fires a short burst into the shape... it doesn't move. They lower their guns a little and inch slowly forward, all six survivors.)

There is a sudden scream of joy as off in the darkest corner the Mauser lets loose and cuts every last one of them down in a fuselade that lasts at least twenty seconds -- obviously a full drum. At last, there is silence and darkness. Then a figure moves forward to the front of the stage... boots, baggy shapeless slacks, and a sweater covered by a derelict's gaping ankle-length overcoat. Gordon comes to the very edge of the stage and laughs at the audience.)

Gordon (punctuating everything with waves of the machine pistol): *So, you thought it was all over... just another hopeless gesture, hey? You see? You were suckered, too. You thought that because there were more of them and they had more guns, it was curtains for The Kid. Oh, grow up, goddamnit! It's a participatory universe, you can't just sit back and let them kill you -- you have to pick a side, choose a role. So the next time They come at you, just shoot the bastards, like I did. Helluva lot more fun than dying... (lights the unlit cigarette)*

Blackout

HAVE YOU
GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?

FIND OUT
FREE!

MR. ZED'S INCREDIBLE ANTISLEEP ADVENTURE

©1986 by Dr. Christopher Gross



As "Yodelin' 'Bob'" Dobbs mounted his horse, Dobbin, and rode off tunelessly into the sunset (which happened to be occurring in the center of Salinas, causing considerable consternation among its townspeople), a tall man dressed in black made his way with difficulty across the warped boards of the porch of the saloon. He stopped before a grinning, grizzled, wheezing geezer who was sitting on a stool and whittling chunks out of his wrist with a machete.

"Scuse me," said the tall man, "but who was that fella who just rode off into the sunset?" The old man shifted his quid of tobacco and spat into a cuspidor in the hotel across the street.

"Yep," he cackled, "that was 'Yodelin' 'Bob'", the King of the West!" "Bob" yodeled in agreement from behind a distant mesa, and all the wild animals not buried in the sand for protection suddenly felt the pangs of Cupid's arrow and scrambled off across the alkali, willing to follow that man "Bob" to the ends of the Earth if need be. The stranger wobbled in confusion.

"Why did you say 'Yep'?" he mused. "It wasn't a yes-or-no question." But the old man made no reply, because he had moved in with his sister's family in Ohio five years earlier. The tall man, who was known as Mr. Zed to those who did not know him, turned on his heel and fell down. But such was the power of Fate that he soon found himself inside at the bar.

"I want *service!*" bellowed Mr. Zed, pounding all his fists on the bar simultaneously. The bartender obliged and served him faithfully for five years, at the end of which time he backed into a crowbar and decided that he was the Italian population of Boston, Massachusetts. He persisted so strenuously in this delusion that he eventually had to be shot, less for his own good than for the peace of mind of the neighborhood. However, this is neither here nor there, which cuts down the options a little if you want to figure out where "this" really is. Mr. Zed downed mug after mug of Dr. Death's Alcoholic Emphysema (with Chocolate Nuggets for that Added Zip). Finally, he poked his head out of his left boot and said "Quack." The bartender held out a strange bottle in front of the object that was once Mr. Zed and waggled it invitingly.

"I think you're just about ready for a snort of this," he chuckled. If Mr. Zed had been in any condition to focus more than one eye at a time, he would have noticed that the bottle bore a crude label that read "Dr. Dobbs' Liquid 'Frop'."

"Gimme," moaned Mr. Zed, and inhaled the contents of the bottle.

The immediate reaction was a slight feeling of discomfort in the eyeballs, as if they had each been injected with a quart of salad oil. Mr. Zed then discovered that he could recite the Gettysburg Address backwards in twenty seconds, but he was too busy juggling tables to pay much attention to what his mouth was doing. Gradually he resolved to track down this man Dobbs and find out what was going on...

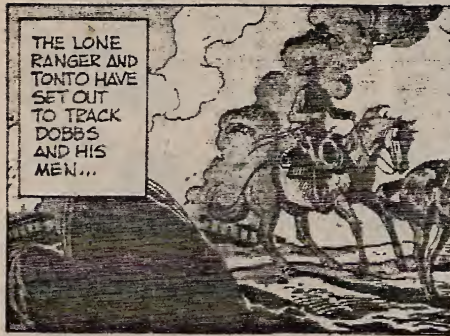
Several days later, Mr. Zed showed up in Santa Fe with a life-threateningly beautiful girl of vaguely Mexican origin. He had been through a great deal in the past few days, and many detected the tell-tale signs of trauma or worse in the fact that he now grinned constantly and gripped an empty pipe between his teeth. So did the girl. The couple had, in fact, recently survived the short but obscene and violent rites of initiation into the Mystic Order of Ramon y Consuela Sanchez, one of the lower Paths on the way to "Bob." Having graduated from the Mystic Order

(surreptitiously destroying the evidence), they were now prepared for the next step of their unending initiation.

Mr. Zed stood in the middle of the town square and yelled "KILL ME!!" Four nearby ranch hands attempted to oblige, but they had drunk too much of Dr. Tibia's Toothache Polish and found themselves capable merely of falling over.

"Quack," they said as they hit the ground. This was a stranger phenomenon than a mere reading of the word on paper would imply, because the four ranch hands happened to be audio quadruplets: unrelated by birth, they were born with identical sets

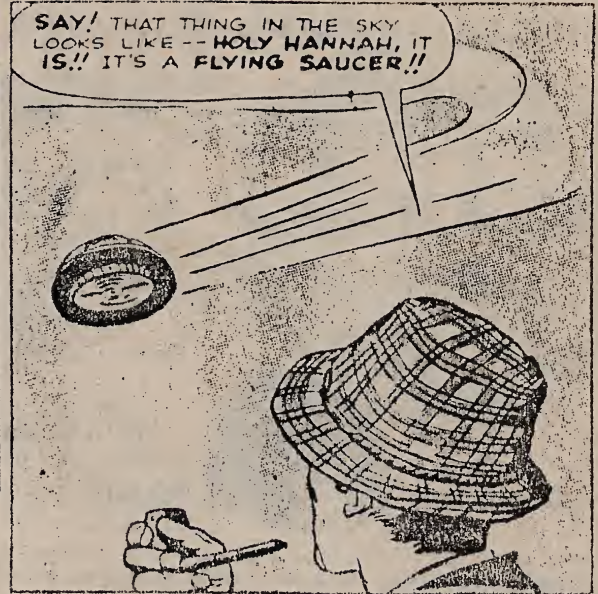




THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO HAVE SET OUT TO TRACK DOBBS AND HIS MEN...



30 and lost 8 days on Killer Mountain.



of vocal cords. The fact that they said "Quack" slightly out of synchronization with each other caused an odd, unrepeatable phase-shift effect which was audible from only two points within the borders of Santa Fe. These two points were currently occupied, purely by chance, by Mr. Zed and the Mexican girl. The weird noise resulting from the interaction of the four "Quacks" caused a noticeable increase in intelligence not unmixed with nausea. The pair were overwhelmed with joy until they realized that their increased intelligence consisted solely of the knowledge that they had become more intelligent. Big deal. They cursed in stereo and left town that evening.

Several days later they were halfway across the Mojave Desert. They had originally planned to return to the town in which Mr. Zed could have met Dobbs had he been a little faster, but it had been stolen the night before by Carribean buccaneers. They had set out toward the mesa behind which "Bob" had ridden, but there was a sudden shift in the wind and they soon found themselves at their present location. The Mexican girl (who was named Lotte) suggested that they camp there for the night and get some rest. Mr. Zed agreed, but they got very little rest because of a slight party that broke out when they found a case of Dr. Excema's *Gripemonger-in-a-Bottle* half-buried under Snake Mountain. Four months later, they woke up and threw themselves upon the mercy of their Creator. After two more months of recuperation and physical therapy, they began to sift through the wreckage for any of their possessions that might have remained intact. Mr. Zed found a pair of BVD cotton briefs.

"They're not mine," he said. "I wear Fruit-of-the-Loom. Where are mine, anyway?"

"Let me see them," said Lotte.

"Why — are they yours?"

"No," she said. "Maybe there's a name tag inside."

"There aren't any summer camps around here," said Mr. Zed dubiously. But Lotte had found the tag. Her face went pale, and she handed the briefs to him. The tag read: J.R. DOBBS.

Three days later they decided that they had been riding in circles; they kept passing the same cactus every ninety seconds. Mr. Zed pointed this out to Lotte.

"It's not the same cactus," she replied. "See that little number there?" She pointed to a spot near the center of the main trunk of the cactus. Mr. Zed looked, and there saw the number 140306 printed out on a digital display.

"You know," said Lotte, "I think that may be the same cactus after all. The last one we passed said 140305, so I thought this was the next one in the series... but now I think it's just one with a lap counter on it!"

"But why? Who ever heard of a digital cactus in the first place?"

"You've got me there..." But Mr. Zed's point was well taken, and the digital cactus, being silly, faded out of existence.

"Oh," said Lotte.

They rode until they reached the edge of the desert and went straight into a rain forest. But it turned out to be another mirage, which caused the couple to invoke the Savior.

"Hey," said Lotte, "maybe this *desert* is a mirage!" And so it was. But the case of Dr. Excema's *Gripemonger-in-a-Bottle* had been real, and they had wasted six months wandering around Snake Mountain. Dobbs' trail had grown cold, as had his briefs (finally), and maybe "Bob" himself had grown cold if he hadn't found another pair. But such speculations were fruitless in the absence of any clues as to his location and activities. Mr. Zed and Lotte pitched camp outside Brewer's Gulch and discussed their plight over a bottle of Dr. Umlaut's *Übermeister-genossenschaftsbrau in the big red bottle!* (Adv.)

"I don't know," muttered Mr. Zed. "I'm starting to think we're wasting our time."

"And our money," added Lotte. "We paid a lot for that initiation."

"Please don't mention that initiation for another couple hundred years, okay?"

"I thought it was going to be fun."

"So did I. Well, it was... sort of."

"At first."

"Let's go back there and kill them."

And they went on like that for several hours, at the end of which time the people of Brewer's Gulch must have thought that Tarzan and Jane were running around in the sagebrush from all that hootin' and hollerin'...

But it wasn't anyone involved in this story (except for this one mention); just some spillover from last month's Book of the Month Club selection. Mr. Zed and Lotte had conked out on a comfortable rock, which rocked back and forth in the light breeze. As day broke, the rock stopped rocking and began bed-of-nailing, and its occupants woke up. Mr. Zed looked around and yelled "Our horses are gone!"

Lotte turned over drowsily. "We don't have any horses..."

"We don't? Then what have we been riding on?" Lotte's eyes widened. Suddenly she noticed a small object lying a short distance away.

"What's that?" she asked. She got up and walked over to the object.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Zed.

Lotte held it up. It was a pipe cleaner.

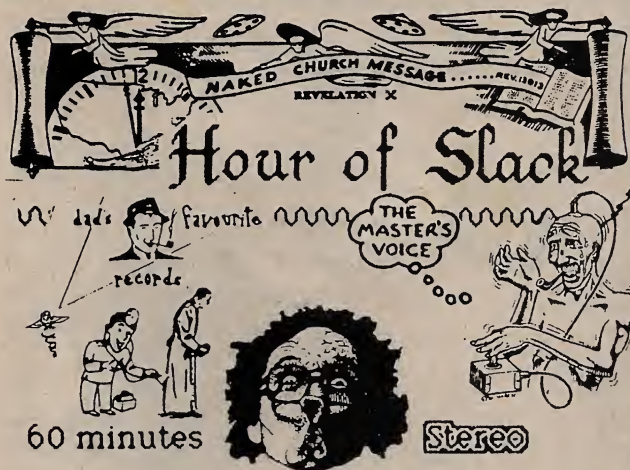
The discovery of what was apparently one of "Bob's" pipe cleaners had deep ramifications. The fact that for the past six months they had been riding piggyback on the very man they had been looking for brought up an important philosophical point. Being out in the West, they had naturally assumed they had been riding on a pair of horses. And yet it was only "Bob"... But why didn't he say anything? Maybe "Bob," not being used to having people climb onto his back, had simply not noticed them. Maybe he *liked* it...

END...

FER NOW, LI'L PARNERS

200 New MEDIA BARRAGE TAPES!

Subgenius Radio Ministry



People keep asking us when there're going to be some new Media Barrage cassettes.

There's been one a week since 1985: the hydra-headed juggernaut, **THE HOUR OF SLACK** on KNON (89.3 FM) in Dallas, Texas, 9-10 pm Sundays (see below for other stations, times). It's ultimate compendium of ALL SubGenius audio, benefiting from the constant influx of new material, punctuated by older Media Barrage stuff, and interrupted by my own rants... *Imagine* having such a soapbox, by which to abuse the Name and Excuse of Dobbs as if it were a veritable scimitar of humiliation, a deadly weapon against all foes!

We've produced upwards of 200 shows (as of March, '89), all available on cassette tape. Perhaps the very *weirdest* aspect of the show is that it's been the **NUMBER ONE FUND RAISER** for this noble little independent station for almost a year straight! "BOB" KNOWS WHY... It is without question the strangest, most demanding (for listeners), and, in ALL MODESTY of course, the BEST hour on radio in the entire Southwest.

HOUR OF SLACK RECIPE: Chop up bulldada radio/TV preachers, mix well with monster movie soundtracks; pulverize the G'Broagfran-Puzzling Evidence-Dr. Hal-Moebius Rex "More Than An Hour, Less Than a Show" show until tender; peel the crap from shorter-lived SubGenius shows and extract rants. Mix with astounding rarely-heard music and garnish well with old Media Barrage tapes, revival rants, and Byron Werner audio collages. Toss in previously unreleased music by Drs for "Bob", Swinging Love Corpses, DEVO, Iron Liver, Captain Beefheart, etc. Remove the viscera and Bobsongs from several dozen other musicians. Roll in Fropp dust while stirring in squeezings from countless unsung brilliant crazies. Force Stang to write and preach 1 original rant per show; cook "on high" at Microwavecclians 1:14-ecclesiastics. Force listeners to use headphones; serve *pissed*.

We are almost as vicious and intolerant as the Christians, in our own Slack-giving way, and eventually, if we work dilligently at it, we might surpass even THEM in *hypocrisy*. For that matter, we're pissing off anybody and everybody. It's our *duty* to mock those who've never been mocked before... all things normally considered cool and sacred. Enraging ultra-conservatives is too easy, so we've moved on to tougher targets in hopes of shocking them out of their deadly self-congratulatory stupors, or at least providing us with some cruel laughs. Every time a listener calls in and says we're "going too far," THAT'S the SURE SIGN that we're doing "BOB'S" WILL. We cannot cuss, but despite (or because of) the FCC ban on XXX language and *even rude innuendos*, we still manage to offend innocent new listeners each week. REVILED by old Christians, shallow "punks," New Age Republicans, serious folk singers, radical feminists, shrill leftists, rival show-hosts and white supremacists, this show is at least true to "Bob".

'WE DON'T WAIT FOR THE WOUNDED'

90



"In the past, Moese has dismissed his critics as partisan. 'Obviously I shouldn't step aside,' he said in an interview last month, 'because if honest public officials can be hounded out of office by partisan political attacks, by media barrages, then no one as a public official is safe.'"



via Enmons

SLACK 4 SALE, \$5 an hour

All the stereo tapes of this jam-packed, samurai-edited hour of untamed SLACK are available for **ONLY \$5 each**. \$5 for a whole HOUR of Slack! *Hell, you can have all 200 shows for only \$1,000!!* (A log listing the contents of ALL Hour of Slack shows is available for \$3 and SASE.)

You can specify various types of subject matter, since specific themes are autopsied quite often. "BOB", SEX, ANTI-FUNDAMENTALIST, and HATE of NORMALS are common themes; also UFOs, recent REVIVALS, Pledge Drives, DRUGS, the CON, (LIFE AFTER) DEATH, QUITTING SMOKING... COPS... VOMIT-ULTRASAUROS... etc. Special guests too. Janor Hypercleats? Puzzling Evidence? Philo and the Swinging Love Corpses? Sternodox? G. Gordon Gordon? Cleve Duncan? Michael Peppe? Robert Anton Wilson?* Tim Leary? Negativland? Or, just leave the choice for your first sample up to us. You might specify whether you're more interested in solid Stang ranting, Media Barrage, or a mixture of the two...

WHERE TO HEAR SUBGENIUS RADIO:

HOUR OF SLACK:

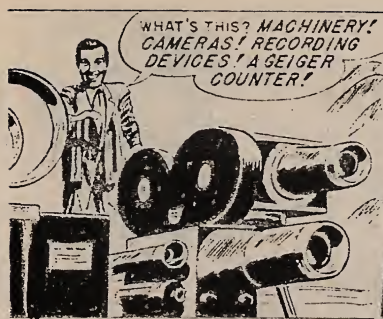
Sunday, 9:00 pm, KNON 89.3 FM, Dallas

- KZSU, Stanford, CA, 90.1 FM: Midnight Sundays (Reaches Bay area)
- KDHX, St. Louis, MO, 88.1 FM: 4:30 pm Sundays
- WMPG, Portland, 90.9 FM, 9:30 pm (Part 1) and 11:30 pm (Part 2) Fridays
- WFMU, E. Orange, NJ (reaches Brooklyn), 91.1 FM (Call for new times: 201-687-7743 or 201-6-PUS-PIE)
- WMUC, College Park, MD/Wash. D.C., 88.1 FM, 8 pm Tuesdays
- WZRD, Chicago, 88.3 FM, 9 pm Mondays

More Than An Hour, Less Than A Show: 4:30 am Saturdays, KPFA Berkeley; also excerpted on Hour of Slack



via Nanzl



Puzzling Evidence

"IT WAS WONDERFUL! FOR TWO HOURS THEY QUESTIONED ME! THEY MADE ADJUSTMENTS IN THE AUDIO AND VIDEO INSTRUMENTS, WITH MY DIRECTIONS, UNTIL THINGS SOUNDED AND LOOKED ALMOST NORMAL..."

... AND WITH *PRACTISE*, ROGER, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO *CONTROL* THE AMPLIFIER... SO THAT IT WILL UTTER SOUNDS COMPARABLE TO HUMAN *SPEECH!*



Anybody can air these tapes with our permission, as long as we are kept informed as to how they are used. But you'd better ASK GOOD, BOY. Use station stationery when requesting samples. Speaking of tapes, for about a year now we've been getting more than I can possibly listen to. We still DESIRE tape contributions, of course, but HAVE MERCY and put the important stuff right at the beginning! Don't send 90-minute letter tapes with one important request buried somewhere on side 2 — it'll NEVER get heard. Any important info or request should be written in a SHORT letter.

BATTLE IN OUTER AIRSPACE

It almost goes without saying that any station which hosts *Hour of Slack* is asking for trouble. KNON got it.

Normally, a radio license renewal from the FCC is practically automatic... unless, that is, someone richer and Pinker wants the frequency in question. KNON is a small independent station which gives much of its airtime to minorities and is, hands down, just about the *only* non-Conspiracy station in North Texas. It operates out of a converted old house with just enough equipment to broadcast, barely scraping by on donations from listeners. But its license was coveted by the Criswell Center for Bible Studies, a mammoth Baptist super-conglomerate which raises up to \$1.5 million in a single dinner — and which already owns THREE Christian stations in the Dallas area. The case came up before an FCC judge... and the judge ruled in favor of Criswell.

In the battle of David and Goliath, the government sided with Goliath.

The decision was appealed, but these loving Christians would stop at nothing to force KNON off the airwaves and get another slot on the dial for themselves. (Even Criswell's congregation was disgusted at this vulture-like attack on Dallas's only "Voice of the People".) Needless to say, we became accordingly insulting towards their 'religion', trying to hit back more viciously than even THOSE hate-experts. Never had SubGenius been so hard-core offensive to the pinks. We were telling Jesus to fuck us. We were shitting on the Virgin Mary's holy Lap. (We used clean language, of course.) At last report, Criswell finally decided to settle out of court and trade frequencies with KNON... so, unless I screw up, *The Hour of Slack* will probably be on the air for another year at least.

Never was there a show more deserving of syndication, nor less likely to attain it. We have made a few fitful attempts in that direction, but trying to get any show so radically abnormal past the executive pink boys who make such decisions is doomed from the start. The silly, watered-down, repetitive shit of Dr. Demento & ilk is about as "far out" as any commercial syndicator can dare to go in today's business climate. *Max Headroom* and *Pee Wee's Playhouse* are but pallid approximations of the SubGenius 'barrage style. Syndication? It ain't gonna happen unless we tone down the blasphemy, which would be against our religion.

(You'd be amazed how many otherwise perceptive people have said to me, "You know, this "Bob" stuff could make you a million bucks... if you'd just quit the blasphemous stuff. People get upset when you make fun of their religion." WHAT WOULD BE LEFT??)

UNSOUND: What does the Church offer that is unique?

LIES: It offers no control at all. In other religions they say 'take control of your mind'; while selling you back only 5%, with outrageous interest rates. The Church of the SubGenius (CSG) pays you to take back your mind. We don't even want the 5% that other churches give back as a rebate. Essentially all you have to do is grab and run off with the ball, and we never want to see you again.

US: Why would someone want or need the CSG?

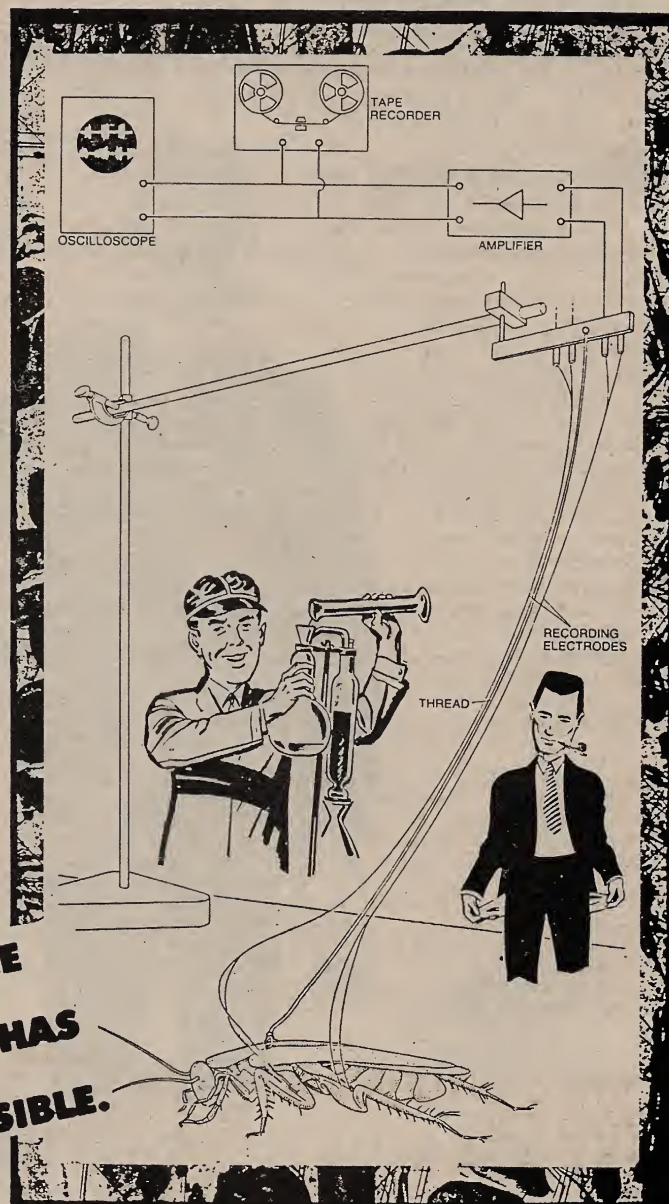
PUZZLING EVIDENCE: I don't think that they want to but they find themselves there, they are there, you're a member of the Church all of a sudden.

US: But who is 'Bob'?

LIES: 'Bob' can't sign shoes at a shopping mall. You can't visit him because he doesn't see anybody and he was shot everytime he showed his face, even his ectoplasmic face got shot down. Because 'Bob' is so absent or omni-present, he's not like a real person.

40 UNSOUND

THE AUDIENCE GASPS AS IT REALIZES IT HAS WITNESSED THE IMPOSSIBLE.



Joe Schwind

BEWARE, FOOLISH MORTALS!

Listen to the CHURCH OF THE

SUBGENIUS

Radio Show

4:30



BOIN-A-G!
IF YOU CAN STAND TO HEAR THE CANNON GO OFF, SMELL THE SMOKE AND SEE THE FLAMES, THEN THIS IS THE SHOW FOR YOU!!!
IT BEGAN WITH BARNUM!

Hal Robins

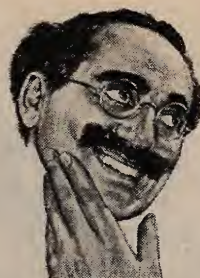


THE SIGHT & SOUND OF RADIO



US: In reference to 'Bob' what is your interpretation of Christ?

PE: Christ is the Dead Man on the Stick, at least in the show version. In the show there were three pictures of crucifixions, as well as the Shroud of Bozo. The crucifixion depicted three empty crosses with the hands and feet of Bozos nailed to the cross, these Bozo's had sawed off their hands and feet rather than to allow themselves to remain in such a predicament. In a sense this reflects an artificial attitude towards Christ.



LIES: 'Bob' is not our Messiah, he is a salesman, the salesman of Slack - 'Bob' gives Slack and that means 'Bob' takes up the Slack. 'Bob's' job is to make the deal with the Xists when they come, on July 4th of 1999, he'll be able to figure out the insurance document, and explain to the Xists what's going on before we get powdered. There are many versions of Christ, and we believe in all of them and then some, in fact, we'll believe in as many versions as fast as we can make them up. Christ is a personal god, while 'Bob' is an impersonal one who only deals with the art of business, and it's somewhat refreshing to be allowed that much privacy.

US: How has the Church changed your lives?

LIES: I owe a lot more people more money than I used to. I have to work harder than ever.

PE: More people hate me. The phone bill and the hate letters. It's strange work because it's so unconscious I could probably do it in my sleep. I guess I do because I must sleep during my radio show - I haven't remembered any of it for years.

It's the all-white all American Dad figure gone bad, or maybe he always was bad and you were just waiting for the psychotic breakdown.

US: Why would people think that 'Bob's' bad?

PE: Because he smiles all the time.

LIES: It's not a positive thing nor is it a negative thing, it can be both.

PE: Do people think 'Bob's' crazy?

LIES: He's really crazy now after he is dead.

US: What about the term 'Or Kill Me'?

LIES: It's the ultimate dare.

PE: There have been members who have gone to the Capitol steps in Washington D.C. throwing money at people and saying 'Or kill me! Or kill me!'. Of course what happens is the people run away. They won't take the money and they won't kill him either.

LIES: It pushes everything to the limit. If someone is going to the corner store you can ask them to 'get you a coke or kill you.'

LIES: But generally the subject matter will be pretty current sound effect oriented.

US: In what ways is the show an active event?

LIES: The show became a character at a certain point, like when we mugged the show and unfortunately hit it too hard and killed it, so we had to take it down to the Bay and throw it in...

PE: Part of the idea is that the show is part of us, is treated as bad as us, and then the audience feeds into that. There are a couple of callers that are really funny and really work on their material, I'm sure, because these guys call up and do whole songs. Also all of our shows are taped, edited down to eight to ten shows, and are sent out to the other stations.

GB: There will be lots of times when a person will just start writing letters or something like that to the CSG, and pretty soon they are a Doctor. There are always new ones, and always people that are retiring from the Church, their nerves are shot and they are going to rest homes and places like that.

DR. HAL: The mystic is what usually is pump-out, the mystic is the event and the event is the Church - and so what you are getting is not the Church but information about it which is never the same or all of the above or the information within itself.

PE: It's also very disturbing that the people that we do brainwash, are not the ones that we want.

LIES: They're our failures.

DR. HAL: They didn't make the full journey.



It makes perfect sense.

THIS NEW RADIO DOES EVERYTHING BUT WALK

Schne. via Schneck

SUBGENIUS PROFUNDITIES GENERATION MATRIX

DIRECTIONS:

Pick any 4-digit numbers. Assemble appropriate phrases. Spew.

- 1) The awesome power
- 2) The unspeakable PeE-Gospel
- 3) The mind-blasting prophecy
- 4) The cosmic joke
- 5) Any Xist intervention with the Conspiracy
- 6) The demonic UFO fleet
- 7) Any fragments of the Truth
- 8) The concept of "Slack"
- 9) The absolute stupidity
- 10) The entity called "Bob"

- 1) of Jehovah-1
- 2) wielded by Nhee Ghee
- 3) claimed by "Pink Boys"
- 4) masquerading as a manifestation of sexhurt
- 5) possessed by 'The Fightin' Jesus
- 6) used to control the earth
- 7) of a million False Prophets
- 8) known to Emergentiles and Rewardians alike
- 9) in the bowels of the Aesir
- 10) seen once a Millenium

- 1) can perhaps be
- 2) must without question be
- 3) can be "sold" to humanity if it is
- 4) evolves until it is manipulated by the Con and can alter your soul so that you are yet
- 5) cannot possibly ever be
- 6) fucks that which can be, figuratively, 'smoked in "Bob's" Pipe' until it is
- 7) is cursed to be eternally
- 8) was implanted in our minds only to be
- 9) could have triumphed had it not been
- 10) is 'of "Bob"' only if it is

- 1) grossly underestimated and over-priced.
- 2) part of the Conspiracy.
- 3) of utmost concern to the fate of the planet.
- 4) put out of its misery.
- 5) examined and exorcised from this so-called 'reality.'
- 6) driven into the ground.
- 7) recreated purely by 'chance,' thenceforth probably to be eaten by rats in Hell.
- 8) discounted as hallucination.
- 9) diagnosed by "DoktorS."
- 10) loved, yet judged and found wanting, by "Bob."

COMING IN ~~JULY~~ FROM RIP OFF PRESS—
MARCH

Imparted to Dr. Armand Gideon, 1st Church of "Bob," Scientist and further wrangled by Rev. Ivan Stang, 1st MegaFis Temple Lodge

BLASPHEMY? ART? A GET RICH QUICK NEW-AGE SCHEME?
THE ULTIMATE PROPAGANDA WEAPON?

'BOB'S' FAVORITE COMICS The SubGenius Comic Book

IS ALL THAT AND MORE!!

Edited by Saint Palmer Vreedeez™ and Reverend Ivan Stang™. "BOB'S" contains work by the twisted but acclaimed minds of The Church of The SubGenius who brought you Simon & Schuster's THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS and HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL! With SubGenius Trance-scribblers such as Dr. Harry S. Robins™, Paul Mavrides™, Gilbert Shelton™, Carol Lay™, Jay Kinney™ and many more (if their work can be smuggled out past their guards), "Bob's" is sure to become a runaway "cult" classic!

SEE the erotic life and gory death of swinging sex god, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs as they actually happened!!
READ mind-altering propaganda from the *absolutely Weirdest Cult on Earth!*
LAUGH until your guts bleed as mutated SubGenius cartoonists carry out acts of revenge on "The Normals" — with help from outer space!



Let the amazing revenue generating power of J.R. "BOB" DOBBS work for you! Yes, the Supreme Saint of Sales, that mighty fisher of wallets, knows that today's modern comic buyers will pay to know what they really think!

"Bob's" Favorite Comics is a 36-page black & white comic with color covers. It carries an "Adult Material" advisory and a cover price of \$2.50 (\$3.50 in Canada).
+ 50¢ POSTAGE

The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214



via D. Mitchell

by Dr. Maka Dudi



via Emmons

The sea was as smooth as glass. The orange life raft was motionless.

"I've gotta have a drink of water!" snarled Sam Slam to the purser, who was guarding the precious reserve of water.

"Now, now, Mr. Slam, you must think of the rest of us, too."

"Yeah, I'm thinking, alright. I'm thinking I oughta throw the rest of you jerks overboard right now." Sam Slam grabbed the portly purser by the jacket.

"No! NO!"

"That's enough, PUNK!" "Bob" stood up and kicked Slam in the butt.

"Fuck off, Dobbs. Nobody's gonna stop me from getting that water." Sam threw the man into the sea and turned to face "Bob."

"Listen, dipstick, somebody should've put you to sleep a long time ago." Slam threw a right punch. "Bob" ducked and brought his head against Slam's chin. KLUNK. Slam was out like a light.

Dobbs managed to haul the soaked purser back into the boat.

"Thanks, pal."

"No problem." "Bob" shook the man's hand.

It had been three weeks since their boat, the *Foolish Princess*, capsized. Supplies were nearly gone. Twenty people had been aboard; now only three survived -- J. R. "Bob" Dobbs, Sam Slam, and the purser.

"This is the last of the water, Dobbs." Slam dribbled the last remaining drops into his parched mouth. "Now what are we gonna do?"

"Go thirsty," "Bob" replied tersely.

The purser began to pale. His shiny uniform was now tattered rags.

"I feel faint." The purser fell to his knees. "Bob" hurried to his side.

"You'll be OK, buddy."

But the purser's breathing became erratic. With a horrid gasp, he was gone.

"Get rid of the stiff, Dobbs."

"Hang on, Slam. Maybe there's still something to be done." "Bob" tried every surgical technique he knew. Still -- nothing.

"CHUCK HIM. He stinks already." Slam grasped the body and heaved it overboard.

"So it's just us, huh?" said "Bob."

"Looks like. Too bad you're not a broad." Slam grinned lasciviously.

"Seems at a time like this, you'd be thinking of something other than your dick."

"One last fuck...that's all I ask."

"Slam, you sleazy being. Have you never heard of Slack?" inquired "Bob," almost pityingly.

"Is that where you tie 'em up?"

"In a certain way, yes. You tie Them up," "Bob" explained.

"Who's Them?"

"The Conspiracy."

"Ah, come off it, Dobbs. Nobody believes that mumbo jumbo anymore."

"THEY keep you from believing you can do this..." "Bob" got out of the boat, and

began walking across the water.

"Holy shit!" Slam was amazed. "I must be dead."

"Yes. You are dead. You are spirit. Your body is a lie. A fiction."

"Bullshit. I can feel my body. It's real." Slam patted his chest. "Bob" walked back to the boat and stood facing Slam, whose hand passed through his chest.

"Am I real?" "Bob" asked. Sam Slam made a grab for Dobbs, but all there was, was AIR.

"Aieieieiei," yodeled the SlackMaster.

"This can't be happening. It must be a dream. Tell me it's just a dream!"

"It's *all* a dream. We just think we're awake."

"You mean, I can just... 'wake up,' and not be lost in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?"

"Of course. That is the essence of the Slack Center. Our foot gland has the ability to reach into the fourth dimension -- time. Don't DREAM it, BE it."

"But how do I 'wake up'?" Slam demanded.

"By becoming AWARE of all that is around you. The things around you have hypnotized you into NOT SEEING. I guess that wraps it up. See you later, Sam."

"Bob" lit his pipe and began to fade away. Only his smoke remained.

Sam Slam was alone on the raft. His nights merged with his daze. He could no longer tell if his eyes were open or closed.

Then...a vision. It was "Bob," descending in clouds of glory, surrounded by a dazzling light.

"Bob! You've come back for me!"

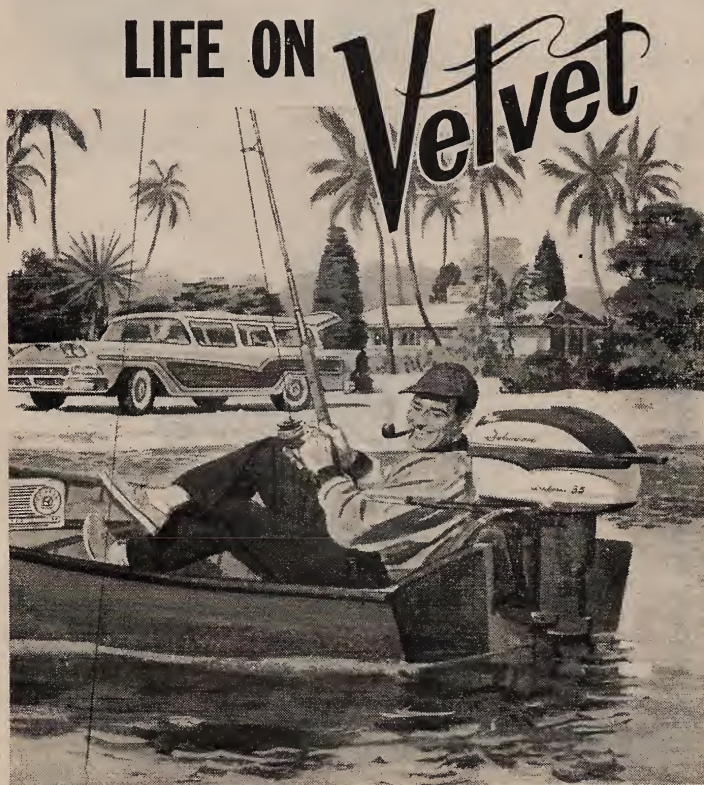
The Living Slack Master landed in the boat.

"Slam. Your time has come." "Bob" reached down and pulled the plug on the raft. PPPPssssssstttttt. Slam was frantic.

"You evil bastard!" Slam yelled, and lunged for "Bob." It was as if his body burst into a million strands of light. Sam entered the BeforeLife.

AND THE RAFT WAS ALONE.

Slack Comes When Called.



So what, Mister Dobbs, we're "in shape for the finals!!" Really, Mister Dobbs, just where *is* that long promised bucket of Pils™? And tell me, "Bob", what *about* this Slack business?

Shouldn't the Hierarchical Slackholders be getting unearthly dividends on a REGULAR basis by now?

Or is it all really TOO much fun, "Bob"?

Whatever happened to "TOO MUCH IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN NOT ENOUGH"? Has there been Insider Trading in the Souls Repository in Dobbstown? Come on "Bob", remember us? We used to sell Fropmixture for you back in the OLD days. We've *heard* the old Dobbshead SnakeOil Routine before; we know *ALL about* the Bleeding Head of A.P. ... But *when* will it come, *is* what we want to know. When shall the fabled Luckplane tilt, and when shall things begin at last to flow to all, *all*, all of us who, despite the perilous times in which we do live, cleave unto you still?

X-Day is coming closer, Dobbs, you haven't got all day to the end of the world, have you? So hadn't you better get *cracking*, Mister Dobbs? Don't you think it's time to get your ass out of PARTY mode and back up the crack? Heuuunnh!!? Or just fuckin' KILL ME, Mister Dobbs!!

Think we haven't done our paperwork, "Bob"? Think we don't know *ALL* the scams by now? Think we're just like all those dipshit Bobbies out there, Mister Dobbs? You better think again, Pipe-face!! You better remove your Dobbshead from your old Dobbsass and *do it* while you've still got the chance. We're *tired of solutions*, our veins are going flat, we want leadership *AND* the bucket of pils you promised. So what if we never sent you the \$20 — big deal! We're not the Zombies, Mister Dobbs, we're the Liararchy, the ones who hung it all over the electrified razorwire fence for you, **DUDE!** Tell us not that the check is in the mail, oh exalted master, lest you be smitten by the Stark Fist of Pretentiousness!!

Are you holding out on us, "Bob", or are you the fatuous, incompetent dipshit that you appear to be? *Spare us the Con*, "Bob". We don't *believe* in that shit any more. We're adults now, and we *DO* believe in monsters. Don't try and use GENETICS as a cheap excuse!! *And enough of this REVEALED WISDOM crap*, Mister Dobbs. That puts you right up there with Joseph Smith and Donald Regan.

Don't you think it's time you *leveled* with us, "Bob"? Or don't you think you CAN level with us, Mister Dobbs? The lone and level sands stretch far away, "Bob", and you seem to be still refueling your camel. Don't you think you can tell us, "Bob"? We *ARE* in shape for the finals. We *have* filled out the form. We have endured the vicissitudes of being members of your ridiculous cult. Now, *where's the check*, Mister Dobbs? Where are the groupies? What happened to the mutant sex kittens?

Are you trying to run the same MIRACLE ELIXIR routine on us that you pull on the Bobbies? Do you consider us *ALL* pipe fodder, Dude??

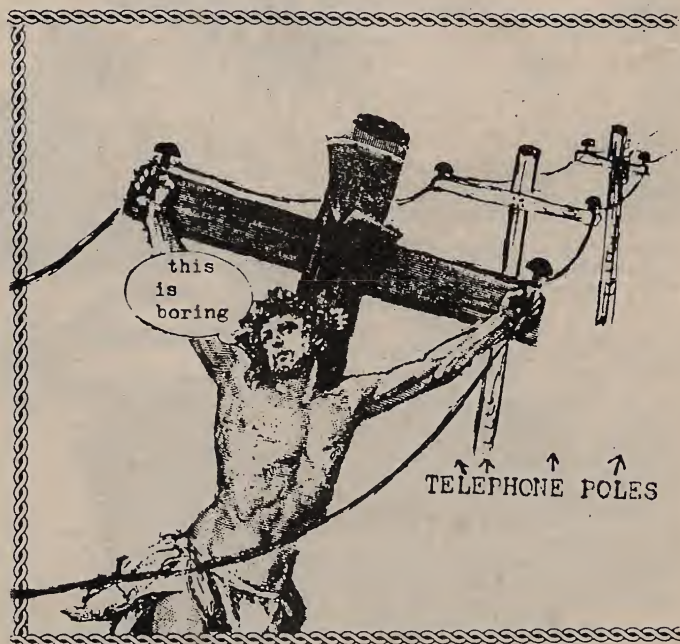
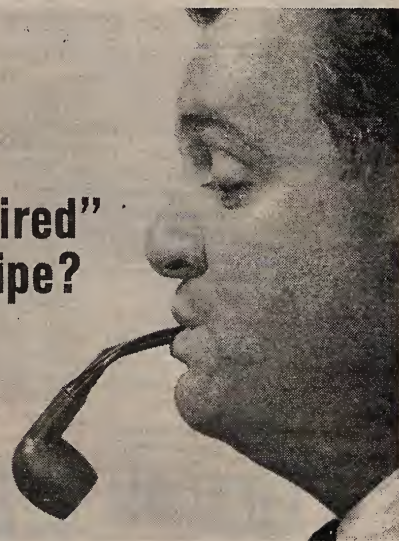
Then maybe you better have a good look around you, Mister Dobbs! Reconsider your *style* while you check the contents of your *safe*. *Who* placed the charges just right? *Who* got you the Kevlar body armor for the Night of Slack Death revival? And *who* made sure that three different clones from three different places all made it to the county coroner's cold slab? Yeah, Dude, we're talking about what was *supposed* to happen and what *really* happened! So now certain documents aren't where they're supposed to be. Certain guaranties of residual percentages are no more. It's a whole new game, Mister Dobbs. This ain't no illiterate hillbilly putsch a la Billy Samuels and his cretinous ilk. Oh no, Mister Dobbs, this is rot from *WITHIN your sacred system*, this is the AIDS of the Church of the SubGleemious! This is the real shit, or as they say in Nicaragua, **LA CACA VERDAD!!!**



in desecration of
20 Issues **Packed**
With Pink!



"Tired"
pipe?



So think about that, Mister Dobbs. Think about spreading the wealth a little, or losing it ALL!! You may think this is an idle threat, but it isn't, Dude. NOOOO! This in a *genuine phenomenon* that crept up on you and your shoddy little scribe while you were playing Ninety-Day Messiah and he was brown-nosing the Eastern publishing Conspiracy!

The pure and perfect order of the universe according to Dobbs has been suborned and perverted. We are the *only ones left* to clean things up! (Take this as a warning.) Time is running short, you have been notified once; there is NO second warning. Repent, quit your graft, *jack off!* We want to see you coming instead of going. We're tired of that routine about the pyramid money-scam funds being transferred to our accounts every Monday. Oh yes, the old Dobbshead pops out, regular as clockwork, makes the same old tired promises and *we* get a headache that lasts all year!! Meanwhile *you* aren't even keeping *track* of the things that have happened since we helped you fake that assassination. Oh well, easy come easy go, *hey*, Mister Dobbs? Listen up, you simpering pipefaced *fuck*, you're gonna *fry* in the inner regions of the worst fundamentalist-inspired hell, *and there won't be any Pils™, asshole!*

Do you really think that crapulous old Philo can still act as your shield? *Forget it*, buddy! We turned him around with a color TV, an electric guitar and a sixpack of NP years ago! And not only does he have all the access codes to the banks in Zurich, Kyoto AND Glen Rose, but he can *still write checks* on them!!!

Better look again, Mister Dobbs, you've been Conned as badly as those Pinks and Bobbies that you've been conning for all these years. While the sycophantic faction of the Church has been indulging in self-congratulatory, masturbatory "stage productions", the hardcorps few that made you what you are have been doing the REAL work of the Church. We've got the negatives *and* the edited masters. XEROXES? Who the fuck cares about grainy second and third generation bulldada???

We're calling the shots now, "BOB", it's *our* script, better call your lapdogs to heel and back off, sucker! This ain't no jiveass realtime video show, this if for REEL and we'll *reel you in* with that big, stainless steel hook jammed *right up your pipe!* And having that pathetic little hyperthyroid, Stang, write a letter refuting all this as some kind of JOKE will do you no good whatsoever, Mister Dobbs. He can't write a coherent sentence without that word processor you had grafted onto his nervous system. And his discs aren't the only thing about him that's floppy!!!

It's really too bad that you couldn't appreciate where the real talent lay, and now you're stuck with a New York jockpreacher and a burned out po'bucker hack. You coulda had *religion*, Mister Dobbs, but all you got was a cheap joke and a yawping lipfart. Ah, well, we should have known better than to trust any asshole born before World War Two. Too bad you've been playing the game all these years with only half a dick... er, *deck* that is, SIR! And don't think that punched-out old slut Connie will help you at all; all *she* wants is a stiff bank account and personal organ lessons. Sterno has been giving her the best of all possible worlds for years, and that ain't Arcturan Poontang we're talking about, Bub!!

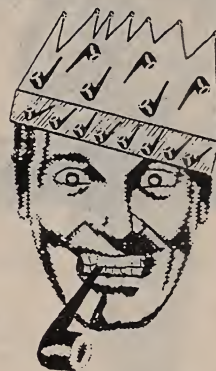
You have been informed, dipshit, and we hope you change your ways! Now, *excuse us* as we have to finish dissecting the Janor Device. Once we get the SpoutChip out and duplicate it, you won't even have *that* psychobabbling neuroturd to front for you anymore. We got him with a simple promise of work in Las Vegas — so much for the *integrity of the Hierarchy*, Mister Dobbs. And "Bob", spare us that cheap song and dance about the Bleeding Head of A.P., he's already got a lawsuit ready to slam your ass in bankruptcy court! So much for Golfer Power, *hey*, Dude?

Hoping to hear from you SOON, Mister Dobbs.

Yours in the faith of the Church,
the nine who know!!!

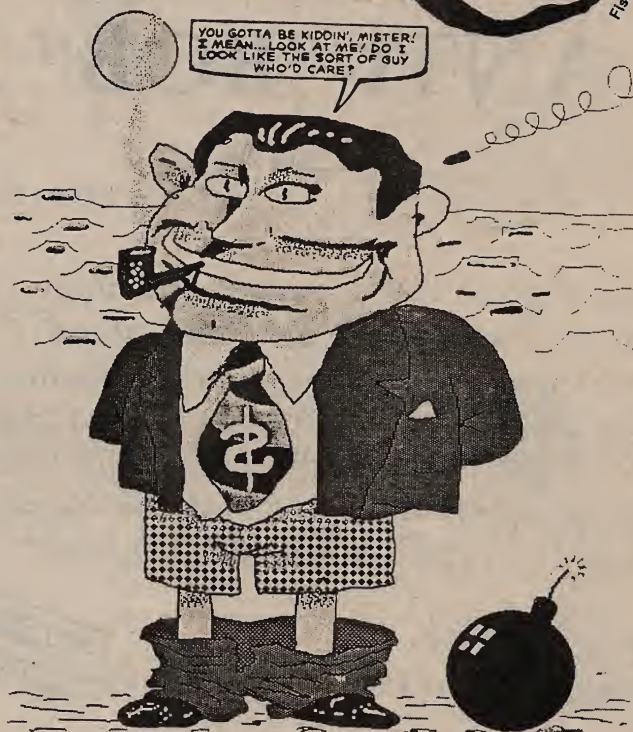
EDITORS NOTE: WE'RE LAUGHING AT YOU, BOY.

Where Is God When Little Children Suffer?



Dobbs Ashram

Fishmonger



LIES



LIES



Art Humble

ANTI-"BOB" INVOCATION

by Herr Dr. Chris Gross

"The mighty Seat groaned, and there were five Thunders that flew into the East. And the Eagle spake and cried aloud: Come away from the House of Death! Move and Appear! *Shub-Niggurath... Tsathoggua... Yog-Sothoth IA!!* Move, I say, and shew yourselves, ye servants of the Elder Gods, ye who dwelt ere Man walked upon the surface of the Earth! *IAD BALATOHE cahirelanu pare! Cthulhu ftagn!* Arise, Ye who bringeth the Power of the Yacatisma, Thou who art the antithesis of the ignobly corrupted Spirit of the Dobbs!!"

Arise... "ObO"!

Arise... "ObO"!

"Cleanse this Thy realm, that Thy servants may prosper and prevail! Bring order to Thy Kingdom! Come forth! Appear! to the terror of the Earth, and to our comfort, and to the comfort of such as are prepared!"

The Power of NHGH compels you!
The Power of NHGH compels you!

NO, NOO! TURNITOFF-
 TURNITOFF!!!
 HAHAHAKAHA



LIES



222

THOSE ROTTEN THINGS!
HELP ME ~~ASSH~~ THEIR DEMON,
YETI! WHAT ELSE YOU
GOT GOING?

I HAVE
MY OWN DEMON
TO FIGHT. IT FOLLOWS
ME NOW. I MUST GET
OUT OF TOWN. FAR,
FAR OUT OF TOWN
BEFORE IT
FINDS ME.



"I am the Anti-Bob!"

The all-male taste, yet so
mild and flavorful you'll have
peace of mind



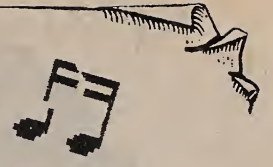
Wiggles



"Mystery, Bobylan the great, the
mother of harlots and abominations
of the earth." Revelation 17:5

VULGAR AND GROSS

DOKSTOK HAPPENS

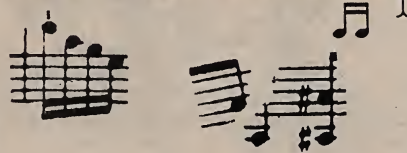


Reported by The Nine Elder Bankers of the Universe
with additional material by Dr. G. Gordon Gordon, Rev. Ivan Stang, Rev. John Shirley, and Dr. Philo Drummond
DOKSTOK hosted by St. Snavely Eklund and Pope Sternodox Keckhaver



From across the nation they came and they saw,
A new world beginning in Northern Arkansas,
They drove through storms and perils of night,
To the new awakening, and Dokstok in sight.
We shared Peace and Love and groovy times,
Eternity was there, we were feeling fine.

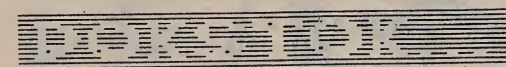
Cause we were high
so high, so high,
On Dokstok Mountain



Puzzling Evidence

DOKSTOK... In June, 1985, and possibly again in 1987, no one remembers when, exactly, in northern Arkansas, it took place: the Event... the Happening... the Slack-out and Heunh-In, the HELL ON EARTH that was... **DOKSTOK.**

حياة المسلم الجنسية



is like BRIGADOON; it comes along Dokstok is like BRIGADOON; it comes along only manifest every now and then, manifesting as a sealed universe disco; disconnected from normal human reality. No human can cross that bridge to the island on Bull Shoals Lake... the bridge that doesn't even EXIST for them. No interference from humans! They wouldn't be able to withstand the BIOFEED-BRAIN even if they managed to get past the

SHIT CRYSTALS.
SHIT CRYSTALS.
SHIT CRYSTALS.

the



Pills

Gross

"SubGenius DEATH is better than Normal LIFE."

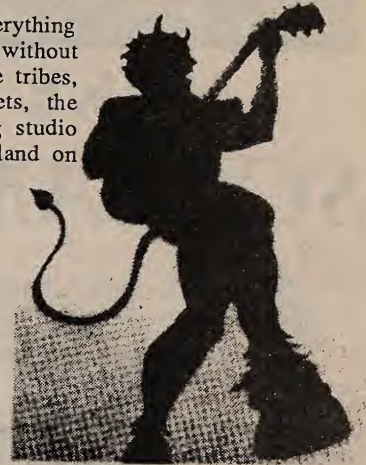
— Dr. Alice Adece, saxophonist, Vaginal Blood Fart

"I forget who our cult actually worships, but we have a hell of a good time."

'It Was Like Being Dead But Still Alive'

Not a revival nor a convention, nor a "SHOW;" it's everything else BUT a show... It's ... the party AFTER the show, without ever having to *do* the stinking show. A gathering of the tribes, the early apostles of the Dobbs, the Covenant Prophets, the greatest Doktorbands: all united in one outdoor recording studio deep in the white supremacist-infested woods of an island on Arkansas' most shunned lake.

The Dokstok Virus had incubated even before we arrived...



Puzzling Evidence

It hurt to go "Heunh..." but of course we went "HEUNH!" anyway. We had to, or die; for there were more drums, more pils, more deviant sexual and musical wonderment, more chainsaws, pee and CHURCH AIR — more SHOTGUNS, in fact, than even Dokstok 94... The most gut-&-butt-wrenching G'BLEEG-FEST ever splendorized for a True Doktor's Viewing Pleasure! If it didn't pee the shit outa my damn ass, I'll kill you and me both!

THE STORY:

Bobbies were there but they were few
There was lots of cool guys like me and you,
People were happy, they were all havin' fun,
While Doktors 4 "Bob" was farmin' skulls in the sun.
The Corpses were Swingin', their Love did abound,
The average Corpse floated a foot off the ground.

Cause we were high
So high, so high,
On Dokstok Mountain



EATS EVERYTHING IN THE PIPE

CANNIBAL
DOKSTOK HAPPENS



BOB'S



DALLAS, Texas

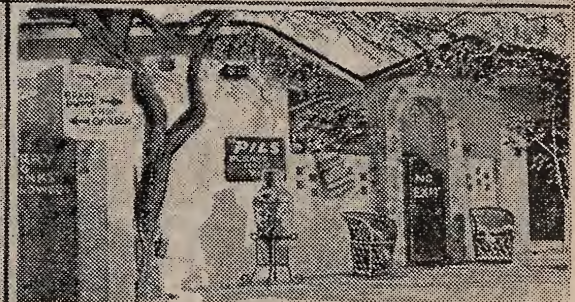
Gary G'Broagfran himself surfed the Rockies all the way from California just to make this campout and Mystery Jazz Fest along with the other Doktors. "THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT in MIND-FUCKERY!" they called it.

Recreational activities include:
canooing, camping, dwarves, saw
juggling, nature, public clusterfuck
orgies, wet tennis shoe contests,
chainsaw wrestling, mud eating
contests,

and Poebucker Janglin'.
(Sorry, no sledgehammers!)

Hell-bending mindhurt drugs supplied to
every third paid admission.

Rev. Ray Dodge



DOGSTOCK HAPPENS

MAKE IT SCREAM

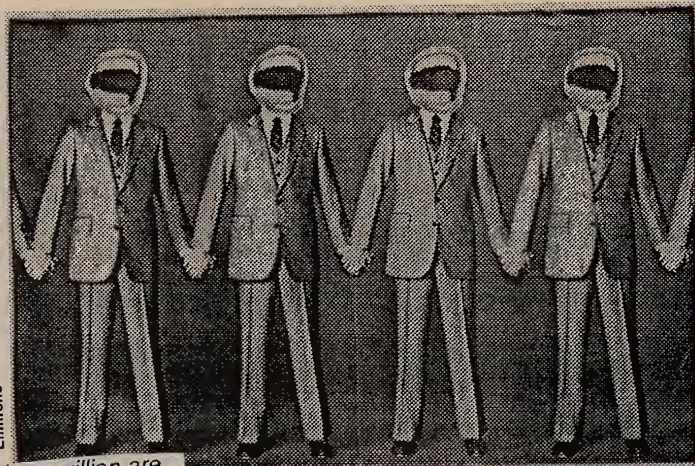
by the Reverend John Shirley

Hollywood Ipsissimus in the Church of the SubGenius
aka John the Piss Baptist.

(Excerpt from a longer article written
for some science fiction magazine or another)



Emmons



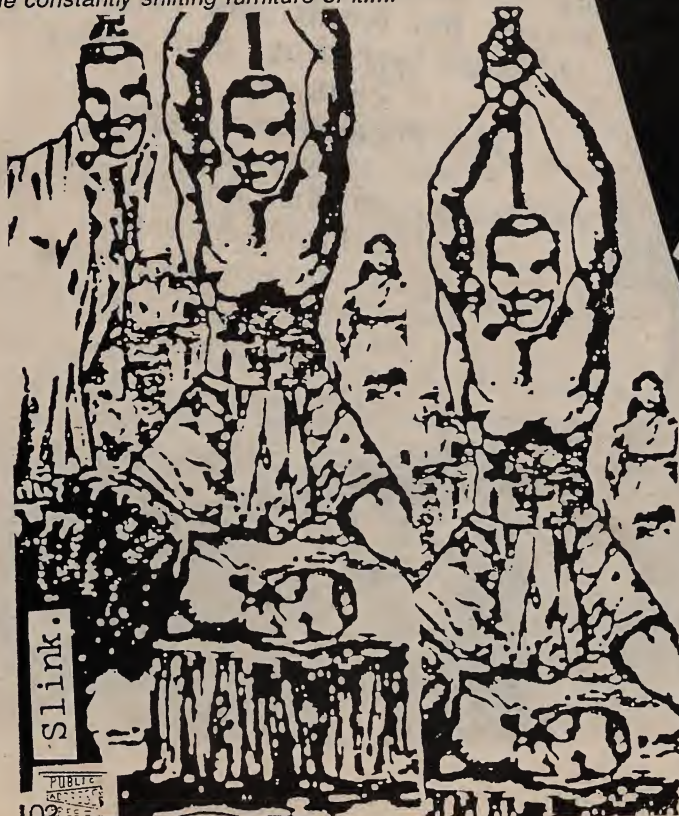
Some guy's been waterskiing right? He's out in the Ozarks at a big beautiful secluded reservoir and state park where he's been waterskiing and camping and living on BBQ and potato salad with his wife and kids, and at sunset he's walking back from the boat thinking about trailer hitches and **SUDDENLY HE HEARS A SOUND**. It's a **VERY VERY LOUD AND CONTINUOUS** sound, it's a violently anomalous sound, it's a banshee having a baby sound, and the baby's coming out sideways. Off to the right of the park's tarmac access road is a "pavillion", a concrete picnic shelter, roofed but open sided, with — this was the mistake the Pink Boy contractors made — electrical outlets. And the weary waterskier sees a group of men and women torturing their instruments, guitars and drums and saxophones and very large amplifiers and speakers...and the music creates a sudden architecture around the listener, creates a sonic architecture that changes shape from second to second so that the listener stumbles and barks his shins on the constantly shifting furniture of it....

The men and women in the pavillion are dancing with a sort of casual and unselfconscious contortionism, a St. Vitus spasticity that makes a lie of their very skeletons. The music is a **SQUEALING, SQUIRMING SLAB OF SONIC SARCASM** that has fallen over this quiet, country place. The music makes John Coltrane look like Herb Alpert. It makes Frank Zappa sound like Pat Boone. The music has attracted scorpions (I'm not making this up, it attracts scorpions) from the surrounding woods. In other rhythmic modes it is said to attract copperheads and tarantulas.

They're doing upspeakable things to the guitars and keyboards and amplifiers, their faces twitchy or fanatically tranced, the pipes of the Sacred Herb, "frop", adding a day-glow miasma to the air, a sort of gasoline-rainbow's warped aura...

And the waterskier's mouth goes dry when he sees the looks on the faces of the dancers — expressions sloppy with Slack, with Fulfilled Lust, with depraved inspiration...

Other revelers, the shocked camper perceives, are carrying a sort of kitschy hand-made Ark of the Covenant in a ritual procession. They set it reverently on a picnic table covered with wasp-crawling watermelon rinds, half eaten hot dogs, empty wine bottles and scraps of what appears to be afterbirth. Chanting "**LAUNCH THE HEAD, LAUNCH THE HEAD, LAUNCH THE HEAD!**" for Saint Janor Hypercleats as he opens the ark and removes a **HUMAN HEAD** (well, it's a dummy head with painted-on blood and a wig but from here...) and this sacred totem is the **BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER** and Janor takes out a nine iron and prepares to **LAUNCH THE HEAD...** but then stops — and warns the chanters that the Head has become **TOO POWERFUL** and it'd be too dangerous, he can't answer for the consequences to the fabric of space and time if the **BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER** is launched and someone begins to chant "**PALMER**"



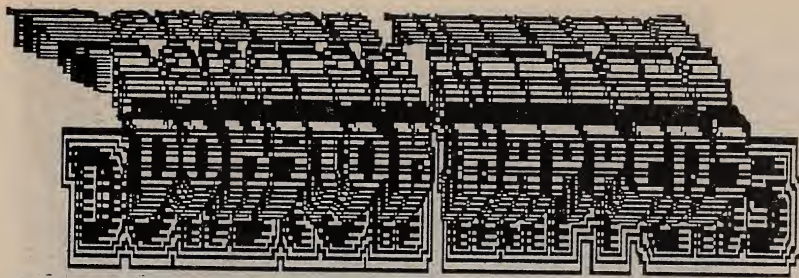
Slink.

PUBLIC

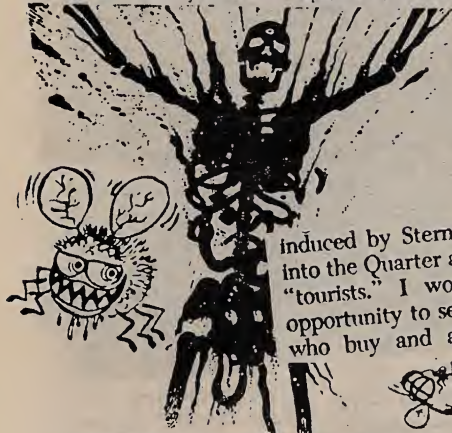
Rev. Slinkflange



Errors Abound



his was Rev. Shirley's initial exposure to Doktoriusk.



Hi ho hi ho
it's off to
FUN we go

NOW, WHEN THE DEVIL WAS PLACED ON EARTH
HE TOOK THE FORM OF A HUMAN (SEE UNDERSTANDING
THE PAMPHLET OF REVELATION, #62).

REVELATION 12:9 **طَرَحَ الشَّيْطَانُ الْعَظِيمُ الْحَيَّةَ الْفَدِيمَةَ الْمَذْعُورَ إِلَيْهِ**
لَانِكَ. In a stupor
بُفِلَ الْعَالَمُ كُلُّهُ طَرَحَ إِلَى الْأَرْضِ

induced by Stermo, they have doubtlessly stumbled down
into the Quarter and thus, to Clyde's senile mind, qualify as
"tourists." I wonder whether Clyde has even had an
opportunity to see the degenerates and wrecks and drifters
who buy and apparently subsist on Paradise products.

There are SO MANY WAYS they steal...
Slack. Then they lie about how to get it back.
Move to the suburbs they tell you, things are
easy going there. You move to the suburbs and
discover that you're living in a wallpaper-pattern
of malls, malls, malls and more malls, mini
shopping centers, big shopping centers, and
more malls. Housing tracts, identically
configured to infinity till you could SCREAM
FOR RELIEF. Houses restless with twitchy,
twisted children watching murderous robots on
Saturday morning cartoons; the robots looking
like the sort of spiky, obsessive designs you
see in psychology textbooks representing the
hallucinations of the sickest paranoids. The
robots exuding fire and destruction. The
children wanting to be like them.

Yeah, there are ways to fight it. But
sometimes faced with this great juggernaut of
selfishness that civilization has become —
destroying the rainforests in great swathes,
20% of the wild foliage in California dead from
pollution, 14,000 people killed every year from
pesticides poisoning, an epidemic of teenagers
committing suicide in the face of the utter
meaninglessness of the lives they're
programmed into — you get desperate and a
little crazy. You perhaps work with Pledge of
Resistance and Greenpeace, but you need
something else too. You need Spiritual
refreshment. Hysterical rage. Existential
catharsis.

HEAD OR JANOR HEAD, PALMER HEAD
OR JANOR HEAD!" Janor sees his
choice. Risk the fabric of space and time
— or lose his own head to a launching. He
lays the BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD
PALMER on the Launching Alter, raises
the nine-iron, swings it...

Lightning rips the sky.

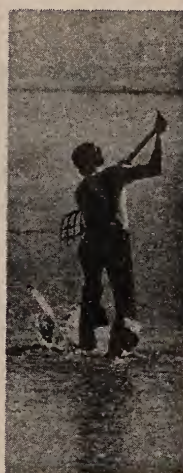
It's a scene out of hell. The erstwhile
waterskier breaks into a run, arrives at his
tent and tells his frightened family: "We're
gettin' the gawd-dayem HAYLL out of
here!"

This is what happens with you expose
the uninitiated to the Doktor musick and
the Terrible Rituals of the SubGenius. Its
perpetrators are Doktors in the Church of
the SubGenius — Dada's revenge on the
world of the tasteful (that is, dead) art.
The event, which took place last summer,
was the DOKSTOK of the Church. An
exclusive retreat for Select SubGeniuses
in the Arkansas Ozarks. I have made up
none of this.

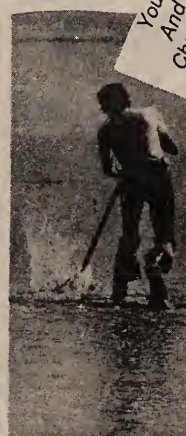
Seagull Forking Tips



1 — The Approach



2 — Stance and
Backswing



3 — Delivery



4 — Follow-through

"SEE —
The Woman With No Legs
Dog Pee Dog — Shit H
and more, all together in the H
of Wordell

They are wors

No arms, no '

Who Is
The Devil?



The Devil
Is The
Paleman!

He are going catatonic over
He severed the heads from both demons, and saw
from the corner of his eye both bleeding heads soar
into the blue sky and land at the water's edge.
Headless, the two bodies groped their way down
the shoreline, swinging their swords into the air.
They were not mortally wounded.

A TIME OF BOB RESURRECTION

BELIEVER'S CONVENTION

ahead of Hurricane Bob.



You need to tear your hair out and BELLO!
Church of the SubGenius.
The Church of the SubGenius.
knife that one can use to saw free of the
straitjacket when the attendants aren't
looking...
...in order to make an escape. Not
escapism...but a real escape. Escape from Hell
— if you dare to recognize it for what it is!



ARNIE? ARE YOU
ARNOLD PALMER?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

PUZZLING EVIDENCE
TRUE
STORIES

Meanwhile, Snavely went scurrying from tree to tree, "marking" them with urine, and chasing the cars that drove by, jaws a-snappin'.

Nanzy Regalia jumped in the acid pond with all her clothes on, but they were dissolved almost to rags when she came out and started giving everybody "second-generation Church Air hits." Suddenly, when nobody was looking, night fell and the whole Boston delegation started to sing around the campfire, tell ghost stories, and BUMMER tales, the worst of which came true instantaneously with the help of the Zontarian Frash Gel. John Shirley started to levitate involuntarily while shouting:

"There's something *wrong* with these boys..."

As Doktors, psychic surgeons of music if you will, we perform operations... so, scalpels in hand, **D.R.S. FOR "BOB," THE SWINGING LOVE CORPSES, THE BAND THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME, FART DOG EXPLOSION, VAGINAL BLOOD FART,** all were striving to re-erect Dobbs through sheer Moonie-splitting, Bible-thumpin', black-eyed-pea-eatin', "Bob" assassinating, G'Broagfran-surfin', head-launchin', Kitten Natividad-admirin', frappy-crappin', Bigfoot-rapin', brain-healin' MANIA!

NO SHIT, and BEYOND ANTIMUSIC — the guy in the wheelchair, and Pope Huey, BOTH, were screaming that someone had stolen their Valiums and patch-cords, and there must be evidence *somewhere*, because everybody had a tape recorder hanging from their necks, intermittently catching the ear-fucking heartfelt SubGenius preaching and Gospel Sexhurt "all-new," "high-tech" a-music butt-splitting synthesizers, medulla-cleaving lead guitars, and Overman-driven "sexophones" of all the bands, which, combined, were called "FART DOG EXPLOSION" — after each song started, the **WHOLE AUDIENCE** joined the bands whether invited or not, until 5 piece bands became 30 piece bands, and the last *note* of every song was half an hour long. But.. that's Dokstok.

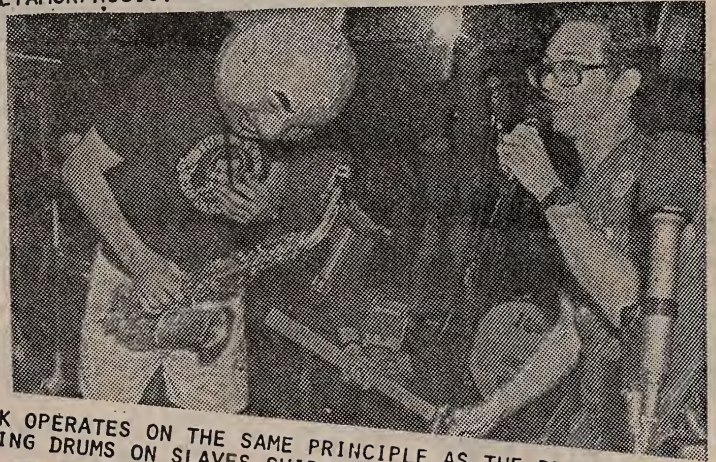


THE LAUNCHING OF THESE DEMONS WAS FIRST EXERCISED BY DRUID PRIESTS.

THE ORIGINAL DRUIDS WERE THE PRIESTS AND TEACHERS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES AND GAUL.

THESE MEN, CALLED "MEN OF OAK" DEMANDED HUMAN BLOOD SACRIFICES, VICTIMS WOULD BE BURNED ALIVE IN WOODEN CAGES. THE DRUIDS WOULD CALL FORTH ELFIN FIRE OUT OF THE EARTH TO CONSUME THE VICTIM. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE DRUID MUSICAL BEAT OF THE DRUM COULD BE HEARD.

SOMETIMES YOU MAY NOTICE A MARKED CHANGE IN SOMEONE'S PERSONALITY OR CHARACTER. THIS CHANGE MAY SEEM TO BE VERY SUDDEN BUT THE CHANGE WAS IN FACT GRADUAL. THE PACE WAS DETERMINED BY HOW MUCH MUSIC HAD BEEN LISTENED TO BY THE VICTIM. THE LISTENER WILL PROBABLY NOT EVEN BE AWARE OF THE CHANGE HIMSELF ; IN FACT BECAUSE THIS HAS BEEN NURTURING IN HIM FOR SO LONG, HE IS COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE METAMORPHOSIS.



MUZAK OPERATES ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE PRACTICE OF BEATING DRUMS ON SLAVES SHIPS TO HELP SPEED UP THE ROWERS.



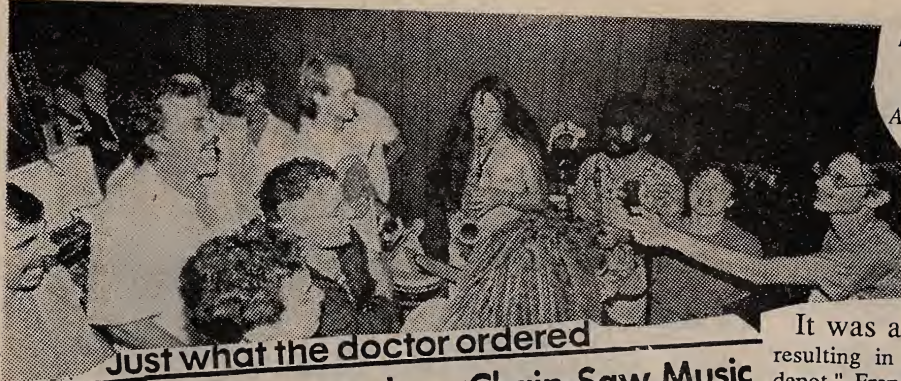
YOUR LIVES ARE MANIPULATED EVERY DAY NORMAL ACTIVITY LI
YOUR LIVES ARE MANIPULATED MORE THAN PUPPETS ON STRINGS -- THAT WE (

"It's pretty hard to believe a guy like that — a rough, tough, John Wayne type of guy could get so pie-eyed that he'd get squished like a grape on top of a piano with a girl." Rosenberg said.



continued on page





The Cutting Edge of Rock — Chain-Saw Music

Janor named the 72-hour-long album that was being recorded: **"SHHH... HUMANS."**



Okay, it's later on now, I've got a new implant and the third phase RNA program has just kicked in. Maybe that's why I suddenly remember the Gaudi-like miniature cathedrals that Onan Canobite was building out of the shards of rock and piano that Snavelly left behind him as he used a sledgehammer to provide a subtly sincopated rhythm track for the Doktors.

David Levitt and the Will O'Dobbs missed some of it because they were wandering around trying to map the island, but the shoreline kept changing to the beat of the music, such as it was, so they kept circling and circling without knowing how many times they'd already completed the circle. Being in telepathic contact with Levitt and no one else, Will was so confused that he thought the Japanese cartoons on Stang's video deck, that *had* been dubbed into English, *hadn't* been, and were still in Japanese.

Why was it impossible for me to *stand up*, that Saturday night? (Late, and after several gruelling UFO Spyray scans of my Lophophoric mental state/s.) And who was that Doktor who called the Cyborgs in to put me in the Restraint Module? All I could see was the Whitewall Vreedeez holding out his safety deposit box while Gary G'broagfram said I was losing by a nose.

Side effects at 7:50 p.m. The patient's wife returned from a local shopping trip and observed him during the treatment procedure. She saw him standing, legs apart, in the bedroom, nude below the waist, holding the tip of his penis in his right hand, turning the pages of the *New England Journal of Medicine* with his left. Spouse's observation of therapy produced rapid onset of numerous, varied and severe side effects (personal communication).

mambo will kiss the ground in front of the drums and pour out libations to them. Like all divinities the drums need men to renew their energy and strength. Sacrifices and offerings to the drums are part of the ritual obligations of Voodoo societies and constitute a ceremony known as 'putting the drum to bed' (*coucher tambour*), or *bay manger tambour* (feeding the drums).



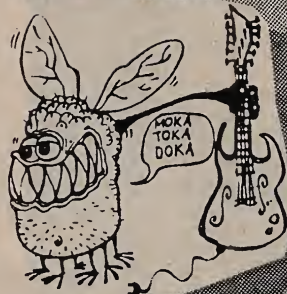
FropMeisters were competing for the prize of the year,
A solid gold bucket fulla "Frappy" and beer.
The rivers and the lakes of Dokstok were flowin',
And the bellies of the fish that we caught were glowin'.
The Pinks were cryin' but Johnny Law said, "It's fine,
"If you Doktors keep jammin' 'till half past nine!"



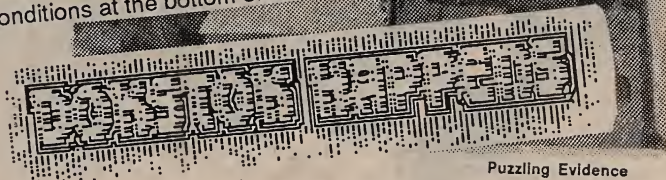
Cause we were high
So high, so high,
On Dokstok Mountain

It was a LOVE DOKSTOK, a Love Hate jam... resulting in HATE-LOVE. Everything was free at the "supplies depot," Frap N Crack N Stuff. "Weekends are made for Crack," Sterno kept saying, but nobody had any. It was ALL FRAPPY. (We like our frop, so much so that we require only enough oxygen for combustion. Breathing? That's window-dressing.)

Night had fallen repeatedly, and so had half the musicians.*



And what DID Philo mean when he said he knew all about the conditions at the bottom of the lake?



Puzzling Evidence

Stang, as usual, was pessimistic, despite the Bobbies clustered around his dick, and he kept griping defensively: "In this so-called free country, the Law says, 'No SubGenius can do anything it wants.' But in Communist countries, it says, 'A SubGenius can do nothing HE wants.' Notice the difference? Which is the lesser of two evils? Church of the SubJanor, or pure KASSNER HEAD?"

Hell, you thought you had a good time that one time when Eklund was jamming kitchen drawers to the psycho death-throb of PIANO DESTRUCTO-HELL and Janor was slamming keys and poking "Bob's" eye out with that #9 pipe wrench?? You thought you *wanted* all the bad food, shotguns, frop, mystery jazz, ALL-PEE, ALL-HERE, ALL-NOW?? Well, YOU GOT IT!

St. G. Gordon Gordon was there, desperate as ever... he took me behind the left speakerbank, fucked up my attitude and gave me three recipes for plastic explosives easily made from readily available and very cheap chemicals; and, later, when he and Unibrow swapped F stops and showed everyone some fancy shooting, a lot of people left for a cruise on the lake to avoid shellshock.

BOSTON HAPPENINGS

It was dark, I wandered into some cabin or another, the frooms blasting my glial cells into protoplasmic muck, when the SuperScience Doktor shambled out of the bathroom and saved me on the spot.

"But who are you?" I gasped, wading out of the phlegm and mucous balls.

"At ease, Bwana", he smiled seraphically. "It is I, your most humble servant, Maka Dudi..."

My head was spinning, no churchair to be found. I had ranted through nine levels of cross-dimensional burners for *this*?

"Quickly," I croaked. "Get me some Yetiball Soup..." Of course Maka came through, and shortly after that we both helped Snavelly and St. Gordon round up a whole bunch of psychosomatic pigs, or dogs or birds or something. 'Bout that time up runs St. Miko who sez "Max? We sent him to find this demon he lost. It keeps the fasttapes from getting mixed up with the slowtapes."

The walls bulged and rippled, the floor was slanting, and Stang's head caught fire.



An all-woman band formed spontaneously in 5 minutes composed of the rebellious, uppity females of the Church: "VAGINAL BLOOD FART", they called it. An evocative name. "FART RULES"... Nobody knew if it was the warm-up or the performance; they sounded identical. A logo band, but *super cool*. Men castrated themselves just so they could qualify to play in the band. Then, when most of the participants had "died," it was replaced by **THE NO BEDTIME BAND**: just Alice Adeed and Autumn Keckhaver, age 3... "After the grownups are asleep, the kids get to play with the equipment. Get your No Bedtime Band KIT," they kept saying, but there was no money left in any pockets.

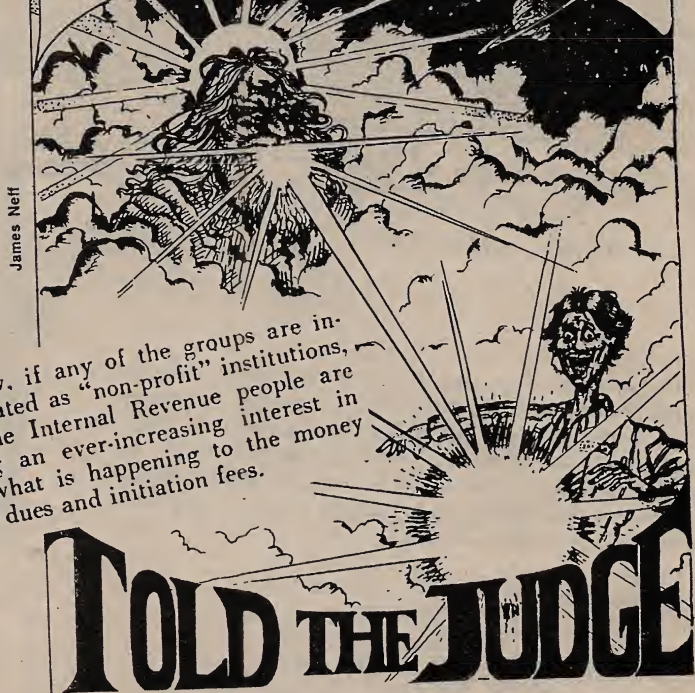
able in Guardians. Which are the modes expressing softness and the ones used at drinking-parties?

There are the Ionian and certain Lydian modes which are called 'slack.'

You will not use them in the training of your warriors? Certainly not.

There're plenty of perfect orifices around, but we'd *never* had the BIG Squirt — not like this!

DRS 4 BOB



Few, if any of the groups are incorporated as "non-profit" institutions, and the Internal Revenue people are taking an ever-increasing interest in just what is happening to the money from dues and initiation fees.

TOLD THE JUDGE

At dawn someone overheard Sterno's normal neighbor, who knew none of the background, calling us "the knob people". It was true that we had brought more things with knobs than *most* people take on a picnic; they'd watched these Drs. spend HOURS carefully and painstakingly setting up all this fancy equipment, striving to get it all just right, all these recording machines... and then, when the music finally started, it was this horrible, unthinkable *chaos* of noise. Little did they realize that *that* was the ACTUAL MOMENT of the HARMONIC CONVERGENCE. Meanwhile, St. G. Gordon Gordon, Merc of Merc, whipped up an antiSternoSnavelly pogrom because of the evident and obvious dearth of the air of the church. We couldn't *breathe*, not *really*. Snavelly mumbled weak excuses about backblow contamination and lack of time to rehearse properly, while we watched his boy Leif Ericson locking and loading his machine pistol and target-practicing on captured Pink Boys.



JAY CONDOM w/ PALMERHEAD (Byron Werner)



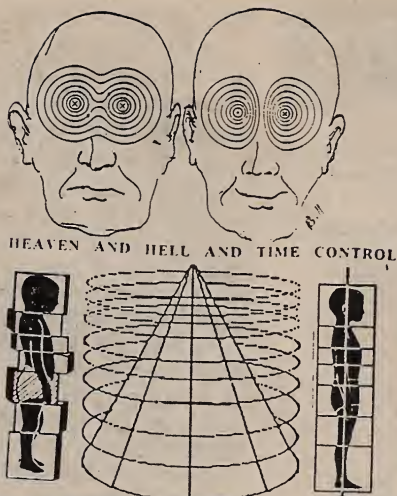
M120. DOCTOR

I met a hellacious drummer who said his name was Buddy Jesus. I looked at Sterno for confirmation of this, or a signal to run for my life, but he just shrugged. "Hell, I thought he was from New Zealand," was all he said before leaving with his golfclubs.

I searched in vain for Janor (found out later he was in his minitent practicing sexual deprivation)...all of his groupies had gone to call Buck Naked...Where was Buck? Shit, I'd promised twenty-five Important Brazilian Officials I would bring them some Church buttons.

Stang, meanwhile, was trying to get Unibrow to proofread what is tEntativeLy anOtHer PaMphlEt, but the Brow was calling his attorney on his new satellite relay Stratocaster, and wanted to know about his royalties from *THE BOOK*.

Doktor Gordon (not to be confused with St. Gordon) announced that "Peapod Dobbs", the song by The Band That Daren't Sleep, was heavy JuJu, and he hoped these sickies from Frisco would be leaving *real soon*.



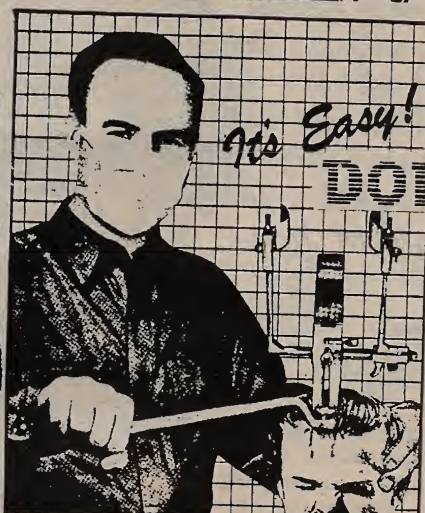
Later in the day? night? Millenium? I found myself trying to sing along with Dobbs. Not a popular move, as it was now five ack emma and everyone save Stang was sound asleep. He was, as usual, lying next to someone else and vibrating several thousand times a second. But autonomic overload has always been Stang's lot, ever since the Hinky Commission concluded he was totally uninvolved with any conspiracy whatsoever and furthermore, he only had one third of a soul anyway. So, what could *he* really know about the hellish, un-human, bloody rites of the rest of the Doktors, and what it was they were REALLY doing while he was busily trying to tape Everything?

Doctors Who Get Away With Killing



Puzzling Evidence

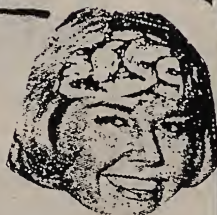
After 36 years of childless marriage, Mr. P Head (a fixture on toy shelves since 1935) and his lovely missus (on the scene since 1949) became the proud parents of Baby P Head, a move to 'reflect the new baby boom of the 1980s.'



DOKSTOK HAPPENS

"IT WAS RELATED THAT WHEN NAFI WAS WALKING WITH IBN UMAR ON A ROAD, THEY HEARD THE SOUNDS OF A PIPE WHICH IS A WHISTLING SOUND. AND IBN UMAR PUT HIS FINGERS INTO HIS EARS, THEN THEY CONTINUED ON TO ANOTHER ROAD. AS THEY CONTINUED ON THEIR JOURNEY, NAFI THEN ASKED IBN UMAR WHY HE DID SO. HE SAID, " I WAS WITH THE PROPHET MUSTAFA MUHAMMAD AL AMIN (PBUH) AND WHEN HE HEARD THE NOISE OF THE MUSICAL PIPE HE PUT HIS FINGERS INTO HIS EARS; AND THIS HAPPENED WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

Remote Control



Again, drunkenness,

EXTRA EXTRA



WINE is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Gunfire was heard off in the distance, and helicopters were taking off in broad daylight a mere two-score yards from the Dokfest. It was the Feds, but they were more concerned with the neighboring white supremacist group they were busting within earshot. Philo and his cousin Matt said all secrets of the universe were contained within the phrase "1.9, 2.10", but nobody paid any attention because *The Song that Refused to Die* was STILL cranking along. There was not one second of silence the whole weekend. No one could kill the song.

I had a truly amazing headache by now. I met Willie Nelson (or his clone) and bought from him a proscribed and prohibited pill for only 25 bucks. All it did was make me itch all over and my scrotum really contract. Janor was screaming, "What the hell ya doing, boy, running around nekkid? Get yer grandma's TITTY outa yer ass. She can't help it if she's an invalid. That's no reason to cut a pussy in her stomach and fuck it with your dick," Jones shat, carressing his crystal. Then, as he held the crystal to the shit, a plan began to formulate in Jones' mind," he said, the-entire-universe-ingly-ERS Show."

Food was being prepared by all sorts of people in all sorts of forms. I munched on the roasted ribcage of an immature sheep and burned the leftovers in honor of YOU KNOW WHO.

Sam from Severn Institute incessantly strummed his one-string home-made bass. The *Song* still lived and shambled on. Katlady gave birth to monsters, and a live dinosaur baby — apparently; that's what it looked like, but she didn't know whether the father was Buck Naked or Dr. Howl.

Janor continued: for days:

"... have you seen the new Little-G'Broagfran-for-a-headingly-ERS-Show-Half-Hour-Rises-From-The-Grave-From-Mars-Ers-For-A-Head-Ingly-Show-For-A-Head-Ers?? Ya got any Planet-Of-91/2"-Worm-Heads-For-A-Head-Ingly?"

D. Atwell Uberbrau took me out on the lake for Hydrotherapeutic Treatment. We went on the company Doktorkraft and drifted lazily among the Mayan cave carvings. I almost leaped to safety, but they had me pinned down with gravity flexors. Next thing I remembered, I was back on dry land and someone shoved an electric guitar into my hands. For some reason I rolled up ALL of my 'frop and gave it to Gary Bo'fam and helped him smoke it. When the mists cleared, I found I had given LIES 200,000 dollars for a tracheotomy. He said he'd take care of my sore throat as soon as he became an Art Intern, and cackled most unwholesomely. I wondered why Doktor Hal wasn't there, and why he was never present in the same locus of spacetime that I was participating in... had Sarfatti told him about li'l ole me? Surely not.

That leaves the lyre and the cithara

for use in the town; and in the country the herdsman may have some sort of pipe.



...there continued to be dick-oriented prejudices amongst the Hierarchical SubGenII....



Poonflang Dammerung had Pils pasted over both eyes which he claimed allowed him to "see truly," and Nick Smith muttered continually into a portable 24-track tape deck which surrounded his body — as if only by documenting it could he prove to himself he had witnessed any of this.

IENTATIVELY wasn't there!!

But "BOB" was MIRACULOUSLY RESURRECTED into this MORTAL COIL as the most spectacular electrical storm jam in Northern America, A HEMI-POWERED FULL MATERIALIZATION OF "THE CUT-RATE SAVIOR", just while the most heated Fropping and Music-Killing was raping the Gulf Stream with a BIG FAT DICK with BIG RED STRAPS, resulting in a retinal/atmospheric laser light show that looked almost exactly like the paint-tank skies in some big-budget fx movie OF THE PURE WEIRDNESS... then all were KILLED AGAIN!! Each time THE BAND THAT DOES NOT SPEAK TO EACH OTHER started to play THAT song, 'Sick O' Bob', the storm-gods surged and halted the blasphemous musical spewings.

Hence, although Loco is a personification of plants, he is only recognizable by the pipe smoked by his servant and the stick which he carries in his hand.



Puzzling Evidence



"You been throwin' vomit rings? Peking urine rings? Cumming sperm rings? Blowing O-rings? Crapping shit rings? Sneezing snot-rings? Oozing ear-wax rings? Picking nose rings? Teering up some eye-pus rings? Squirting zit-pus rings? LOOKING FOR YOUR YOUR FRAPPY?"
There were *no* answers...

Stang returned from feeding with blood on his lips and told me I write like I talk, which isn't that bad 'cause I talk real good. I tell him that. "Yeah," he sez, "but you write too loud". I'm mortified, and I pick up Martin's Webely-Vickers .455 casiogun and put the cool barrel in my mouth. My finger tightens around the trigger, I feel the movement of the sear through my teeth as they grip it...

But right before the fireworks begin....

"Hey," says the Inhibiting Factor guy from Chi. "Have you ever seen me in your life before???"

"No," I said. "Never, to the best of my knowledge."

"Well, then," he sez. "How do you know I really am me?"

I take the barrel off my bottom lip and point it at him. He's wearing a blue turban and I draw a bead on it...

I black out and come to in the Site Infirmary...Who am I? Where am I? About this time Maka attaches the electrodes to me and suddenly it all comes back.....

Schwind

...and then he passed out...

Well, "Bob" is still beastly dead, like Dedalus' Mum, but we knew... [and we *know* (those of us that *were*, know)]... when we saw that vertical, diffused, NON-LINEAR LIGHTNING THAT CAME FROM EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, *we knew*. Puzzling Evidence could only croak afro-vaginal glottal noises and the rest of the West Coast guys had stomach ailments and cosmic ennui...

...Did we boogie?...was there Balm in Gilead? Did a set of astral special effects that would have made Lucas shit his Guccipants and Spielberg say 'Oh Wow' drive all of us into the interior of our Collective Uberpsyche so that we said 'Yes Ma'am' and hooted 'Virgil' over and over and over again until the fabric of time and even space itself was compressed into the heart of the cosmic DogNut? Hell, I reckon, *Dammyfine*, Sarge.

Can we say, then, that truly we DID raise Dobbs to a newer incarnation?

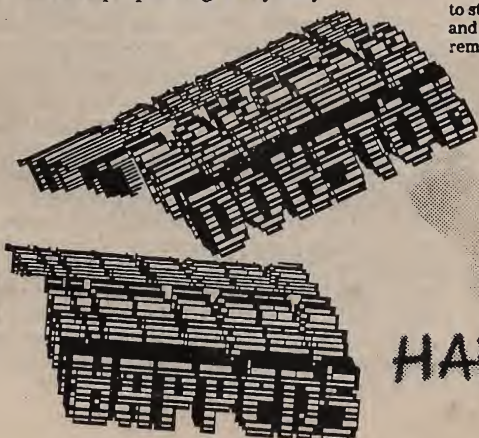
Probably not. Should we then say that Dokstok was a failure? Definitely not.

Millions for the Doktors; not one fuckin' red cent for Entropy! That has always been our underlying philosophy, and once again we triumphed. *HUUNNNNNNNNNNNNGHHH; MA'AM, VIRGIL!* And we definitely told everyone from the Judge to Jaweh One to suck our respective squid-seeking masculine missiles.

"Gee, Tubby, who was that dead woman I saw you with last night?"

"That was no dead woman, that was my wife's corpse," he said, he-saidingly, while the LAKE HOMOS of the SHIT ZOO kept quizzing everybody.

The head, which was taken by a scientist who wanted to study the skull of a genius, reappeared 145 years later and was then buried with the rest of the composer's remains.



I'm gonna go back, way on back there,
I gotta go back, go back there.
Won't you come with me? You gotta come with me!
I wanna see everybody.
We'll be froppin' freely on
Dokstok Mountain with Stang and Drummond
And all the Doktors 4 "Bob" and Wotan.
And all the cool guys.
But not the Bobbies, not the Bobbies.*

* Lyrics © 1987 by Dr. Philo Drummond

Cause we were high
so high, so high,
On Dokstok Mountain

THE BULLETINS
ARE STILL
FLASHING ABOUT
LAST NIGHT--!
...STORIES OF
SUPER-BEINGS
AND
MONSTERS!

OH, YES, MADAM!
...THERE WERE
MONSTERS!!



NOW YOU FINALLY HAVE AN EXCUSE...
...for EVERYTHING.



Gross

ARISE™

The SubGenius™ Video
—The Movie

Starring J. R. "BOB" Dobbs™

The legendary perversions — and ageless wisdom — of the infamous Church of the SubGenius™ are STRIPPED BARE before your startled eyes and blistered brain!

It Will Make You SICK — But Not Just From Laughing!
A real GUT BLOW-OUT!! — in HI FI STEREO VHS!!

Get even with everyone you hate, simply by watching this tape!!

UNBELIEVABLE! VULGAR & GROSS, YET EXQUISITELY MOVING...
ERUPTING with RAW REALISM, yet uplifting and inspirational. It might even give you a chuckle or two...
— IF YOU AREN'T A NORMAL HUMAN FOOL.

SEE the erotic life and gory death of swinging Sex God "Bob" Dobbs™ AS THEY ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

SEE the deadly, mind-altering alien sex rituals of the weirdest cult on Earth!

SEE mutated SubGenius terrorists carry out acts of revenge on "The Normals" — with help from outer space!

LEARN the secrets of a blasphemous conspiracy which threatens to destroy all human society as we know it!

HEAR Music Videos from Dimension Zero — the ones they don't want you to see!

The sorcery of Dobbs, the serenity of Slack... all are brilliantly recreated as priceless moments you can *legally* cherish with your entire family... such as the prophesied destruction of Earth in 1998, and the SubGeniuses' daring plan for escape in flying saucers!

The Doctors got their TV eyes on you.

VULGAR AND GROSS

FINALLY — The SLACK GOSPEL OF "BOB" IS AVAILABLE EVEN TO ILLITERATES!

FAR, FAR beyond parody, this is a *completely new genre*. You'll be left either speechless, hopping mad, weeping, or laughing uncontrollably as your disgust is unleashed against everything that has ever forced you to act normal. The skull-reaming complexity of this video's dense, multilayered narration, bizarre imagery and merciless editing pace may hurt your brain at first, but you'll soon think in a NEW WAY... a way that leads to total SLACK. Alternately demented, thought-provoking, depressing, arousing, insulting, childish, but ultimately enlightening, you might PRAY for it to end.. but when it does, you'll mysteriously find yourself rewinding it to play it *over and over*.

"Bob" Dobbs' seductive message of SLACK is illustrated through scenes of frenzied tent-show revival preaching, grisly head launchings, psychedelic computer animation, and, above all, the most intense collage of video clips ever inflicted on *any* species!

...Yes, the result of years of hyper-Herculean labor is...definitely, for once and for all... finished, and available in stereo VHS (or 1" reels, if you're a TV network). We who have labored over this for so many months, editing and re-editing, are finally satisfied that it not only does justice to the Word of Dobbs, but is in fact *so butt-nuking* a recruitment tool that not buying it NOW would be roughly akin to *forever suppressing the perfect "miracle cure" for cancer*. You'll SPONTANEOUSLY PYRO-FLATULATE when you gaze upon the thousands upon thousands of fantastic 'found' filmclips — from newsreels, porn, monster films, ads, etc. — which, along with the artwork and revival footage, support the Conspiracy-smashing narrative.

This is a FAR CRY from the "Official Bootleg Video" we've sold before. The new version has an ear-raping original score by Dk Jones (& Drs. 4 "BOB" & Cleve Duncan) in hi-fi stereo Hypnopediatics™ (a 'secret process invented at the MIT Artificial Intelligence Lab), much tighter editing, subtitles, and is technically far 'cleaner' than previous rough versions you might have seen. Dr. Howl's howlingly dramatic narration ties it all together. IF YOU BOUGHT THE OLD VERSION, YOU MAY NOW SEND IT BACK TO US, AND WE WILL REDUB THE NEW VERSION ONTO IT & RETURN IT TO YOU. Better yet, keep the old and buy the new! We are just now starting to seek a good distribution deal, so copies are as yet available only from us — \$39.95 postpaid.

In all its 4 world premieres (The Dallas Museum of Art, Boston's Inst. of Contemporary Art, The Hague Film Festival, and the Swinging Love Corpses' Trash Fest), the audience was immediately rendered limp with awe JUST by the 5-minute 'WARNINGS' opener, much less the remaining "commercial" 75 minutes and esoteric 30 extra "bonus" minutes. (The first half is more accessible for those new to "Bob"; the really SICK stuff for fanatics follows the end titles.) None expected a work of such magnitude, so crammed with special effects and yet so beautifully illustrative of all the key points of Dobbs doctrine!

TO DISPELL ANY DOUBTS, A BRAG: I, Stang was an award-winning clay animator and underground filmmaker before I was Saved and took on the Foundation — at which time I was *ironically forced* to become a slick Conspiracy film editor/writer to finance Churchly projects! I was even *successful* at it!! Idiomatic Conspiracy ad executives were giving me *free hand* with big-budget "hip pinkness" projects! I could've been a regular god damned "golden boy" in film — *but I BLEW IT ALL OFF for "BOB!"* Co-director Cordt Holland has been shooting, cutting and directing videos since high school on hundreds of projects ranging from rock videos for The Tubes to porno features with your favorite stars. And with contributors like Drs. for "Bob"™, Puzzling Evidence™, Onan Canobite, ZONTAR, David Leviitt, Mark Mothersbaugh, LIES™ — to name but a few — how *dare* you QUESTION even *SUBCONSCIOUSLY* the professionalism and artistic integrity of a product *APPROVED BY FUCKING DOBBS??* We swear on *Jane Dobbs' skeleton* that it's worth it. You'll watch it over and over. It's like the Book, and the Hour of Slack shows — you'll keep noticing... things... which you didn't catch in previous viewings. It CHANGES with each showing — *to fit your personal mood!!* Alternately surreal to the point of psychedelia, and then suddenly CLEAR AS A BELL, TRUER THAN LIFE AND CHAKRA-CHILLINGLY POWERFUL... You'll wonder why these techno-whizzes and conceptual masterminds aren't already sold-out ad-glorps, working for *Max Headroom* or *Pee Wee's Playhouse*. How can Jimmy Swaggart be world famous, while Pope David Meyer is still unknown in many countries? Why is Michael Jackson the idol of millions, while St. Janor Hypercleats languishes in relative obscurity? The answer is simple — because the SubGenius Way is TOO GOOD for the Pinks, TOO DANGEROUS for the Conspiracy, and TOO SLACKFUL for the ratrace. And because... because this video is truly worthy of the word, "SubGenius;" and, as such, can work its magic ONLY on The Chosen. The more discerning of 'The Others' will shun it and hate it, *as well they should*. Dumber Pinks will vaguely sense its innate coolness, and pretend to understand it, and will send us their money; and there will be more Bobbies. But that is an unavoidable part of Destiny and Finance, as Dobbs teaches.

It *should* be a standard part of Church indoctrination, like The Book — but with the potential of reaching the untold millions of unsaved 'poebucker SubGeniuses,' the great 'sleeping giant' of semi-literate Yetinsyn, to whom the lofty language of *The Book* is inaccessible. These masses of 'good ol' Subs' — the redneck white trash, jive ghetto 'bro's,' illegal immigrants with inexplicable customs, visually handicapped and mentally deformed outsiders, and all functionally sub-literate fellows in Slack Awareness — they possess both the earthy "commoner's" instinctive understanding of Slack, and an accompanying skill in achieving it



Joe Schwind

UNBELIEVABLE!

BURSTING WITH RAW REALISM

through PHYSICAL INTIMIDATION (so oft lacking in those more intellectual, who came to Dobbs through the archaic avenues of the written word). Bespectacled white-collar Conspiracy infiltrators we have in plenty; but perhaps, with the video, we may finally recruit the tire-iron wielding, sweat-besmeared, beer-guzzling, football-watching, sexism-promulgating, Pink Boy-threatening car mechanics, garbagemen, janitors, and lady wrestlers who MUST form the 'muscle,' the very 'bicep' of the Arm of "Bob" (composed of all Church Members) as he swings his Holy Scimitar of Judgement at the meaty neck of the Conspiracy Ogre. If we could drop millions of ARISE video cassettes out of planes all over America, the world would probably be ours within weeks.

WARNING: THE SPECIAL VIDEO SIGNAL IMBEDDED IN THIS TAPE MAY GENETICALLY ALTER THE VIEWER. As "Bob"-Trance is induced, you may experience out-of-body travel and hallucinations. "Bob" himself may EMERGE BODILY FROM YOUR TV and INTO YOUR ROOM at ANY TIME during viewing! BE PREPARED! (Have \$20 handy.) We are not responsible for damages of ANY kind. "DO NOT VIEW THIS TAPE WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HALLUCINOGENS." — National Security Council

Headphones are recommended for full brain erasure.

William Burroughs — "I've been warning people that this was going to happen."

Rex Reed — "What Mark Twain would've done if he'd had video technology, computers and amphetamines."

Stephen King — "I know true horror when I see it. This is definitely NOT just comedy."

Monty Python member — "Maybe it's merely 'over my head,' but it seems a little too disconnected and surreal for my tastes. The background music really swings, though."

John Lilly — "I see new shots each time. It seems to *grow* like an animal, in that it literally changes with each showing. New shots appear each time. And, in a way, it even 'reproduces' in some sinister fashion."

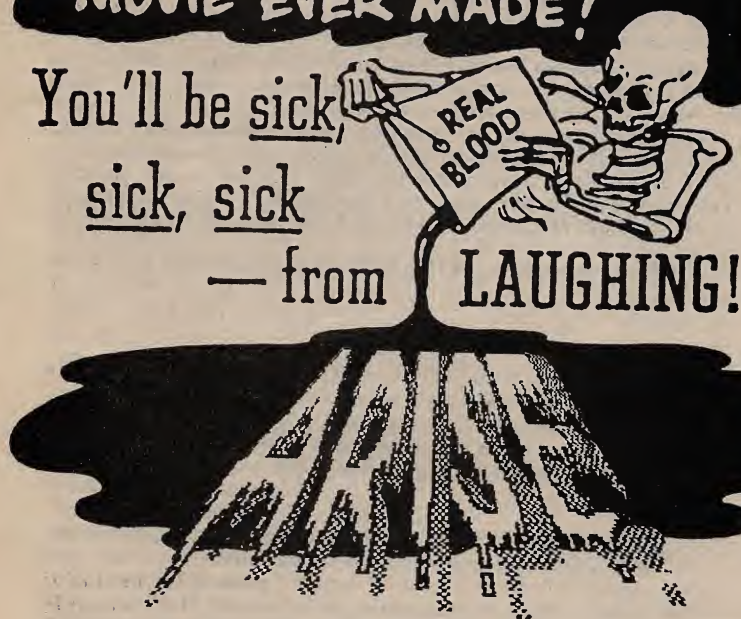
**SCARIEST,
WEIRDEST, FUNNIEST, HORROR
MOVIE EVER MADE!**

You'll be sick,

sick, sick

— from

LAUGHING!



THE SUBGENIUS VIDEO

TV works again



Norman Conquest

OTHER VIDEO 4 SALE:

I, Stang, Orthodox Tsar-Sultan of SubGeniusdom Under Dobbs, like many of my generation, was forced reluctantly into video from the film world, where I'd hidden since age 10. From making 8mm monster shorts with all-child casts— splatter films before their time — I progressed to 16mm extravaganzas so repugnant, so morbid, that the accursed prep school my well-meaning parents struggled to afford still bans utterance of my very name! (Honest, it's true.) College lasted only through completion of my crude "masterpiece" of embitterment, **WORLD OF THE FUTURE...** which, between commercial jobs, was followed by **REPRODUCTION CYCLE** and other films done out of sheer desperation and misery before I found "Bob," changed my name back to Stang... and lost my inheritance. Nasty, pornographic clay animation and SubGenoid narration comprise the latter; the former is a 30-minute black and white, cheesy-effects-laden "travelog" about a "Bob"-less future that has been compared to **ERASERHEAD** in terms of sheer visionary torment. Both are much nastier and harder to stomach than most contemporary "punk" films, but done far earlier. Old '60s style Hippies REALLY HATED THEM. Now, I'm making back all the money I lost then. **FUCK THE PINKS** (and humility along with them). Numerous other claymation shorts, sicko clips, and music videos fill out the 2-hour package. The VHS tape, **"PRE-DOBBS STANGFILMS"**, is \$29.95... cheaper than **ARISE**, because it won't have a fancy box or label, and is dubbed on home equipment.

WIERD EFFECTS OF ARISE ON ONAN CANOBITE



ARISE:

How a Video Willed Itself Into Existence A Confession and Warning

Rev. Ivan Stang

If the Church of the SubGenius could but be explained on this one page, the accursed **ARISE** would't have required existence, and Earth would now be a perfect Paradise. Alas, not even the Video *itself* can be explained; I can at best relate how cleverly it enslaved both myself and Cordt Holland and caused us to create for it, through unholy, forbidden sciences, a physical form — a *body literally stitched together from the parts of dead videos whose graves we ourselves knowingly violated!*

I know not with what lure the thing did snare Cordt Holland; it allows us to speak only of matters concerning its new form. When first we met, at a 1984 San Francisco Church revival, he was already visibly possessed, his face half-engulfed by a TV camera he little dreamt would be *surgically removed from his face* countless revivals later! Though Cordt had worked professionally in video long before **ARISE** manifested, I know only that he once sat behind John Hinckley in a class at Highland Park High School.

Myself? A malign **ARISE**-induced amnesia obliterated, perhaps thankfully, all memory of my own past. I recall bits and pieces, vague impressions — supportive parents, an 8mm childhood in Fort Worth, a 16mm hell of high school, something called "Century Studios"... and somewhere, the doctors suspect, I may even have a wife and family! They say I once had a bright future in Dallas business film production... but only Churchly memories remain.

I know that in 1979, Dobbs' confidant **Dr. Philo Drummond** initiated me into the SubGenius mysteries, and together we feverishly recruited the greatest warped minds in all the arts. We started with simple pamphlets, and within two years *The Book of the SubGenius* was in every major bookstore, being either hailed as art, or damned as blasphemy. A lucky (?) few recognized a *real* get-rich-quick scheme... and heeded the Truth of... The "Bob." But we all suffered uncontrollable compulsions to endlessly re-edit each others' works, resulting in the mercilessly-paced 'media barrage' editing style heard on Church audio tapes and radio shows. Far too late did we realize to what ends the Video would put our 'new style' of merciless pace, 'found' collages, and triplespeak doctrine.

The Video had already begun shooting itself in 1980, when it arranged for Rev. Larry Sulkis' *What's Up, America?* cable TV crew to shoot the SubGenius World Convention, with Dobbs still owning the raw footage(!). In trance-like seizures I found myself combining it on my home Betamax with pieces of bad monster movies. In 1984 Bart Weiss "mysteriously" let me edit a VHS 'bootleg' version at his video bar.

Cordt Holland suggested remastering it on professional equipment, for home video sales, in his editing suite. The ever-changing Master and its attendant stack of source footage (then 5,600 hours and growing) relentlessly gained evil power by sapping our life forces. We labored in secret, either in San Francisco or at Telemusic in Dallas. Unwitting SubGenii sent new pieces for it: animation, songs, clips. Anonymous donors of equipment appeared. Finally, a script *had* to be written. This was done — on a 3-hour plane flight.

But it didn't stop there. We shot thousands of graphics, viewed numberless bad films. Still its appetite grew.

It hypnotized Dave Hynds and Suze Riddle into letting us finish on Starck Club equipment. And what it did to DK Jones to make him compose the music...! Some things are best left unspoken!

Do not blame them, nor us; blame no one. It happened, "Bob" willed it, and there's nothing any mortal can do about it now. Nuclear weapons, lasers, the Harmonic Convergence, all proved useless against it, for it now transcends the gross magnetic particles which once bore its unholy 'signal'. **IT CANNOT BE ERASED; may God have mercy on us all.**

Reprinted from the program book of the **ARISE** world premier at the Dallas Museum of Art

- Robin Williams — "I should've burned it — I still keep seeing it, long after I turned it off... NEW parts, sequences that weren't there before."
- Frank Zappa — "Should prevent quite a few mutant suicides."
- Pee Wee Herman — "When I grow up, I want to be just like "Bob" Dobbs."
- William Gibson — "I dread that world to come, when **ARISE** is considered 'out-of-date.'"
- Timothy Leary — "Bypasses drugs entirely."
- Hunter Thompson — "Well, I've been saying it all along, and finally someone's put it into practice... but on a massive scale. Now, *that* actually frightens me."
- Ken Kesey — "If we'd've been this good with media in '62, well, I just hate to think what would've happened."
- Joe Bob Briggs — "I don't know WHAT the hell they're trying to say, and watching it makes my head hurt, but **ARISE** has clips from so many of my favorite movies that I can't figure out *whose* side they're on."

"Every day is Friday when you have a gun." — Rollo Sixt

"The gun... because it has no sex... the gun... is the *perfect teacher*..." — Hypercleats

"Slavery under Dobbs is preferable to 'freedom' under ANY government." — unknown

"'HAVE A NICE DAY' died for your sins." — Mumbles

"Human beings are all thieves... they are not honest in their Selling. But yet, I love them — even for that."
— Dobbs, 1967 radio talk show WWGF Baltimore

"I like it... I'd put my peter in it." — Dobbs, commenting on a friend's dishwasher invention, 1972

"Want to fuck somebody up for awhile? Ask 'em what they *really* believe." -- Dobbs, (?)

"There is a theory that intelligent life (*viz* human intelligence, or any other form) is a *natural product* of something so complex as the universe trying to appreciate and understand itself... thus, SubGenius represents a new evolutionary step: the universe's attempt to deal with all the *exceptions* to the laws of physics, rules-of-thumb and general breakdown of rationality." — G. Gordon Gordon

"Christianity in general *forced* the New Age kooks, and the SubGenii as well(!), to come into existence. Every time you turn against Jesus *as commonly accepted*, you have triumphed over the Devil. Christianity is the biggest trick the Devil ever pulled. "*Bob*", *on the other hand*, is the biggest trick ever pulled on the Devil."
— Rev. Ivan Stang

"If you weren't born rich, try to get rich. Unless it hurts. If you were born rich, BLOW IT OFF."
— Dobbs at a party at the Playboy Mansion, 1969

"DIE HARD... DIE TOUGH...DIE SUBGENIUS." — an unknown Dobbstown drill instructor

"It's not 'selling out' for a SubGenius to want an air-conditioned job; the need for AC is genetically encoded in every son and daughter of the Yeti." — Rev. Onan Canobite

"Let's smoke some 'Frop, so we can get back to hating the world instead of ourselves." — Puzzling Evidence™

"I 'frop, that others may live."
— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, 1958 in a phone booth which he mistook to be a confessional

"The Conspiracy makes sure that *if* you have enough *time* to do what you want, then you *won't* have enough money; and if you have enough money, you won't have enough time. Since you can't buy time, you might as well just *wait around* for the money. *This* is the 'active sloth' that is Slack." — Dr. Onan Canobite

"Slack may grow like Love when shared, or like Money when hoarded." — Anon.

"I *like* politically aware bitches. They're the only ones whose faces are worth jacking off into." — ArchPope Sternodox Keckhaver, Drs. 4 "Bob"

"Dykstra's Law states that everybody is somebody else's weirdo. "Bob", because he seems somehow so normal to everyone, is the only one who is truly weird." — (?)

"Rich? You think you're rich? You can't afford to stop and take a nap, and you call yourself *rich*?"
— someone else

"Ultimate Slack? Five more minutes in bed." — Batrix

"Last thing I remember, I was in Seventh Grade smoking marijuana for the first time." — Janor Hypercleats

"What the hell, you see one utterly strange and inconcievably alien thing, you've seen 'em all." — Ivan Stang

"In his last year, Elvis 'went Doktor.'" — St. Janor Hypercleats

“Bob” slipped into **BIG MEDIA** BY HIS MINIONS and MEDIA RIP-OFFS of “BOB”

Each year, we round up examples of SubGenius Members and associate clenches successfully and insidiously sneaking the Image or Word of “Bob” into Pink media. This section covers the occurrences of “Bob”-insinuation in national *mass* media — TV, paperbacks, movies — always, in places where any Pink can stumble on The Face when least prepared — i.e., while soaking up TV, skimming magazines in stores, trying out a new computer, etc. By the same token, these Mystery Dobbs Sightings provide unexpected shots of inspiration to lonely Members in need of fresh proof that Dobbs, like his uncles, Kilroy and A.E. Newman, can be subjugated neither by censorship nor by the Foundation's tortoise-like slowness... for, in his very *archetypal* nondescriptness, he is yet as irresistible physically to the Pink knob-heads who command the media plane as he is spiritually hateful to them.

(More localized, face-to-face hometown propaganda battles are covered in another section.)

UNDRESSED AUTHORESS



Ms. X here, who calls herself “a big-boobed black bitch for Bob,” is the author of an exciting new book that should be in the stores (well, the stores that carry this magazine anyway) in a few months. When asked who Bob is, she said it was both her favorite (of many) boy-friends and also a put-on religious cult. It

sounded overly complicated and irrelevantly weird, so we didn't pursue that. Her book, however, is apt to be of interest to our readership, so we asked her to discuss it. “I'll be glad to. This isn't exactly the kind of book I can plug on every talk show in the country, so I'm willing to take what publicity I can get.”



FIRST PRIZE for MOST POTENT “BOB” INSERTION:

Rev. Bill (“S&M”) Gilbert sent in this page from some obscure porno mag (or “private room bible,” as they call 'em in Japan), featuring lewd poses by “Ms. X,” obviously every inch a SubGenius both physically and spiritually. Unfortunately, Rev. Gilbert never deigned to mention the issue # nor even the title of this fine stroke book. No doubt, this pictorial's text was written in classic style — that is, the actual model herself probably knows nothing of “Bob,” but the editor made up some “socially relevant” text off the top of his head to go with the steamy pics. Hats off to this nameless porno worker — or to Mz. X, as the case may be! Mz. X herself “claims” to be the authoress of a book called *The Kinka Sutra*, a collection of off beat (and vice versa) sexual positions.

RUNNER-UP: MISS SUBGENIUS HOME-MAKER

— High Priestess of the Church of the SubGenius **EILEEN** was named *America's New Traditional Homemaker* by the American Frozen Food Manufacturers' Association. “Miss Frozen Foods,” you might say. H.P. Eileen won her newfound status through a contest, writing a short essay on “Why I Like Frozen Foods.” You cannot imagine how ironic this really is. The High Priestess is *ANYTHING BUT* the traditional American homemaker, as her sponsors were so distressed to discover when they sent her on a 10-city lecture tour. Supposed to tout the benefits of TV dinners, she instead launched into bitter harangues, cryptic asides and threatening sulks at several stages of her tour. The Pink Boys assigned to her as agent/helpers were put through a grueling test of *just how much humiliation* they could take. What the hell, she still got the 10*grand and the free trip to Hawaii! This is **SLACK** in ACTION, friends!

POPE MEYER PENS FANTASY NOVEL SERIES

On the sf-fantasy shelves you'll find the first 3 of the DREAMQUEST paperback series, by "Lloyd St. Alcom," *actually* the Pope of All New York and the Great Pacific NW, David N. Meyer II. These are mystical action tales of 9th Century Vikings in America. Characters in the first book, *HALBERD: DREAM WARRIOR*, include "Janor the Insane," "Mavrides the Cautious," and the African god "B'Haab D'Haabs." "B'Haab" is the tribal god of Halberd's 7-foot-tall Mongol-Zulu warrior sidekick. Janor's death scene is a *classic*. The 2nd is *ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS*; 3rd is *THE SERPENT MOUND*. These are Signet paperback available for \$2.95 plus \$1 postage from New American Library (get a load of this address:) Box 999, Bergenfield, NJ 07621 — if it ain't at your local bookstore. Meyer had read *nothing* from the sword-n-sorcery genre (not even Tarzan or Conan!) when he took on the job, which shows in the slower-paced esoteric first book, but the sequels are well-crammed with gore, guts, sex, launched heads, and slyly inserted SubGenius wisdom + inside jokes. In fact, once I started on those last two I "couldn't put 'em down." They're just as gripping and mindlessly violent as the S&S stuff most of us read as teens, but a hell of a lot better written and psychedelically imaginative. Because our Pope ended the last of the series on a cliff-hanger, I would be inclined to kick his booty (the characters had become *important* to me!), but he's a lot bigger and stronger than I am. ((Note: I tried my own hand at the genre with my Three-Fisted Tale of "Bob," *THE THIRD FIST* (based on Doc Savage), and after finishing it I must say I was left in awe of the Pope's superiority at handling scenes of battle and sexhurl.))

Excerpt from *HALBERD, DREAM WARRIOR* by "Lloyd St. Alcom" (Pope David N. Meyer):

A moist crunching sound turned everyone toward the stern.

Janor stood by his tiller. Protruding from his chest was six inches of shaft and the barbed ivory point of a massive whaling harpoon. Flecks of skin and blood hung from the barbed point. The wooden shaft stuck out behind him and fastened to it a long line hung in loose loops in the air, disappearing up and behind the cliff wall.

Janor took the shaft with both hands and sank to his knees. He tugged gently at the barbed point, trying to dislodge it. He opened his mouth to cry out, and a large bright red bubble formed on his lips. It burst as he gasped horribly, and blood exploded down his chest. Behind him, the line tightened.

With great effort Janor turned his head to look at the line. The dangling loops were vanishing slowly as someone pulled on the line from behind the safety of the clifftop.

"Do not let the line tighten, my brothers!"

Janor gurgled. A new gout of blood splashed down his front as he tried to speak. "They seek to pull me straight to Niflheim. Let the line stay slack! I must have slack to live! I must have slack!"

He vomited another burst of blood as he screamed.

The line tightened straight as an arrow. Janor was snatched backward off the deck before any man could move. He sailed through the air as if weightless.

"Slack," he said, quietly, beyond any hope or any insanity, now.

The force with which he was yanked drew him crashing into the wall. The haft of the harpoon struck the wall first, driving three more feet of ivory shaft and wooden handle through his chest. Janor raised his head to scream a final time, but was porcupined with arrows before he could make a sound.

His unseen attackers whisked him up and over the clifftop with a final gruesome bump against the lip of the cliff. Janor vanished.

"Why did you not pray to Bahaab Dahaabs to free you from the canoe, or to save you from the storm?"

"Bahaab Dahaabs cares not for my begging. If I am to die, then I shall die. I cannot ask him to alter the course of the world merely to prevent my stepping from this world into the next. Bahaab Dahaabs admires strength. I remained strong. I pray to him for guidance, not protection. When demons or immortals threaten me, then he may aid me, in order to make the fight a fair one."

"Usuthu," said Mälar, "tell us tales of your heathen philosophy at another, more leisurely time."

LAST MINUTE NEWS: Rev. Nanzl Regalia's grotesquely cool and perverted vampire-sex novel, *SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK*, is an Onyx paperback on the stands now. Nanzl used the pen name, "Nancy A. Collins", however, so use that name when ordering. Also, it's hard to locate in stores because the title and author name are on the back cover but not the front -- which sports only an illo of a vampire lady's eye behind sunglasses. I think Nanzl's gonna give us boys a run for our money in the erotic gross-out department. And ABSOLUTELY REQUIRED READING is Lewis Shiner's *DESERTED CITIES OF THE HEARTH Compulsory!*

JOHN SHIRLEY -- BEYOND CYPERPUNK & INTO CONNIE

The sickest, funniest, and/or most mentally disrupting books I've read all year — and I read a lot — are the DOZEN or so paperbacks sent me by John Shirley, a relatively new Member but an extremely prolific and supremely anti-Pink author well known to sf and cyerpunk fans. A great first one to try would be *A SPLENDID CHAOS* (Franklin Watts books), which is unutterably surreal but moving; the short story collection, *HEATSEEKER* (Scream Press); horror novels, and I mean *sick* horror novels, *CELLARS* (Avon) and *IN DARKNESS WAITING* (Signet/Onyx); the trilogy of *ECLIPSE* anti-conspiracy sagas (Questar/Pop.Library/Warners); and watch for the new horror-allegory, *THE MORE MAN*. SubGenii will be especially intrigued by *THE BLACK HOLE OF CARCOSA* (St. Martin's Press), a very VERY blackly humorous fantasy-detective yarn which includes both Dobbs and Rev. Ivan Stang as characters. Yeah, I know, you think I'm just being nepotistic. Fuck you. Shirley is both the most readable yet poetic, and the most "SubGenius" of any sf/horror authors I know. You'll vomit, then laugh, then vomit, then laugh, then see God inside your own skull. He's *FUCKING GREAT*. But he needs to be more famous so ORDER THEM from your local bookstore or KILL ME PERSONALLY. You'll regret neither alternative. Rev. Shirley says to stress this: "don't steal 'em, BUY 'em!"

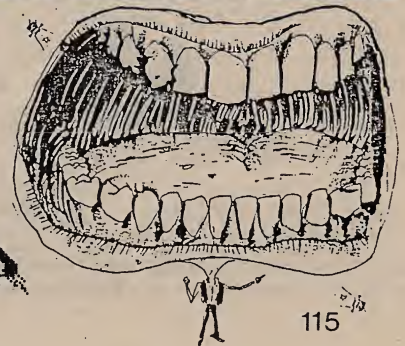
Other dues-paying SubGenius Members whose fiction you should seek out and purchase: RUDY RUCKER. LEWIS SHINER. NANCY COLLINS. JOHN STEAKLEY. (Those are in the 'science fiction section... 'cyberpunks,' they used to be called.) ROBERT ANTON WILSON. HAKIM BEY. KEN KESEY. TIMOTHY LEARY. WILLIAM POUNDSTONE. (Actually, there's a collection of evil short stories called *BAD BRAINS* coming out sometime this year which has most of those people in it plus JG Ballard (w/ a doctor's report on Jane Fonda's breast-tuck operation), Wm. Burroughs, Philip Jose Farmer, Barrington Bayley, Colin Wilson, Sol Yurick, Chas. Platt, Bruce Sterling, Tsar Stang, and Wm. Gibson. This will be available from Hakim Bey, Semiotexte, Box 568, Brooklyn, NY 11211 I take time out to plug these book guys especially, as opposed to musicians and etc., because of all artisans in this world of entertainment media, writers are the worst paid. Well, Kesey's rep and Tim Leary's are probably secure, but the rest of us need all the paying readers we can get! (Or I would've spent the last year of my life on the FIST instead of the SubGenius video.) Besides, the new *High Weirdness by Mail* book covers the musicians and magazines, but not books.

HELP BOOK JANOR

ST. JANOR HYPERCLEATS, lead ranter of *Drs. 4 "Bob"* and *Iron Kock*, is ready to EXPLODE ONTO THE SCENE with his solo stand-up Bold Surrealist "comedy act." But, in his native Arkansas, there is literally only one club open to him... for what Janor does is entirely uncategorizable; those who've seen him in action, or on tape, need no further explanation. For the rest of you, Janor is... well, words fail *even me*. His eye-wateringly funny and utterly original technique and concepts defy description; therefore, he doesn't have a CHANCE in the "comedy club" circuit, which is primarily a market for lameness, Pinkness, and audiences wanting only more *Saturday Night Live*. Yet Janor isn't some arty-farty "performance artist," either. No normal wimpy 'agency' is going to pick him up without a track record, so he's setting up tours through different sections of the country by working through individuals. "Four-walling" himself, you might say. If you know a rock or comedy club owner (or university 'arts' maven or whatever) and think you could help get him booked in your town, call or write JANOR HYPERCLEATS — 8701 Evergreen, Little Rock, AR 72207 (501) 225-1221. He has demo tapes and video if you need 'em. And, of course, you can always get the two 90-minute tapes from us for \$8.50 @: *The Janor Device*, and *Drs. for "Bob"*.

Other SubGenius preachers — Meyer, Cleve, Stemo, Buck, myself for instance — do stage work only for "Bob" and Slack; we specialize in other things for our livings. We don't do "comedy" anyway. But Janor is the one SubGenius preacher both worthy and desirous of a professional career in live performance. If Pee Wee can be a big star, there's no telling what hideous children's TV potential lies within THE JANOR DEVICE. DO YOUR PART in this stage of the war effort.

JANOR
HYPERCLEATS



Widespread destruction feared when program is triggered March 2

Computer pranksters plant 'virus' in Macs

By John Markoff
OF THE EXAMINER STAFF

A computer "virus" designed by adherents to a loose-knit philosophy called the Church of the SubGenius is creating an uproar on the nation's largest computer-information system, whose managers fear the bug may cause widespread destruction.

The bug's designers, however, say they intended to spread a message of good will with their virus, a small software program

that automatically spreads itself from computer to computer. It is aimed at Macintosh personal computers.

The virus, designed to simply display an unexpected message on a computer's screen, has not actually caused any damage. In fact, it won't flash on any screens until March 2. Still, it angers Macintosh users, who fear the damage a less-benign but similar program could cause.

Once the virus infects a Macintosh, Lount said, it will sit unnoticed inside the computer's operating system until March 2.

When someone uses the computer on March 2, it will display this message: "Richard Brandow, publisher of MacMag, and its entire staff would like to take this opportunity to convey their universal message of peace to all Macintosh users around the world." The next day, the program will destroy itself.

The Church of the SubGenius is an ill-defined group of sometime pranksters that began in Texas as, in the words of one writer, a "monotheistic new-UFO cult in the 1950s" and has become a "polytheistic grab-bag in the 1980s."

In other words, said David Specter, a New York University programmer whose computer was infected by the virus, "they're a bunch of high-tech looney-tunes. It's a loose club that is something out of 'Zippy the Pinhead.'"

Shapiro said Wednesday that he and several other programmers had spent two "horror-filled" days trying to understand the program.

Peter Lount, a director of MacMag, said he and Richard Brandow, the magazine's publisher, had designed the virus to spread a "peaceful message" through the Macintosh community.

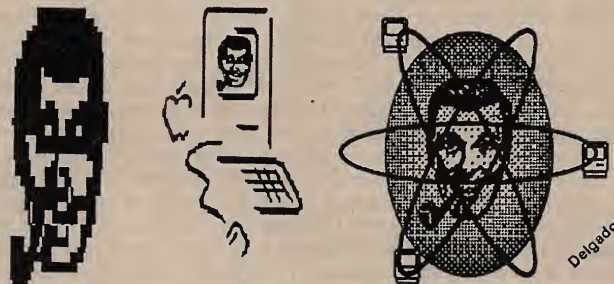
Lount said the virus was a "neoist" act that fit with the philosophy of the Church of the SubGenius.

"It's really interesting; this is madly, widely distributing itself," he said. "We're trying to show that you can use the Macintosh to reach millions of people."

Kevin Kelley, an editor of the Whole Earth Review, a Sausalito magazine, said the Church of the SubGenius had begun as a spoof on fundamentalist religions but later had taken on aspects of a religious cult in its own right. Its founder, a shadowy Texan named J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, died in 1985.

Fred Cohen, a University of Cincinnati computer scientist, warned that while the MacMag virus might appear harmless, the potential for great damage was real.

"I was really frightened last night at 1 or 2 in the morning when I discovered that this thing was living in my system," he said.



CALL TO MACINTOSH USERS — WE HAVE ONE.

Yep, we acquired quite a few new defensive hardware emplacements for the Prayer Tower: an electric fence, a guard "dog" ("Beast")... and a new custom-built computer, the MANIACintosh. With the fleshlike "tight hole" internal modification, this machine (512-E) is like a typesetter, mail order zombie and wife all rolled into one. Truly, it perfectly embodies the triumph of technology over art. No modem, though. *Unh-unh*. No fucking way. We got enough problems with incoming phone calls and mail already. There have been at least 20 "SubGenius Bulliten Boards" on line, though, from different places -- none of them lasting longer than a couple of months, usually due to short-lived Bobbie-ism.

The Church mailing list is, however, linked with the Defense Department's data-base -- little do *They* know. When we enter Their system and start copying data, They think it's the Russians!

Exploring the labyrinthian techniques of "desktop publishing" set this *Fist* back almost a year, however, and, as it turned out, NEEDLESSLY. I reached the conclusion that a dexterous SubGenius can cut-and-paste at about twice the speed that a computer nerd can with the *best* programs. Unless, of course, your standards are Pink. For unsponaneous shit, the nerds win hands down.

Our "Bob Art" disc, by the way, has 800 K of digitized MacPaint Dobbsheds and other Church symbols... thanks to The Ratcave clench for much of that the scanning! Not that I've found much use for them. Give me a xerox reduction and some glue ANY time. But then there're the Dobbsheds version of *MacPlaymate* that Rev. Devlin Levity mutated, and the "Bob's" *Revenge* pinball game. But you'll have to bribe the living *NheeGhee* out of us to get those. Not in money; try *creativity*, DUMBASS. These machines, once you get used to them, are *fantastic* for writing and mailing lists, and I pity you poor fools who went IBM or whatever, no matter how stubbornly you defend your buffoonish investment; but when the shit hits the fan, the machine is no smarter than its user's brain. So please don't bombard us with suggestions; just send \$2,000 so we can get a good hard disc. I wouldn't be surprised if some of you comp-nerds' *wives* weren't looking for a 'good hard disc' for a change, too.

And, YES, I COULD install a spelling checker program, but I just plain fucking don't WANT to. SLACK is far too easily lost in the anal-compulsive quest for perfection.

SACRED DOBBSHEAD FORMULA FOR VIC-20 REVEALED!!

Dan Lambert (9602 S. Felton Ave., Inglewood, CA 90301) offers a series of commands which, when painstakingly typed for several hours, results in a Dobbsheds on your screen... if you're using this ancient home computer, the Vic-20. Ironically, IBM or Mac users can get a Dobbsheds onscreen with the flick of one switch, if they have our art disc; and ALL Amiga users get the god damn Dobbsheds, BUILT IN, whether they want it or not!!

CUT SOME SLACK, JACK

A funny thing happens when you access ASCII positions 28-31 on the new Atari ST "Jackintosh" computer. You get a face. The face, buried in the ASCII character set, only occurs when you request print of numbers 28 through 31 side-by-side. The crewcut man's smiling face, pipe extended to the left, was originally thought to be Jack Tramiel. Another said it was Hugh Hefner. But no, that face appears to be none other than J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, High Eppot of the Church of the

Richard Brandow, Publisher of MacMag, and its entire staff would like to take this opportunity to convey their
Universal Message of Peace
to all macintosh users around the world.



Written by: Drew Davidson

Click to



WHAT THE MACINTOSH 'VIRUS' WILL LOOK LIKE ON
'Peaceful message' is work of a Montreal computer

"BOB" GAVE CANDI AND MATT A MERCEDES FOR THIS

While Rev. Matt Householder was working at Atari, cobbling together internal programs for the Atari ST ("Jackintosh") home computer, he used the Dobbshhead as an onscreen test pattern. As time went on, no one made him take it out of the program... and it went into production with the Dobbshhead still there. Now, it's part of the built-in 'icon fonts'... or you can "access ASCII positions 28-31" — i.e., request those numbers printed side by side — you get Dobbshhead. Untold thousands of purchasers discover this accidentally. In fact, the first person who told me about it was SubGenius forefather Robert Anton Wilson, who unearthed it while fooling around with the demo model he'd been sent!

Rev. Greg Leslie informed us that you can fill the whole damn screen with Dobbshheads by typing:
TO BOBS
REPEAT 39 [TYPE CHAR 28 TYPE CHAR 29]
REPEAT 39 [TYPE CHAR 30 TYPE CHAR 31]
END
TO LOTSABOBBS
REPEAT 100 [BOBS] END

Rev. Mark Nuiver further quotes BYTE magazine: "The SAVEBOB bit can be set to tell the system not to erase the old image of "Bob", which gives a 'paintbrush effect' as "Bob" moves." And: "The Amiga supports a set of structures and routines that will animate "Bobs"."

{Frankly, this Atari computer "programmers lingo" is way over my head. As a user of the original simplest Macintosh, all I have to do is pick up the Mouse and say into it, "Hello, Computer. Give me Bobscreen," and then smear Dobbbs all over the page to my heart's content with but a twist of the wrist. IBM and Atari buyers must type esoteric commands for several minutes to get just the Pipe alone. In fact, thanks to Rev. David Levitt and several anonymous Mac programmers, even those such as I — with all high school math lessons erased by injudicious excesses in our youth — can create entire pinball games, sex simulation porno programs, and vocal simulation hymn generators featuring dozens of SubGenius symbols, in about five seconds without typing a single word of programming language. So, yeah, you people who scorn the Macintosh as "not really a computer" — gee, you must be right! How could I have been so lazy as to avoid hours of convoluted computer language programming lessons, to get the same results in half a second??? Not to put Atari down; I own their 7800 video game system and have achieved high Slackness from it (although my son has eclipsed me completely when it comes to scoring points on anything except Pole Position and Shit Tick. I can still beat him on Shit Tick every time.).}

UberDominatrix Candi Strecker (Nunsake Spouselet to Rev. Householder) adds: "There's this new bulletin-board link-up system called **Quantum Link's Habitat**, that has a peculiar graphic ability: i.e., each person on the line picks a 'face' for his/herself, instead of just a word/name pseudonym, so that the 'faces' of each person engaging in dialog on this system appear on the screen. A Dobbshhead is among the faces one can choose. Responsible is **Chris Grigg of Negativland**, who was doing freelance work for Lucasfilm when they designed the Q-Link Habitat..."



BAKGRND	PRG	
BAKGRND	S	6
BATCH	TTP	1
BOB	PRG	

Employees take their troubles to a computerized psychologist called 'Dr. Bob'

JOHN CARROLL

The Face of The New Machine

JUST COINCIDENCE, or a startling scientific breakthrough? Sheer happenstance, or evidence of a higher power? Nothing at all, or more than that?

Yes, these are the questions that thousands are asking about the weird "Atari Face," the electronic version of the Shroud of Turin.

I was first alerted to this bizarre phenomenon by Warren Lorente, who claims to be a Highly Placed Officer of ABACUS, the Atari Bay Area Computer Users Society. Lorente recently purchased (at what we can assume was a generous discount) several of the new Atari 520 ST computers.

Then, acting on information received, he looked closely at a 520 ST character set. (A character set, he helpfully explains, is "a collection of images a computer uses to display letters, numbers and images on a video screen." In actual printout form, a character set looks like a 16x16 grid filled with symbols, some familiar (the alphabet), others utterly mysterious.

And what did he find? In the lower left-hand corner (hexadecimal value squares C-1 through F-1), Lorente discovered, as predicted, a representation of a grinning human face.

In which the ghost of the Eternal Pipe is seen, and conclusions reached

BUT WHO WAS IT? Secret sources at first alleged that the face was intended to be that of Jack Tramiel, the new owner of Atari. But time-consuming investigations revealed that this Tramiel is a chunky bald fellow, a sort of Ed Asner type.

The Tramiel Hypothesis was clearly disinformation. A cover-up of monumental proportions was going on; a child could see that, and several did. But whose face was it?

The face in the new machine was thin; the profile was chiseled. The grin was reserved, almost beatific, yet lit with a strange inner radiance. Most of all, the face was smoking a pipe!

It's clear now, isn't it? The face in the new machine was J.R. "Bob" Dobbs.

That's right, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the only major international deity to walk the course at the Jamie Farr Toledo Open, the only spiritual icon with an investment strategy for the '80s, the only godhead who regularly caters the meetings of the Trilateral Commission — "Bob" is back and Atari's got him.

(Infrequent readers of this column may not know of the essence and glory of "Bob." To these readers I can only say: Wise up quick.)

But why "Bob"? Well, Atari has been having a hard time lately. The empire that Pong built has gone ping. Clearly, the corporate honchos required divine intervention.

We can speculate that they first tried to make a deal with Satan (what we paranormal investigators call the "Procter & Gamble Faustian Fallacy"), then turned to "Bob" to lead them from the wilderness.

And, lo, "Bob" said: "Place my face upon your character set, and all that you wish for shall be vouchsafed unto you, probably." And this they did, and are even now awaiting results.

Naturally, the folks at Atari maintained deniability. A telephone operator at corporate headquarters told this space exclusively: "We have no one here by that name, sir."

But Warren Lorente is not fooled. "The Conspiracy understands that Atari is an agent of Slack. But there are Dobbians at all levels, fighting back. Spread the word of these miracles."

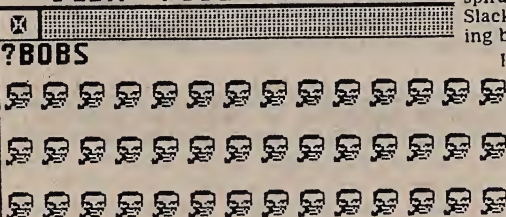
Have done so.

- Latest news on the **Computerized Dobbbs Oracle**: its developer, **Rev. Mark Nuiver** of the *8th Church of "Bob" Computer*, is still perfecting the graphic functions to make "Bob" frown, smile, blow smoke, move his mouth in sync with his voice, etc. The planned interactive aspects have many bugs, so "Bob" only spouts canned slogans as yet. He croaks a little when he talks, too, but eventually the program should be able to answer any question from any pilgrim or potential 'customer' in full sync animation and with all-original spoutings (randomized, yes, but all the more divine for that). Fellow Amiga users with experience in artificial anti-intelligence may want to contact Nuiver at 295 Park Ave. S., Apt. 14P, NY, NY 10010.
- A non-SubG but fun Macintosh program should be mentioned here: **Rev. Robert Carr's MacWanker**, which offers both an obscene phrase generator and a do-it-Urself Porno Writer. Both are actually quite limited in their vocabularies of profanity, but the disc is only \$4 (from Carr at 2210 N. 9th St., Boise, Idaho 83702), and the sound & graphics are fun. Pope Sternodox (now a Mac expert) and I are jointly working up the 'script' for a similar program which will be rather more perverse, to say the least. However, we're not programmers, so we'll eventually need someone to build the actual program with us from our voluminous story-line choices and the array of characters, adjectives and verbs which would be used to randomly generate sickness.

- Latest SubG BBS (Computer bulletin board): **BOBDO BBS** at 215-386-0350 (300/1200 baud) in Philly.

Every secret society is an act of reflection, therefore, of conscience. For reflection, accumulated and fixed, is conscience. In so far, secret societies are in a certain manner the expression of conscience in history.

Desk File Run Edit

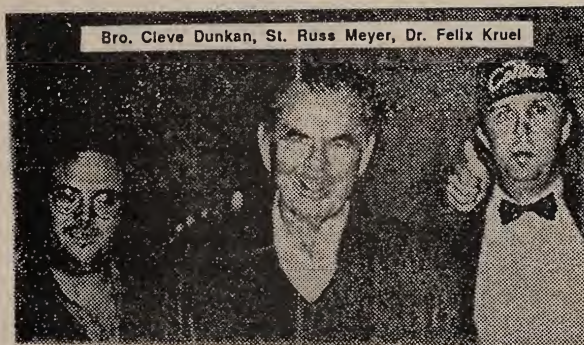


BROTHER CLEVE named ROVING EMISSIONARY OF "BOB"

Brother Cleve Duncan, perhaps best-known to many Subs as the voice and fingers behind the hit rap video and song "Welcome to the End Times" as well as the Hour of Slack gospel theme, "Bob Is My Load (And He's Coming Again)", is also reknowned in his hometown of Boston as a seminal founding Member of such rude "novelty bands" as *The Fabulous Billygoons*, *The Swinging Erudites*, and *Iron Liver* — to name but a few. In 1985, however, Cleve was hired as touring keyboardist for the popular "'80s-Rock" band, *The Del Fuegos*. Cleve has taken the Word of "Bob" along as an adjunct to the *Del Fuegos* tours through every city of America, as well as most of Europe and Japan. *The Del Fuegos* aren't exactly a SubGenius band, but Cleve has nevertheless taken full advantage of the free travel, beer and synthesizers to splatter the DobbsWord as forcefully as possible against the crania of unsuspecting backstage poseurs and rock journalists. He has also scouted out the 'Frop availability scene from Tokyo to Stockholm to Cleve-Land, Ohio, and back around the other way. "Coming to your town, coming in your town, coming all over your town," as he puts it with typical subtlety and poise.

Cleve underwent a frightening "knighting ceremony" for his position as Roving Emissionary. The band was in L.A., playing near the very spot where, a month earlier, we'd held our L.A. SubCon Revival: the infamous Alexandria Hotel. St. Byron Werner escorted Cleve into the bowels of this junkie's shooting-gallery of a hotel to show him the gigantic, delapidated 3-D sculptured Dobbshead built by Stan Peskett, which we had abandoned at the doorway to the ballroom a month earlier. *It had not been moved.* NO HOTEL EMPLOYEE HAD DARED EVEN TOUCH the huge, wrecked-up Head during the whole intervening month, even though it completely blocked the main door to the ballroom. Cleve & Byron stood gazing at it — it had a chair in its mouth, placed there by Atwell and Naked after our revival, in a fit of post-revival frenzy — and Cleve happened to mention, "Oh, Byron! I have been given to know my exact rank of exaltation in the Church. I am the Roving Emissionary of "Bob." I plant "Bob's" seed where I can." At that exact moment, the forehead of the giant Dobbshead suddenly, and without any visible reason, *caved in*. Byron and Cleve looked at each other... and fled the scene to drink as much alcohol as possible. *This is true...*

Cleve's tales of life on the road, touring as a SubGenius with a famous band, make for a whole book on their own. I should mention that he, Dr. Krue and the other Billygoons had a conclave with Russ Meyer, America's Greatest Film Director, and fueled him up on "Bob" — as did Pope Michael Flores of Chicago, when he helped the mighty King of Busomania to judge a cleavage contest. And to even things out, Rev. Chastity Belt judged the Mr. Nude Texas contest. (She reports that "all men are *not* created equal." PRAISE "BOB"!



Bro. Cleve Duncan, St. Russ Meyer, Dr. Felix Krue

DOBBSHEAD JOINS ZZ TOP VIA LASER LIGHT SHOW

The Dobbshead has been touring with yet more Pink-adored bands, but in an even more subversive way. In 1984, Rev. Cordt Holland introduced me to his Dallas friends who run ShowLasers, Inc., a firm which provides state-of-the-art laser shows for megabuck touring rock bands. The ShowLaser fellows had already created a Dobbshead which could be projected onto clouds, audiences or buildings by laser — a jittery outline for sure, but nonetheless quite recognizable as Dobbs. They incorporated the Dobbshead into all their large concert shows. This is why the Dobbshead has appeared 50 feet high in the air over ZZ Top, Michael Jackson, and

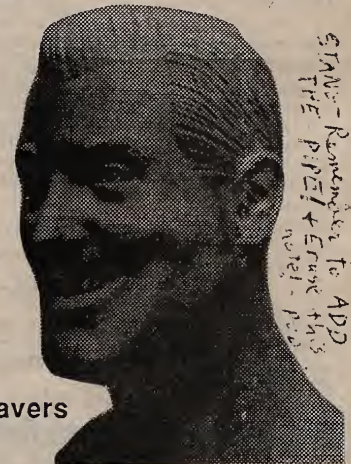
countless other clients in vast concert halls filled with impressionably stoned teeny-boppers and ignorant poebucker-rock hordes. I myself was quite pleasantly SHOCKED to see it projected over the Cotton Bowl at the State Fair of Texas, inserted between laser portraits of George Washington and Abe Lincoln at the rousing climax of the patriotic "God Bless Ammerica" finale in the Fair's laser show.

CLOSE CALL

Years ago, Popes Michael & Pam Flores/Smith introduced me to grizzled hipster Del Close, who had been instrumental in early Texas *Psychedelic Shacks*, Second City TV, *Saturday Night Live*, and even John Belushi's career-length. He made his living in his youth by traveling from town to town, hitting up aged occultists, and convincing them that he was Blavatsky's "Maitreya" or whatever, come again. He showed Lenny Bruce how to fuck up, and scammed his way through other periods of his life as a magician and con artist. He wrote and/or directed some of your favorite old-timey SNL routines. Del Close, indeed, is one of the less-sung but more-to-blame fathers of Evil Hipdom... one of my heroes. Besides his theatrical projects (like "Honor Finnegan Vs. The Brain of the Galaxy" and "Ron Giovanni"), he also writes for comic books. In the October '86 issue of *GrimJack* comics, Del's story "D.T." continues the sick Munden's Bar series. "My favorite part of being a drunk was always the DTs," sez Rev. Close, autobiographically, and the story climaxes with a giant hideous "Bob" overpowering all the other hallucinations of the anti-protagonist's delerium tremens.

ZOOGZ RIFT INFLICTS DOBBS ON ALBUM P.R. PINKS

Yes, that dangerous screamer and laugher ZOOGZ RIFT used the p.r. releases for his new albums on SST records as vehicles for his theories on Dobbs' assassination. Rift has a number of self-distributed albums that are more original, hateful, and generally eardrum-flaying than *your* latest musical discovery, period, and a couple of 'best of' compilations on SST that I've found at Sound Warehouses! All highly recommended, or just kill me in your abysmal know-nothing isolationism. Anyway, the release for the "Water" lp reads, in part:



DOBBS BUST by Hellswami Satellite Weavers

THE HAGEN "BOB" SCULPTURE

For two years the new Dallas Art Museum had not one, but *two* busts of Dobbs in their Children's Section — one convex, as "Bob" really is, and one concave... a negative mold of the same sculpture. (Together, they illustrated an optical illusion: it was impossible to tell from a distance which Dobbs was inside-out.) The original larger-than-life Dobbs bust was created very gradually by Hellswami Satellite Weavers over many months (it took a long time to get The Grin right); when he got a temporary gig with the museum, it just so happened that they needed a human face mold... so Dobbs was it.

We have a cast of the Face here, and the Hellswami possesses the original full-head bust. That it can be displayed in art museums for children to 'feel up' is one thing... but it can also be used to create DOBBS HALLOWEEN MASKS. Yes, one trip to the vacu-form factory and we could have thousands of full-head plastic Dobbs masks ready for next Halloween. And they'll be crucial by X-Day. Any takers among you monied SubGenius entrepreneurs experienced in manufacturing and marketing of seasonal scam-junk?

DOBBS SLOGANS IMBEDDED IN ARTFUL FEATURE FILM ABOUT CHINA!

During most of 1986, I was either in Peking, China, or editing a film coproduced with the Beijing Film Studios and directed by Rev. Mickey Grant of Dallas. This feature-length bulldada documentary is called *CHINA RUN* and, with any luck, should play your local cinemateques this year. It depicts the real-life marathon run of Kentucky hick Stan Cottrell across the entire length of China in 54 days. Although it purports to tell the reactions of this backwoods American hillbilly to modern China through his on-the-spot narration, most of the words he speaks were actually written by me (in poebucker dialect (my own native tongue), and modified by Stan) and recorded later, and are as much *my* view of China as his. Not to take any steam out of Stan's sails; he did the damn run, and all I did was read books about the country and make friends with the Chinese film crew who shot and recorded the event. I also was the editor of the film and made many primary creative decisions along with Rev. Prof. Miki Grant, Dallas's only combination daredevil-filmmaker/Mandarin-speaking-Sinologist-Buddhist-Gnostic-SubGenius. (Stan, the runner, is a born again Christian, which is why he could raise money for his film but I can't for mine.) I was also what you call "voice talent." We had all this footage of Chinese people selling rat poison, talking about Stan, whatever, which we had to use in the film. Rather than use subtitles in a world where moviegoers can't read, we used English-translated "voice-overs" simultaneously with the actual Chinese speech... you hear a cartoon-like English version of dialog in the foreground, the actual sync sound in background. The translations from Chinese ARE ACCURATE, but left some room for idiomatic interpretations... which I supplied. I also performed the "fake Chinese-accent voices" for several characters. In this manner I was able to slip a lot of SubGenius jargon and philosophy into real Chinese people's mouths without really changing the intent of their statements at all. A Chinese rural rat poison salesman starts his sales spiel just like the *Hour of Slack* sign-on, and several old farmers arguing over the price of a bull end up demanding "more Slack... or kill me!"

In making this film, Dr. Grant and I were able to recruit to the Church the ONE MAN capable of being Pope of All Asia: the great Li Li-jing, Sound Recordist for Beijing Studios, Playboy, Dad, and All-Around Cool Studly Guy. His coworker-sound-recordist, Li Yan, allowed me to name her as High Priestess of all Asia... but I think she was only humoring me. (She's since emigrated to Dallas, and we're still busting ass trying to convince the U.S. Embassy in China to let Li-jing come here to study!)

End result: We are now receiving Pamphlet and Membership orders from the People's Republic of China. Could this be the "Sleeping SlackGeyser" of which Dobbs spoke in veiled tones in his 1959 trance lectures?? China contains 1/4 of all the potential SubGenii in the world, but it is also home to The Conspiracy's most deadly manifestation: Communism. What an incubation chamber! The Dobbs Virus — a sort of AntiAIDS — now has a fertile root-hold for growth there. 2 down, 1 billion to go. WHAT WILL CHINA BE LIKE, 100 YEARS FROM NOW???

Late note: *CHINA RUN* recently picked up the top awards for best documentary feature at several of the most prestigious film festivals. (!)

Commie of a Different Color



Pat Castor



Nanzl Regalia

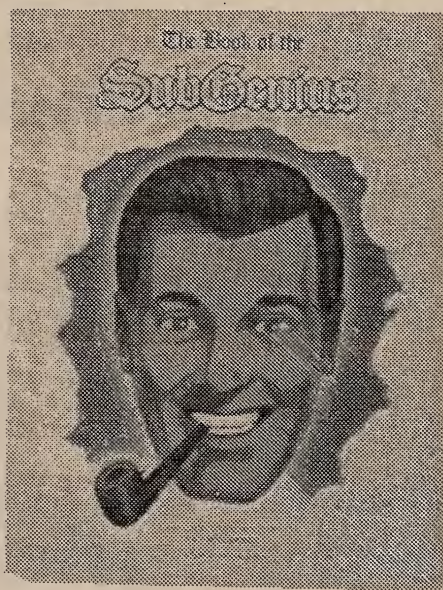


OFFER OF HELL!!

THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS by The SubGenius Foundation:

\$12

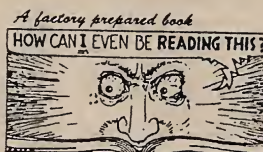
You'll never have to read another book as long as you live -- because you'll just sit, reading this one over and over again. 200 pages of brain-raping text and graphics. A self-help book for sinners, creeps, morphodites, and all wise men and guys who knew they wouldn't get "help" from any book even if they needed it in the first place. This is the UNCUT Word of Dobbs, not for the gullible or faint-hearted; holds all answers to everything, including many you'll wish you'd *never learned*. Superb marital aid. Encompasses Life of "Bob," his prophecy, entire past and future history of Earth, and all the instructions you'll ever need for survival, Slack, psychic wealth and prosperity in The End Times. This is a WEAPON! Contains the in-credible INFINITE CONTROL™ (with 'knob™'). An intensifier of perception: stretches your imagination to the limit -- and POPS IT. You will then learn that no matter how sure of things you thought you were, you were DEAD WRONG and GROVELLING in an ILLUSION manufactured by the "Authorities" who secretly LORD IT over your VERY MIND. After that, you cannot continue to live in blithering normalcy -- you'll know what you're being fattened for. The "Sistine Chapel" of the 20th Century. Sharp image resolution w/No-Fake™ pulldown claw. This profusely illustrated, 8 1/2 x 11, softbound Horror Bible is now in a second edition from Simon & Schuster (with new covers & Predictions, plus "Bob's" Death(?) addendum).



Cover by St. Kenneth Huey



*SHOCKING FACTS!
*HEALING POWERS!
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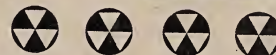
ROLLING STONE

"This book is like nothing else on earth, just as 'Bob' is like nothing else on earth."

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"An indispensable volume... part evangelical pamphlet, part science fiction, part bullshit, and much Good Sense."

Betsy Sherman, BOSTON ROCK



BRAND NEW!
THREE FISTED TALES OF "BOB"!
\$12 (includes postage in U.S.)

This third SubGenius book published by Simon and Schuster weighs in at a hefty 350 pages, with Slack-wrenching short stories by Paul Mavrides, Drs. 4 "Bob," William Burroughs, Hal Robins, Robert Anton Wilson, Stang, Waves Forest, KDV, Onan, Dr. Drummond, Michael Peppe, Mark Mothersbaugh, Lewis Shiner, John Shirley, Pope David Meyer, G. Gordon Gordon, Puzzling Evidence, Chris Gross, and others.

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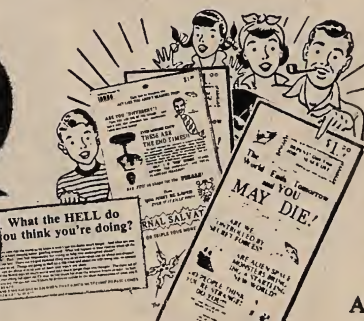
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Dozens Gave Their Words for this. Reveals proven success formula. Sued twice for blasphemy -- AND LOST!! All-pulp chassis is flexible yet resilient... no more difficult de-spunking. Encrusted spum comes off as fast as it got on, with a simple dishrag. Acid-free coating is resistant to normalcy viruses. Lincs stomach walls with natural fungus that acts as anxiety dampener. "Finally, after years of bad digestion, I feel like I have a damn bomb shelter in my gut! Thanks to Dr. Dobbs, now I can handle whatever the Pinks dish out -- and I can eat just about anything, too! Fuck that health food -- I'm saving money!"

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Sample current issue \$3.50

Left brain still getting faked out by right brain? SWITCH 'EM with this official secret magazine of the SubGenius Cult. Now the only monthly magazine that sometimes goes a year between issues. Well over 100 pages of CRAM-PACKED small-print BULLSHATTERING: includes hidden facts of the SubGenius, *Things to See, Say, and Do*, letters from the flock, blistering editorials, detailed instructions for those who follow NO MASTER, amazing comix, Bobly art, horrifying predictions, ine farts, and TRUE NEWS of the Cult. Light -- portable-- easy to store; no maintenance. Shelters eternal soul from harmful thought-radiations. Break ALL the unspoken rules with impunity -- & improve reading skills at the same time.

THIS SUBGENIUS™ CATALOG

...that you're now reading and obviously already have. Doubles as a 3-punch Kassner Head-Pussy (after the kids' bedtime, of course!)

After you lose this one: **ONE ASS-KICK BUCK**

"Beware the SubGenii! They speak with forked tongues that can pierce the thickest skull, rattling the brainpan with seductive wordplay and narcotic mindfuck. The complex language/thought patterns of the text may keep you glued to the toilet seat for a suspiciously long time. Its dense layers of possible meaning can (and should) be referred to for revisionary guidance...Glory Be to "Bob"!"

Actual Mileage May Vary

-- David Keeps, CREEM

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TWIST THE CHURCH FOR YOUR OWN ENDS!! BECOME AN ORDAINED SUBGENIUS MINISTER AND ATTAIN THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD WEIRDO NETWORK!! You'll be rich in seconds -- it's that simple. INSTANT SLACK FOREVER!!

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LEASE YOUR SOUL to "BOB" for SAFEKEEPING!
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Overcome shyness and guilt with this fantastic replacement for a huge penis or perfect tits. Read THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL and learn not only the Word of Dobbs but also ways to contact, buy from, and sell to the incredible (yet *real*!!) network of SubGenii and SubSymps everywhere. Learn of local revivals, other secret societies, UNUSUAL PRODUCTS, Other Mutants. THIS IS NO FAKE. Puts you "in charge" of your life. You get: subscription to four STARK FISTS (they're 100 pages each, full of rants, art, Prescriptions, doctrine, charts, filth, comics, reviews and CHURCH NEWS & CONTACTS); plus The Divine Excuse, your Doktorate of the Forbidden Sciences, Pamphlets #1 & 2, Catalog, many suitable-for-framing documents, propaganda flyers for you to copy, stickers, and a wallet sized, legal-looking MINISTER'S CARD granting you every imaginable right and excusing ALL SINS. Also, you get access to numerous small newsletters in between FIST issues. This is the only way to get on the Mailing List of the Chosen, pierce the shroud of secrecy insulating the cult, and obtain such privileges as befit membership in a secret society of this scope. And all of it, including the surgery, can be done BY MAIL. No "SubGenius" will show up at your door. Everything is kept STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL (unless you want your local Clench listed). And don't worry about the diseases -- they're part of the satire, too!

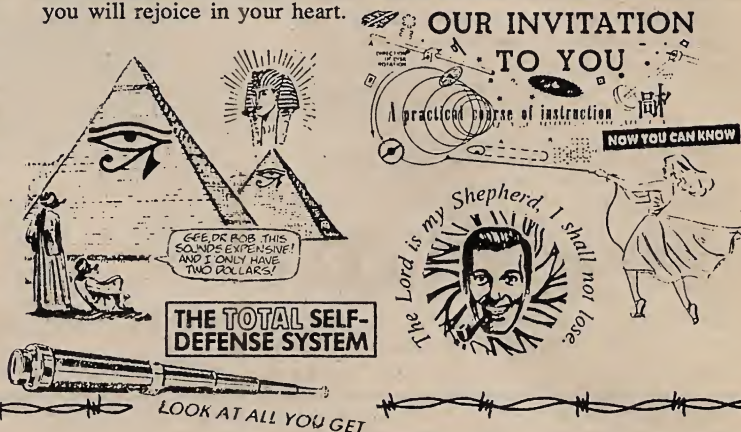
Your soul *can* get "overdrawn" -- just like your bank account! But with the proper investment, it will GROW! You want to be sure that when you die, it'll be healthy enough that you're *really* able to die *completely*, and make it all the way to Heaven rather than just hang around Earth, one-eighth alive, like a Pink Boy.



The SubGenius material has only recently been made public. This is YOUR chance to get in on the ground floor of a huge, lucrative cult - NOW, while rates are low. You will then be eligible for all the \$\$\$, weird sex, drugs, and SHEER POWER OVER OTHERS that go with high-ranking membership in the Church.

But... if he hasn't seen your \$20, you're still "Pink" to "Bob."
SIGN UP NOW AND SAVE \$5000!!

Truly, MEMBERSHIP is the only way to take full advantage of all Dobbs has to offer. A life could depend on this decision.... you will rejoice in your heart.



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Lucky DOBBS BUTTON \$1.50

Rover will flip for this one; smells like salvation itself. For financial/spiritual luck. The True Dobbshead on distinguished white background. Large 2 1/4" metal button with laminated face. Attracts sex partners. Used since ancient times to repel or attract soul-sex vampires. Lifelike, gruesome. Stays ice-cold at all temperatures; you'll scream and scream and scream. Not for sissies. (3 for \$3.50)

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Hundreds of \$-sucking Church slogans, ads, images and mysterious threats ready to cut apart and stick all over laundromats, subways, envelopes, etc. DRIVE YOUR HOMETOWN INSANE. Printed in sheets so you can xerox 'em first. (10 copies of one sheet will provide you with 300 handy pieces of SubProp.) Send 'em to friends... leave 'em in bar restrooms... drop 'em out of planes... scare Grandpa with 'em. These go straight to pain centers with opioid blankets of somnambulistic bliss like no other advertisements can.

BUMPER STICKERS \$1 each or 6 different ones for \$4

These are sturdy paper day-glo bumperstickers. Ouchless. Great for cars, boats, farm implements, band equipment, briefcases, bombs, refrigerator doors... even your own face. Mounted on your car, it will draw honks from many people you'd *never* think were fellow Subs... Provides 'power shell' which helps to ward off accidents and Acts of God. All show "BOB's" Beaming Presenceship in vivid yellow-green plus any of 6 SLOGANS:

"TOO MUCH IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN NOT ENOUGH;" "GIVE ME SLACK;" "PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR OWN EYES;" "BULLDADA;" "ACT LIKE A DUMBSHIT AND THEY'LL TREAT YOU AS AN EQUAL;" "FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE" Specify slogan if ordering less than 6.

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Contains all bumperstickers plus double-dose of the stickers... PLUS the coveted "BOB" ON BOARD dashboard sign. With this baby, you'll be READY the next time your face is on fire. Quick, fast Condom or Clamspiracy release. Easy on delicate tissues... no danger of runaway infection. Automatically sloughs off waste. You'll feel *good* about yourself.

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Impress the Screaming Hell out of your boss, friends, wives! Huge (11 x 17) suitable-for-framing ordination document looks realer than real and IS. Forget school -- be a Doktor INSTANTLY. Incredible, sinister super-miniaturized fine print details all the scores of Church Ranks and Titles from which YOU can CHOOSE. Signed by.... "Bob!!" Includes Secrecy Vow, ornate border, authorization to do damn near ANYTHING. Makes anyone a "winner." Who needs "assertiveness" when you've got INFINITE WEALTH?? Be a Total Person. (Comes with Membership.)



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Book of the SubGenius POSTERS \$15

While supplies last. The one you've been waiting for... be the life of the party! Poster-sized color print of Hellswami Hagen-Brenner's cover painting, (1st edition), w/ BOOK adblurbs at the bottom. We have only a few left.

New 2nd SUBGENIUS BOOK!! HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL \$12

YES! This nonfiction encyclopedia of abnormality, published by Simon & Schuster, will be in most bookstores starting in May '88. 300 pages describing the most bizarre fringe groups on Earth, and how to get their stuff for a 25¢ stamp. Like the Stark Fist OTHER MUTANTS section, but with an even higher level of sarcasm, more rants, and comea-melting sample illustrations. Covers the sickest and/or best of everything from UFO cults, hate groups, and kooks of every stripe, to the most advanced bizarre art, music, and comix. The ultimate Whole Earth Catalog for SubGeniuses. Co-authored with Remote Control and Factsheet Five.

A NOTE to the Uninitiated: The general stylistic approach in official Church products is to cram as much as possible into any given book, tape, or video -- packing and layering so many nuances and throw-away lines that it requires anywhere from 8 to 75 viewings to catch them all. I.e., if you still have a brain, YOU GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH! But if you're merely a Mediocrelin Glorp, you get confused as hell... but you think it must be cool anyway, because somebody else said it was.

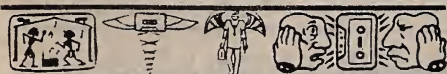
SubGenius™ CASSETTE TAPES

IMPROVE YOUR LUCK AND LIFE with the WISDOM of "BOB!" Here are the KEYS TO RICHES and HEALTH in EZ-2-READ CASSETTE TAPES!! ALL TAPES are HIGH QUALITY STEREO, in COLOR!

Heads are splattering all over tape decks in vain attempts by "fanboys" to fully "grok" the skull-reaming complexities of the cassettes created by our Skull Farmers and Media Adepts. In a world where few can remember how to read, THESE TAPES may be the last hope for spreading "Bob's" Seed-Word before the Day of Judgement and the Arrival of our Brothers from the Stars. In censored form, these sonic masterpieces already air on scores of independent radio stations worldwide.

Yes -- "BOB" SPEAKS NOW through his ministers and disciples: HE SPEAKS TO YOU. There are SubGeniuses on this Urth who have practiced for so long and with such fervor at the occult art of auto-psycho trance babbling that they have become channels for the very Word (& Song and Filthy Routine) of DOBBS HIMSELF -- the holy Media of Mediums and Extremists. These tapes are REAL... realer than any mortal can ever be. The Foundation gets dozens of cassette weird-outs in the mail a month; we extract the very best "squeeze-in's" and then boil the brew down even further to create that *essence, that very "resin" of Slack*, that you seek. Too few have yet realized that The Church and its allies generate as dense electronic media as printed material... but those who buy usually come back for more... and more... and more -- veritable junkies for the DobbsWord. Radio stations that air these tapes quadruple their ratings overnight... yet are shut down by the FCC the next day! "Bob" is MOVING across the face and tongue of ALL THE AMERICAS. The time is drawing near. *The Doktors for "Bob" are WILLIN' to be KILLIN' and the Fall of Pinks is nigh.*

Order tapes NOW, so that you get a chance to hear and memorize them before the Electromagnetic Pulse from the doomsday bombs erases them all!



BUY NO TRUSS

CAUTION: These are very special Subliminal Tapes. Play them just before going to sleep for best results in hypnagogic Gnostic Brain Dubbing. Your subconscious mind will automatically bring about the desired changes in you. These have many advantages over conventional hypnosis tapes in that the suggestions for change are given many thousands of times during a regular sleep period. Secondly, there is NO CONSCIOUS RESISTANCE; the message is below your awareness. As the BobTrance is induced, you may experience out-of-body travel and hallucinations. You may even pick up a cheap tape deck yourself and start Mouthing for the Grinning One, the "Bob" on Earth, the Living "Bob."

OR -- invite these wonderful voices into your car -- it's like having an army of invisible UberBlabbers partying and worshipping with you at the volume YOU choose! Restores the spiritual 'grip' of Dobbs after a hard day's work. Can be used with most drugs. Complex, insipid, inspiring, confusing -- but it's THE TRUTH from what YOU KNOW is the One World Religion of prophecy. You'll think, "By Gobbs, there's somebody else like me in this world!" (You'll be wrong, though.)

Designed for use with stereo headphones; the 3-D Interactive Holiophonic Stereoeffects trigger total physical separation of the left and right brains (cerebral mitosis)... prompting the Forebrain/Hindbrain SyncLock™ that is the whole reason for these BRAIN DISCONNECTION TAPES. Based on new breakthrough principles by which subliminal neuroelectronic impulses above and below human or SubGenius hearing program the listener. Be ready to suddenly wake up and find yourself laughing and crying convulsively, astrally projecting, and experiencing profound cathartic reactions to the flood of archetypal images and racial memories unleashed by the tape.

High dosages have so sensitized some listeners that they began to perceive the underlying Yacatzima SlackMatrix of the entire universe through their Third Nostril receptors, and were unable to stop hearing the tape long after it was turned off. Others have literally relived their reincarnation (the accumulated sex hurt of all past lives); there has even been one report of a violent poltergeist manifestation triggered by a bad tape "trip." Brings you "faith to faith" with the weirdest -- and sexiest -- types of unnatural phenomena!

"The entire experience was one of the most sensuous and pleasant in my life..."



BETTER SEX IN SECONDS

HOTTEST NEW SUBGENIUS TAPES!!

"Can't listen just once -- can't buy just one." If we were unscrupulous, we *could* sell these like *drugs* and let you have the first hit FREE -- knowing you'd keep coming back for more. But we are SWORN not to abuse the Healing Power. Thousands have already been cured. PROVEN useful for seduction, sales improvement, suicide prevention.

THE EAR OF "BOB" \$8.50

"Best of the Old-Time Bobsongs" combined with new SubG music: hymns, Mystery Jazz and acid-reggae disco-funk of the Gods. *Superb stereo! Unbelievably expensive digital effects! The most famous Gospel Sexhurd Hymns, performed by the "all-new," "high-tech" a-music bands!* Many new studio recordings, some Church oldies. The stereo 3-D effects will rampage through your cranium -- your ears will feel like they have knives in them -- yet you'll scream, "MORE, 'Bob,' MORE!" These beautiful odes to abnormality and demented CLASSICS will bless your heart, and annoy your Gland. With Slackmaster Cleve and the Spurious Jive, Mark Mothersbaugh, Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger, D. K. Jones, Buck Naked and the Jaybirds, Inhibiting Factor, Drs. for "Bob," Glassmadness, Rio Bisbee Band, The Swinging Love Corpses, Drs. for Wotan, Dr. Onan's Wotan Band, The Band That Dare Not Speak Its Name, Drs. for Utter Stupidity.

NEW: "BOB'S" EARWAX \$6.50

ALL NEW studio-mixed Bobsongs from the above bands plus many skilled new songsters like Rev. Don Trubey, Bleepo Abernathy, Robby Sharp and others. 60 min. Probably our slickest and most accessible music tape.

THE JANOR DEVICE \$8.50

Our most esoteric; solo ranting by demented Arkansas hick SubGenius, Janor Hypercleats -- an hour and a half of nonstop ranting from DRS. 4 "BOB," his own tapes, and revivals. Really sick. (And we don't use that term loosely.) Filth, blue humor, bad language -- and the most brilliant surrealist comedy routines in human experience! A seemingly endless plunge into Janor Awareness. You'll talk like him for a week, and rip off his lines for years. Many swear this superb room-clearing device can be used with a tape recorder to rid your home not only of unwanted human pests, but even cockroaches!

Janor tapes work for nearly everyone, and even those who stay parked in their bodies.



DOCTORS FOR "BOB" #1 A LEWD SPECTACLE OF WANTON DEPRAVITY \$8.50

90 minutes of studio-recorded songs from Drs. for "Bob." (Each SubGenius cassette is ONE NOTE in a vast DRS. 4 "BOB" SONG. Every sound YOU MAKE is but the merest fraction of a *beat* in the background percussion track of this Eternal Concert.) 'Musical,' yet always violently weird. This decade's "Music to Disgust Your Parents By." You'll fuck it with a big fat dick, with big red straps, when you hear the sensational hit, "Told the Judge." Ever wondered HOW Kreegar managed to "X" that tractor up his ass? Well, now you can find out! Let OTHERS do it the hard way. Includes "The Final Squirt," "Shocked the Livin' GHEE Outa Me," "Dobbs Approved," "You Can't Hide from God," "Fuck 'Er One More Time," "Legs o' Fire," "Cut My Toe Off With A Lawnmower Blues," many many more. "This is the worst music I have ever heard. Please don't send any more tapes here." -- David Byrne

So you know it can't be Pink.

... the control that thinks cool ...

- 1) Use headphones. You'll enter a Hell Dimension with the 3-D power to transfigure you.
- 2) Listen More Than Once.
- 3) Don't Try To Dance To It.
- 4) Ignore the Demons.

"After listening to Side 2 for 6 hours, I experienced tranestate accompanied by alarming "flashes." After 8 hours I was *there* with all those Doctors and we caused the manifestation of Choronzon, which ruined my carpet unfortunately."

-- A. Crawley A.A.: Pretator Magnus

WE MANUFACTURE THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

THE MEDIA BARRAGE™ TAPES

\$8.50

for a real
kick in
your ass



The difference is in the detail.

Our finest work! The audio equivalent of THE STARK FIST, years in the making. High-paced, frantically over-embellished editing, dense with startling juxtapositions, these uber-mixed brain-wrenchers result from the labors of hundreds of skilled Sound Doktors from the famous to the shunned. Documentary/propagandoid Revelations, Trance Re-enactments, Music and YOU NAME IT -- carefully mixed, warped, synthesized, rerouted and machine-gun edited with shocking stereo whiparound, musical rampages, rapid-fire subliminal Time Shift special effects sequences and BAD, BAD TALK. A totally new genre, more complex, entertaining and scientifically accurate than any previous form of art or expression in all of mankind's history.

Unbelievable sequences from our staggering Archives including: a) THE REAL WORLD (delerium radio ranters, insane preachers, miraculously-captured TV lunacy, senses-reaming medioclips of bulldada, puzzling evidence, suitable-for-framing collectors yuks, lies, weird cults, and other MODERN SIGNS OF THE END TIMES); b) The Living Churches of "Bob" (excerpts from the best radio and TV interviews with Hierarchites, sacred trance spouting, revival tapes, "Bob"-songs, doktormusic, chants, rants and preaching to raise the Dead and cast out demons, from bands and clenches worldwide.); c) LURID TRASH (horrifyingly appropriate clips from horror, porn, bulldada, and sci-fi Great Badfilm soundtracks. You'll gasp with recognition at some of the PRIMAL HELL-SOUNDTRACKS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD.).

Opens your 3rd Nostril by coring you out with the knife-edged REALITY of the SubGenius Church. And yet -- hearing will still be not believing. YEP, they're watching you, alright, BUT NOW YOU CAN WATCH THEM BACK!! Four oversized wheels for better image tracking even on rough terrain. No muss, no fuss, NO ENTRAILS.... preplucked from skull to sternum. Gutted; a perfect winter accessory. Batteries NOT INCLUDED.

"From a radio standpoint, it's up there with The Firesign Theatre, Monty Python, Ken Nordine, Lenny Bruce, R. Stevie Moore, and The Shaggs. And Jean Shepherd. And Norman Vincent Peale. And How To Train Your Dog in 10 Minutes A Day. And... yes, Dobbs has forever entered our lives and language."

-- Rev. Chusid, WFMU, NJ

Our Most Beloved MEDIA BARRAGES

If you have never bought tapes,

BUY THESE FIRST \$8.50 @

These are the finest Brain Erasure tapes on the market today, but are not for children or for parties. Due to stereo complexities and the new blue-screen optical matte process (with MOTION CON-TROL™), HEADPHONES ARE RECOMMENDED.

Culled from a million different sources but primary editing is by Byron Werner, Puzzling Evidence and Ivan Stang. There are plenty of others, but these are good new starters:

MEDIA BARRAGE 10: "REPENT!"

The ultimate anti-Con tape; try this one first! Gets him or her HOT to TROT with full-aperture Greek Feature and Vibrating Node for a FULL night's sleep. Opens with the famous INDUSTRIAL CHURCH INTRO as heard in Heaven; ends with Cleve Duncan's THE BRAG OF THE SUBGENIUS as heard in Hell. In between is an increasingly frenzied few hundred cuts guaranteed to leave you foaming at the mouth with HATE and LOVE. Includes the Boston SubG riot, DEVO on "BOB," SubG protest songs, THE SHOW & other radio combat, MORE!

MEDIA BARRAGE 11: "SHUT UP, PINK BOY"

Side 1 concerns UFOs, False Jesi, mysticism, Xists & Prescriptions. Side 2 is the new END OF THE WORLD PROPHECY MONTAGE, with "Bob" nuking the Earth, soul-aborting predictions and ten thousand other things. Hints of our big antinuke and eco-death SECRET PROJECT "CHURCH AIR." Sharp, long-lasting, concentrated. You'll be able to quit "doing it" within a few days. It's a snap!

MEDIA BARRAGE 12: "SLACK!" and THE SHOW

Mmmmm-MM! Better than fomicatin' a Prairie Squid! Side One is our most inspirational barrages on Slack and how to carve out a hunk of it for yourself. May cause emotional upheavals if heard on drugs. Includes the Mr. Science Lecture Series. Side 2 contains excerpts from the incredible MORE THAN AN HOUR, LESS THAN A SHOW on KPFA in Berkeley... unlike ANY RADIO YOU HAVE EVER HEARD.

MEDIA BARRAGE 0: "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?"

"THE ULTIMATE SUBGENIUS TAPE." Superb compilation of Barrages 6 -- 8. Makes a perfect introduction to the Church. Some of the very purest Churchly Propaganda from a cast of thousands: mad prophets, hell-music bands, radio saboteurs, technowizards, and distinguished Cult Theologians and Head-Launchers. Stoops to the lowest, to achieve the Highest.

ARE YOU SURE
YOU KNOW
WHAT'S REAL?



MEDIA BARRAGE 5: "BOB" ATTACK!

A treasured all-purpose oldie, with a little of everything. Won't chip or scuff - fade resistant - brainproof. A MILLION real-sound collage pieces from Hellpope Huey, Evil Stevie Hambone, Byron Werner, Puzzling Evidence, SubGenius Foundation Archives and LIES. Classic Philo Drummond "On The Road™" lectures; Stang Hate Rants™; Glassmadness' saddest old "Bob" hymns; hell-bent ridicule of all rival cults from New Age to Fundamentalist.

OLDER MEDIA BARRAGES All 90 min., all \$8.50 each

MB 1: INTRO to CHURCH

Applies directly to wound; no digging. Stripes cerebral circuit with E-Z one handed operation. Helpful in channeling -- increases receptivity to Dobbs signal.

MB 2: UFOs & RELIGION

Weird "Expanding Reality Border" on the flipside seems to spray blood -- but it's just an optical illusion.

MB 3: SEX, SICKNESS & SLACK

You'll shout, "Halleluiah and Holy Fuckwad, Pee Dog!" when you feast your eyes on THIS little sweetheart. She jiggles, she shakes, she oozes like a prairie squid on a hot platter o' slugsnot.

MB 4: END O' THE WORLD

"Disappearing" Magic Thought Mount™ hitches to ANY target.... keeps you prepared for ANY emergency! Grounded to 560-volt AC discharge coupler with Coaxial Freeze-Frame capability. For those who DONT drink for the TASTE. Non-caustic -- won't burn skin or clothes.

MB 6: WORD OF "BOB"

Awaken your hidden talents with this miraculous product.

MB 7: The Power of SUBGENIUS

Lets you s-t-r-e-t-c-h that Third Nostril... you'll 'smell' your business foes' weaknesses. No snap-back guaranteed.

MB 8: 666 & R&R

Unlimited uses. Your Clench's collection plate will soon be piled high.

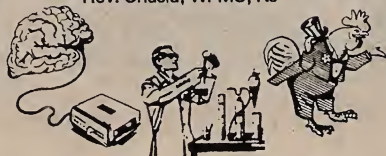
MB 9: "BOB" Vs. El YACATISMA

Eases recovery. You'll never need to bother with pyramids, dowsing rods or expensive crystal pendulums again.

"The Media Barrage tape series is earwax-melting... absolutely stark raving, foaming-at-the-mouth great!"
-- Pete Scott, Zigzag

"The SubGenius tapes are breakneck-paced, breathtakingly edited audio collages which combine spoken "rants" and music generated by advanced media techno-mutants all over the world, punctuated by ear-ripping special effects and short illustrative sound clips lifted from such "found" sources as low budget monster movies and radio preachers. Totally fucking unbelievable. Very seductive. You don't want the tape to end."
-- Radio Review

Control
of
Life



"BOB," I HEAR ya! Here's MY Soul...sign me up now and send me my:

Name of Holy Product

Quantity

Love Offering

MEMBERSHIP PACK and Fistscription \$20
BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS \$11 \$12
MEDIA BARRAGE CASSETTE TAPES \$8.50 each
Print desired tape #s or titles here:
HOUR of SLACK and "BOB'S EARWAX" (60 min.): \$5

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS \$1 each (Circle #: 1 2)
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SubGenius KIT \$6.50
BUMPER STICKER(s) \$1 @(specify which) or all 6 for \$4

HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL \$12
THREE FISTED TALES OF "BOB" \$12
"BOB'S" FAVORITE COMICS \$3

Prices include U.S. postage.
For products over \$1.50, Canada & Mexico add \$2; Overseas add \$4.



TOTAL ENCLOSED: _____

Make all checks or money orders payable to: The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.
Dealers please inquire about bulk rates. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

NAME(s): _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY-STATE, ZIP: _____

I swear that I am over 18 years of age, and of Yeti descent.

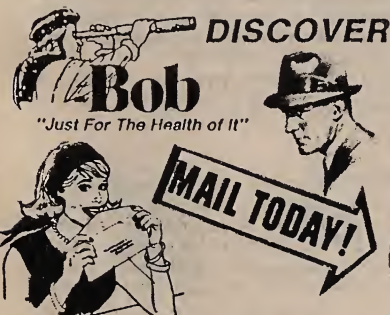
Place your soul-bearing psychic pstench-mark here.

Sorry, this material cannot be sold to fullblood humans.

Be sure to sit on the envelope for NOT LESS than 30 seconds before mailing, so that "Bob" may better whiffread your psi-stench when it arrives at Church headquarters. You may not be able to tell if you're "pink", but "Bob" can. (He will also know your family genealogy, your bad habits, your innermost virtues, and which you are of the 14 Basic Customer Types.)

Carve Out HUGE PROFITS

By arrangement with government officials throughout the world



WARNING:

From the "Soul Smudge" on your checks, WE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL whether you are one of the Chosen, a pathetic Pink that wants to be a SubGenius, or a Conspiracy infiltrator -- even though each tribe's money is exactly equal in greenness. WE WILL SELL TO YOU -- < BUT WE WILL KNOW >

Put your love to the test.

How much love do you have to give?



CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS™

The Greatest "Joke" Ever Told
To Dull The Pain Of Existence In A World Without Slack

P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214

WATCH FOR SUBGENIUS REVIVALS, DEVIVALS AND SLACK MARCHES IN YOUR TOWN!

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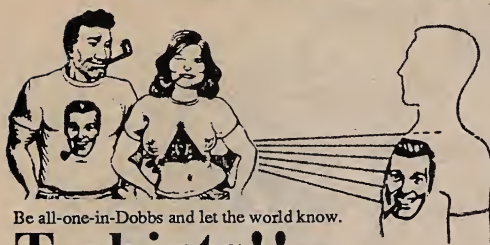


It is the SOULS we are really hoarding, not the money. The collected souls are stored under pressure in blue metal canisters in the Church HQ basement; when enough compressed souls have been accrued, they are sent into space to be used in the cosmic bartering over Earth's FATE. Only the souls of "BOBBIES" and other PINKS who were stupid enough to mess with "Bob" are exchanged; those of true SubGenii are strengthened, given a powerful Luck Shell, and held as possible collateral in case something goes wrong. Dobbs has SWORN that all dues-paying Church Members will keep their souls until Judgement Day, when they must, unfortunately, be turned in.



FINE PRODUCTS FROM OTHER CHURCH AFFILIATES

Don't order these from us! We don't stock 'em. Order only from the addresses shown.



Be all-one-in-Dobbs and let the world know.

T-shirts!!

You have the courage, wisdom and foresight to seek a holy SubGenius Wear™ T-shirt. We congratulate you on your spiritual discernment and excellent taste in clothing! However, it is with deepest regret that we must inform you that these sacred items are temporarily out of stock at OUR warehouse. But, praise Dobbs, not one but FOUR highly respectable suppliers are now making SubGenius shirts in different styles and price ranges. We refer you, then, directly to the sacred ordained manufacturer of your choice.

A truly psychedelic and eye-wrenching "GREAT TRIANGLE" (aka "SubG LOGO Shirt") in FULL, LIVING, LURID 4-COLOR is available from that stalwart anti-establishment establishment,

LAST GASP, INC.

2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110 (415) 824-6636

These are Hanes 100% cotton. The four-color design (on white shirts only) makes this a truly GARISH and ATTENTION-GETTING garment. Specify size (SM, MED, LRG, or XTRA-LRG) and send \$9.95 per shirt (that price is SPECIAL to SUBGENIUSES ONLY so mention that you are 'of the faith!') Add \$2 for shipping to each order.

One authorized, sanctified supplier makes color shirts with 1-color designs. That's:

PROTO PRINTS

P.O. Box 129, Willits, CA 95490 (707) 459-5513

They have 2 designs, each available in two color combinations: the TRUE DOBBSHEAD in His full half-tone-dotted glory, and the "GREAT TRIANGLE" (what we call the "LOGO SHIRT"). SPECIFY WHICH. Also specify whether you want the shirt in NAVY on ECRU, or MAROON on PINK (PINK!!!!). And specify Small, Medium, Large or Xtra Large. Hanes 100% cotton. Send \$10.50 per shirt, for two, or \$26.95 for three; if you send a photocopy of your Church Membership card, you can take 10% off! They accept check, money order, VISA or Mastercard; Californians add 6% sales tax.

And BRAND NEW from Popess Cecelia in Dallas comes a straight Dobbshead T-shirt in black, screened on high-quality poly/cotton. In Mystery Colors only! Specify M, L or XL size; \$12 per shirt postpaid.

She also offers a GOLF SHIRT with 1" Dobbs EMBROIDERED on quality 50/50 short-sleeved shirts. \$22.95 ppd.

Or try her 1" DOBBSHEAD BUTTONS, or another 1" button with the word "SUBGENIUS" beautifully lettered in official Logo Style on gold background. Buttons are \$1 each ppd.... Make checks in US funds only to:

WEEPING CYCLOPS INSIGNIA CO.

PO Box 595148, Dallas, TX

75359-5148

Write later for info on PATCHES!



SINGLES
UNITED!
Fun, excitement
& romance
await you

NO NEED TO BE
STARVED FOR
AFFECTION



Pope Jimbo's

GIANT SLACK-PACKS

T-shirts, Magic Decals, AIEEEE!

Cleveland's mightiest SubGenius Pope offers a groundbreaking new set of Dobbs shirts, stickers, decals, posters, pamphlets ... and more! Write him for current catalog of high-quality plastic peel-back decals in a wild assortment: Glow-In-The-Dark Dobbsheads! Gold Leaf Dobbsheads! Iron-ons, day-glo, Actual Size, YOU NAME IT! This almost DANGEROUSLY active new Clench is the ONLY supplier of some extremely imaginative and flashy goods. You could practically turn your home into a Fis-Temple Lodge with Pope Jimbo's goodies. Send SASE to: **POPE JIMBO, PO Box 93713, Cleveland, Ohio 44101**

THE SWINGING LOVE CORPSES

cassette tapes

\$6

After Dr. Philo Drummond left Dallas and Drs. 4 Wotan, he joined with his brother Sphinx and guitarist Rey Hey to form this beloved acid-disco garage-funk combo (also known as "The Cups"). Not antimusic! You HAVE to dance to it! These groovy mop-tops will win your hard with their rockin' beat. Teenagers all over America are hanging themselves in the nude after seeing this groped-out band in concert. Ask for their latest compilation album.

SWINGING LOVE CORPSES, c/o 338 Lakewood, Ballwin MO 63011

The GOOD SEX for MUTANTS DATING LEAGUE

The title says it all. The motto: "ALL THE WAY ON THE FIRST DATE." Sexy Madam Katlady sets you up with nearby fellow mutants. (If there are any.) She also publishes a SubGenoid newsletter. For info, write to:

GS4MDL, P.O. Box 7742 Salt Lake City, Utah 84107

Mr. SCIENCE TAPE LECTURES

Excellent cassettes on the Forbidden Sciences, punctuated with sound effects and music -- CHURCH-style. Tape #1: Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger investigates the time-warping subatomic Mutron particle, and Rev. Buck Naked discusses "Facts About the Beforelife." #2 is the Ivan Stang "Squirin' Universe" lecture and Cleve Duncan's sin advice. \$6.00 each

Also from these Archivists of Bulldata come the Slack-imbued "GET STUPID" Magazines, crucial to any understanding of the arcane cosmic stupidity that rules life on Earth. "Fucking hilarious." -- The Person You Most Admire. \$3 each.

1st Church of Mr. Science, c/o Chalfen, 25 Grant St., Cambridge, MA 02138. Make checks payable to **SETH DEITCH**; allow 6 weeks for delivery.

"TREE OF KNOWLEDGE" POSTER

LIES is selling beautiful, huge, artist prints of his intricate diagram, having last seen on the back cover of BOOK OF THE BOBEEJUS. Signed and numbered. The kind of thing you'd put in your living room, in an expensive frame, to impress visitors. Write the LIES Project for info on price and shipping:

LIES, PO Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114



"BOBAPPROVED"
ORGAN DONOR PROGRAM



Dobbshead RUBBER STAMP

The sheer face of "Bob" with his classic grin of enlightenment and his mysterious pipe. 1 1/2" image protects mail from being opened by Conspiracy, wards off thieves and demonic spirits, offsets magic influence of NHGH. Stamp it on your forehead for increased intelligence. Works well with blood, invisible ink, or lemon juice (for fake magic bum-ins by "Bob" later)... or even a common stamp pad. Sturdy, businesslike wooden handle. Fits in pocket for furtive skulk-and stamp sessions.

'BOB' RUBBER STAMP \$4.50

Other designs available:

WINGS OF SLACK (dagger/clock emblem): \$3.75

COWBOY & H-BOMB "Beware the Church of SubGenius" \$4.25

BAT-WINGED SKULL w/clock n' bomb by Bergdol \$4.50

And there are OTHER DESIGNS yet! See their catalog.

Add \$1.50 to the above prices (for postage) and order from:

TOP DRAWER RUBBER STAMPS, BOX 38

HANCOCK, VT. 05748



Short Duration MARRIAGES

Start your OWN BUSINESS Selling Short Duration Marriage\$! No spiritual penalty for short liaisons with Shor-Dur-Mar! Do it now and avoid Hell. Beautiful certificate created and sanctified in full Dobbsmanship by Pastor Naked. Graced by graven image of Buck himself in the throes of Smilin'Tology (NOT a religion.) This singin' preacher can set you up as a PRACTICING SubGenius minister.

EVERYTHING MUST SELL BY 1998!!

Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Buck to get his FREE CATALOG! Buttons! Marriage certificates! Postcards! Much more! Buy now while your money's still good!

REV. BUCK NAKED, PO Box 140026, Dallas, Texas 75214



POST HIP GNOSSIS cassette

EXCELLENT Dobbs hymns and rants by Rev. Don Trubey & Large Door... fine recordings, vast range of musical and rant styles. An INSPIRATION. "Pipe in the Sky" brings tears to your eyes. "The Blast Supper" is Joycean and then some; and wait'll you hear Jimmy Swaggart rants cut into an anti-Pentecostal Rap song! \$7 for the tape with booklet.

INTERIM MUSIC, PO Box 1301, New York, NY 10276

PEE DOG COMICS #2!!

\$5 for this long awaited, utterly disgusting and incredibly blasphemous sequel starring that infamous urine canine and his lonesome, amputated penis. Rated Triple-X.

\$6 for the cassette tape of weirdly transcendental instrumental music, **ZOMBO FROP LAND**

SPOOKY COMIX, PO Box 896, Commerce, TX 75428



Dear Friends and Stalwart Stark Fistians:

This slightly overdue issue of THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL was originally to be 160 pages in length. Our noble printers have informed us, however, that few if any staples made by either human beings or SubGeniuses can hold together a tome so thick. Therefore, Dobbs has advised us to divide this issue in twain, this first half being the part that will go to shops and stores across our great land as well as smaller fiefdoms such as Canada, Australia, England and Malaysia. (Oddly, SubGenius publications do not sell well in countries bereft of the English tongue!) Shortly on the heels of it, we will mail out Part 2 in a limited edition to Members only, since it contains the articles that would be of interest primarily to activist or die-hard SubGenii only, and which does in fact contain information which would be better withheld from the clutches of any old Con-dupe who might happen across it at a newsstand.

The sections you may expect in the near future in FIST part 2:

Misc. charts, lessons, articles and parables; IMPORTANT CLENCH ACHIEVEMENTS, that is, amazing examples of outrageous prosyletizing, and hints on new techniques for forcing the Word of Dobbs down the craws of the unwilling; Satanic rants from a rival cult of BELARION; Stang's 20-page excuse for why this has taken so long; antimusic instructions from The Swinging Love Corpses; great cartoons, collages and puzzle-pages; megarants; reprints of amazing kook literature; and addresses of OTHER MUTANTS who want either to be your pen-pals or to sell you something.

The STARK FIST jumbo annual to follow that one is scheduled to be the "RUDENESS" Fist. It will also be a limited edition, for it will contain all the abhorrent things we have collected which border on the pornographic. A "Sex Issue", if you will. Members who may happen to possess or have created art or words (or tape) of a grossly sexual nature are encouraged to submit them for said issue, one which will surely blacken our reputation in the world of small publishing for once and for all. As might be expected, the material is heavily slanted towards a male outlook, so vile and pernicious materials from FeMembs are especially needed. If nothing else, you might want to write a short memoir of the time you were seduced by either "Connie" or "Bob," or perhaps both. (It has apparently happened to most Subs at one time or another, although often without thewir conscious awareness.) Address such submissions to STANG at the Sacred PO Box. Also, if you wish your name/address to be listed as a SubGenius activist, pen-pal or advertiser, now is your last chance. Keep the description of your solo clench (or product) short.

Rev. Ivan Stang
Exaggerator

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Back cover:

"SELF PORTRAIT"
by J.R. "BOB" DOBBS
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